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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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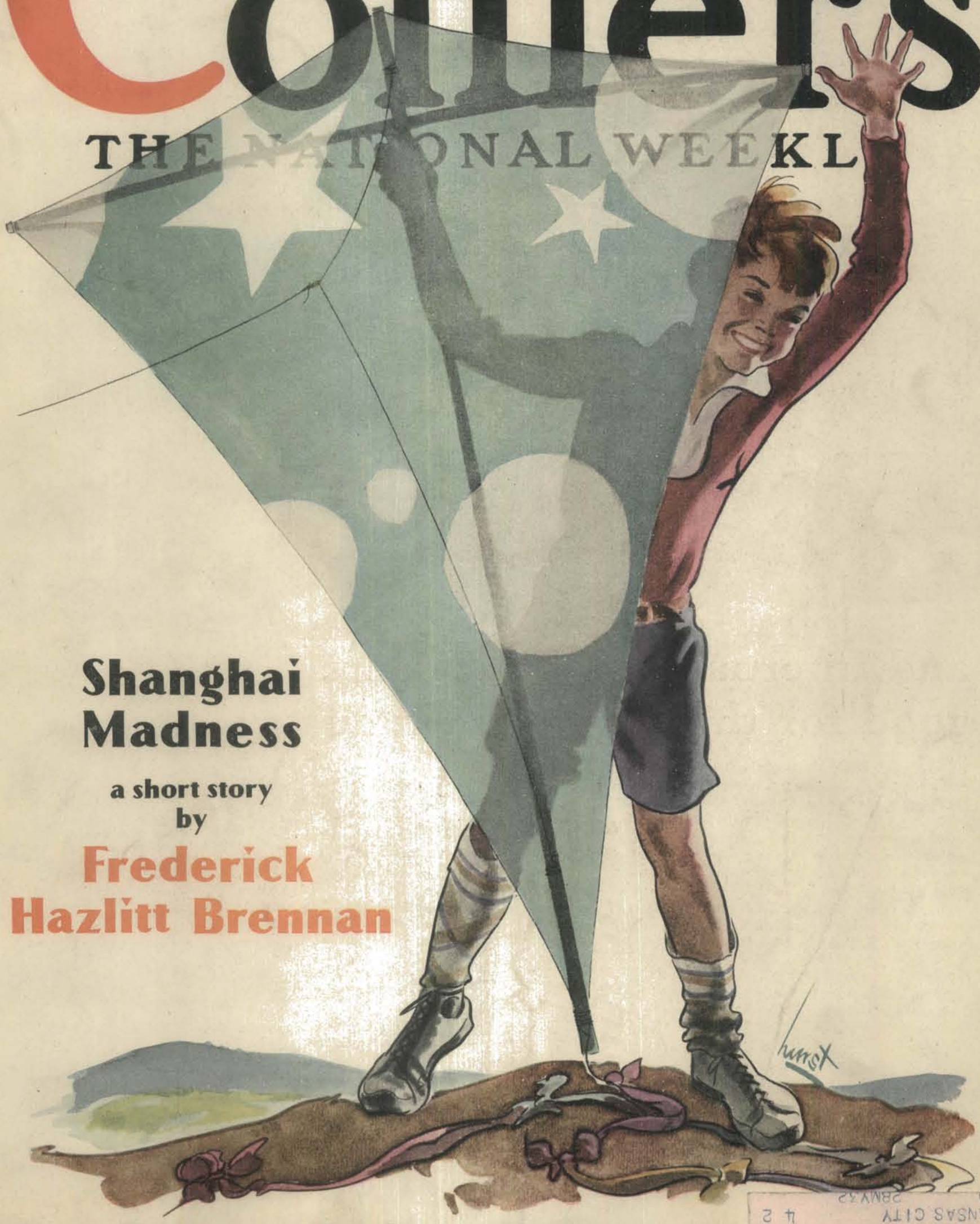

Shanghai Madness

a short story by

Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

Gene Tunney tells about the long coun

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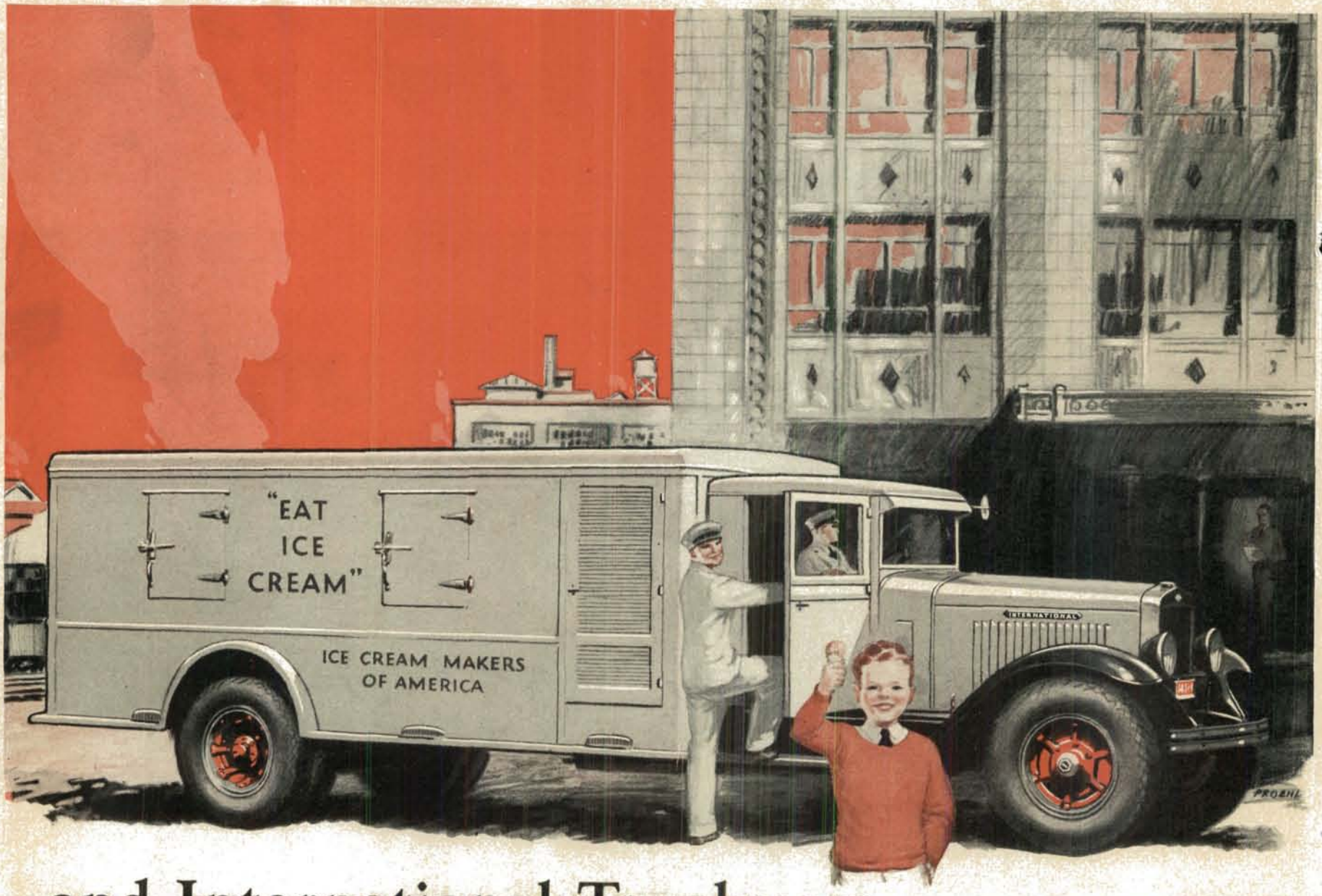
Ice Cream Is Good For You



and International Trucks are good for the Ice Cream Industry

Illustration shows 3-ton Model A-5, 190-in. wheelbase chassis with mechanically refrigerated body.

HATS off to Dolly Madison, the fourth First Lady of our land! For she it was who returned from London one fine day with news of a delicious dish called "ice cream" . . . and the recipe for making it.

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

THIS WEEK

April 2, 1932

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Next Week

BOOTH TARKINGTON has created another character to stand beside Penrod, Sam, Gentle Julia, the Ambersons and the others we all know so well. He is Captain Ambrose Valentine, who rose to be master of a tugboat and saw a good deal of the world, going once to Boston. He is retired from the sea now and offers to do odd jobs in Cobble Reef, Maine. He lives in a very small house, the yard of which is overflowing with the most varied assortment of useless junk you will find anywhere in this world. His heaps of overused articles contain whatever you may care to look for, but if you'd like to find an old helmet and breastplate such as divers wear you can save your time. Captain Valentine has one, of course, but it is inside the house and he won't part with it.

That helmet has a story, naturally, and we can suggest no more pleasant diversion than that you sit on whatever piece of junk you prefer (Mr. Tarkington is sitting on an outworn ice cream freezer) and listen to Captain Valentine. He strives for, but seldom achieves, the precise use of words. He is naïve, kindly, pious, an inveterate reader of The Seaman's Zion and follows in his own life the great moral lessons taught by that excellent publication. We shall sit quietly on this broken-down stove because we want to hear "Instrument of Providence" again.

IN CERTAIN Middle-Western towns something has been happening which we think could not happen in any other country. By concerted community action, fear has been given the gate. It started, we think, in Urbana, Illinois. The banks were about to close. Distrust and uncertainty had almost brought economic disaster. Overnight young Mayor Harmon decided on a heroic measure: Would the banks close? Very well, *everything* would close and everything except food stores and a few other necessary businesses did close the next day.

We wanted to learn what Urbana did with its five-day holiday and sent William G. Shepherd there to ask a few questions. Urbana did so well that other hard-pressed towns have followed her example. Mr. Shepherd visited some of those communities, also, and tells the triumphant, inspiring story in "A Holiday for Fear."

—

AND as for love, George Weston writes a short story, adequately romantic, called "The Kiss Cure." The malady cured was an unrealistic and warped view of life held by Miss Mary Logan, who believed modern life was too primitive—too much eating, drinking, trading, fighting and such things. Obviously, a girl with that idea will be a prune if something isn't done about it. Something was.

—

THE pessimistic Detective O'Malley solves another knotty problem; Frank Buck relates a recent tiger adventure; T. R. Ybarra tells us of England's troubles; Arthur Somers Roche, Arthur Train, Grantland Rice, Freling Foster, Milton C. Work and others are present and active. As if that were all!

Any Week

"PLEASE," implores Miss Genia Clarke of Flint, Michigan, "accept this as nominating Mr. Ralph Sutliffe of Owosso, Michigan, for some responsible public office that requires a ripe philosopher. Mr. Sutliffe has just celebrated his birthday. He says he doesn't know whether it was his ninety-second or hundred-and-fourth and adds that he can't see that it makes any difference to the public. Moreover he has paid his taxes honestly for seventy years and had time left over to become the father of twenty-seven children. But, says he, nobody paid much attention to him when he was young, so why should they now? A sound man. A sound man."

—

JUST as we were giving it up, along comes Mr. J. C. McCabe, of Detroit, with the answer. Why not, asks he, nominate Theodore Roosevelt for President on the Republican ticket and Franklin Roosevelt on the Democratic and let the winner make Mr. Hoover ambassador to China?

—

AND Mr. Jerome D. Boland of Richmond, Virginia, refuses to be fooled. Mr. Hoover wants to revise the executive branch of our government inward and upward and the Democrats want to revise it outward and downward. Mr. Boland wants to bet somebody that neither happens.

—

"I" WRITES Mr. Frisco Lee of (properly enough) San Francisco, "have been reading lots in the papers about what Japan is fighting for but would say it is best to wait and see what she takes."

MR. RUSSELL WILSON of Tacoma, Washington, emerges from retirement with a solution. Allow no one, says he, to work until he is twenty-one years old. As soon as a man or woman reaches sixty he or she should be compelled to enter government service. Permit no one less than sixty to join the Army or the Navy and make the generals man the firing line in war, thereby abolishing war. The big boys, continues Mr. Wilson, would get together at once and agree that it was silly to shoot at each other.

—

BECAUSE he'd like to have "some free beef on the hoof," Mr. Clay Hadley of Hood River, Oregon, suggests that Owen P. White acquaint the country with the best methods of cattle-stealing. Mr. White says his interest in the subject is merely academic. Ours is less.

—

"IF," COMPLAINS Miss M. Emma Charles of New Orleans, "anyone with a new political idea were to speak up, we would be unable to hear him for the awful caterwauling the old-line politicians are uttering."

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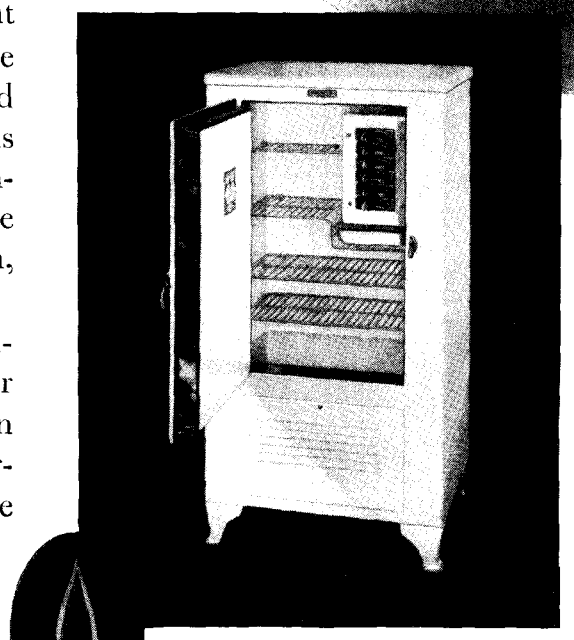

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Shanghai Madness

Wildeth Christie yearned for mystery and romance. She went to the right place, it would seem

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

Illustrated by Donald Teague

Beyond the flats there was a rusty old freighter. "My successful rival," she said. "His real sweetheart"

IF A GIRL is young and impressionable and pretty she hasn't any business in China. I know that sounds suspiciously like an editorial opinion, and it would never get by Ed Hannegan on the copy desk of the News. He'd be sure to say: "Leave that half-baked philosophizing to editorial writers. Stick to the facts." But Ed has lived in Shanghai long enough to agree with me, just the same.

I've got it all doped out. A girl comes out here from the States, where she knows her way around, and gets thoroughly lost the moment she steps beyond sight of a Sikh cop's turban. She goes up against Chink signs that bewilder her and Chink smells she could never, never understand and Chink sounds which have the eerie quality of those made by rats running between the walls of a morgue at midnight. And what is the result? The gal goes mystic or romantic or just plain sappy. She's ready to believe anything.

Take my cousin, Wildeth Christie, as a prize example. A year ago, if you had walked up to Wildeth in Morgan Park, Illinois, and said: "You're going to fall in love with a cashiered naval officer who is an opium runner on a Chink freighter called the East Wind's Sweetheart," she'd have come right back with: "Oh, yeah? Now, I'll tell one." But the sad fact is that Wildeth did just that. And it only took eleven months in Shanghai to send her haywire.

It was mostly her father's fault. Uncle Herb is a swell guy and a smart business man. But that doesn't make him especially good at the job of handling a nineteen-year-old girl.

I warned Uncle Herb the day he got Wildeth's letter saying she had finished school and wanted to keep house for poor lonesome Daddy dear in China. Poor lonesome Daddy dear lived in a big stone palace in the French Concession; he had an Irish housekeeper named Mrs. Bramley and about seventeen Chink servants; he threw large poker parties three times a week and his job as China manager for an oil company kept him busy. Besides, Uncle Herb had got me my job on the News so I would be company for him.

"THIS is no place for Wildeth," I told him. "She ought to stay home with Grandmother Simpson."

Uncle Herb just the same as admitted I was right.

"I'll write her to wait," he stalled. "I may be transferred back to New York in the fall."

But the next day a cable arrived from Wildeth saying: "Am sailing Frisco S. S. President Jefferson today. Love. Wildeth."

So dear little Wildeth came to China.

She arrived—with seven trunks of clothes.

After she and Uncle Herb had hugged each other and finished with that how-is-Aunt-Emma chatter, I said:

"Now suppose you listen while I recite the A B C's which every good little Americano female in Shanghai has to learn."

She lighted a cigarette so nonchalantly she burned a hole in the sleeve of her brand-new mandarin coat. I began to outline a few fundamentals such as: "No brotherhood-of-man hooey with Chink servants. Treat 'em like good dogs." . . . "Don't go native in clothes." . . . "Stick absolutely to your own rickshа boy." . . . "Eyes front at all times except at home." . . . "No dates with men your dad and I don't know." . . . "Any place outside the Settlement and French Concession is out of bounds."

But it went in one ear and out the other. She hadn't been in Shanghai a full day, but already she had gone in for incense and jade bangles. She had slicked back her inky hair, taking all the wave out of it, and was trying to look like a Russky dance-hall "grand duchess."

"Thank you, Sammy dear," she said, when I decided not to waste any more breath. "I'll repeat your commandments every sunrise and sunset, so help me Confucius." Then she spun around on her toes, took a deep breath and said: "Oh, I love it, I love it, I *love* it!"

I DID my best for Wildeth. I showed her the Bund and the Whangpoo. I took her to the American Club for cocktails and to the Majestic for tea. We saw Edward VII Avenue, Kiangsi Road, the Little Club, the Russky joints like Mumm's and the Palais de Dance; and I even took her past the Savoy so she could see what a sailors' dive is like.

The dowagers of the American colony gave her a whirl, of course. I introduced her to a carefully selected list from among my men friends and acquaintances. She didn't like any of them—said she didn't find them "interesting."

So Wildeth went out to find some interesting men.

First, there was "Leftenaunt" Stanley

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Copeland—a Britisher. He talked about sticking pigs at Ratnagiri and monkeying around with Yogi at Bangalore. Wildeth's dad had no use for the limeys—not liking the way they hogged control of the Settlement—and Lieutenant Copeland was hard to stand. Luckily, Wildeth discovered that the Lieutenant's morals were not all they might be—and dropped him.

Then, there was a little Irishman who talked about Zamboanga. He claimed to have lived with the gugus for six years. But he couldn't hold his liquor any better than his tongue and Wildeth's ardor cooled. Zamboanga was followed by a French soldier of fortune named Delacroix, who took all the credit for defending Kwin Hon in the bad, bold days when the French were pacifying Indo-China. He insulted Wildeth after the third visit, and I had the nasty job of thrashing him. A Dago flying officer who talked about being shipwrecked in the Banda Sea and an American beachcomber fresh from the coral strands of Tombuka followed in quick succession.

Her disillusionments with these "interesting" men of hers jolted Wildeth rather badly. She quieted down and for almost a month there were no outbursts of romanticism.

Then, one evening she was late for dinner. She came in about nine o'clock looking a bit disheveled and tremendously excited.

"Oh, Sammy . . . what do you think! I've had an adventure. I've had an *adventure!*"

I stared at her coldly.

"Yeah? Who was he? The ex-Emperor of Yap?"

SHE blurted out the story, breathlessly. It seemed that she and Laura Rogers, a harum-scarum she had made her particular chum, had ridden into the Old City to find a real Chinese theater. They hadn't found the theater but had ridden smack into the execution of seven bandits in Son of Heaven Square. Three heads already had fallen when they arrived. Hysterical from horror, and unable to get out of the crowd which blocked their ricksha boys, they started yelling and pounding coolies with their parasols. The coolies resented this treatment and the temper of the crowd grew very ugly.

Then—I quote Wildeth verbatim—"Then a big blond man—oh, he was beautiful!—came out of the crowd. He yelled at the coolies in Chinese and cleared a path with his fists. They just cringed away from him. He helped us through and went ahead of our ricksha boys all the way back to the Settlement. He turned us over to a constable and went off without even telling us his name. Oh, Sammy, he was just like some great pagan god in golden bronze!"

I said: "I'll bet he'll be around to tell you how he slew eight panthers at Kemerat—"

"Don't be an ass. He's junior officer of a . . . a steamer!"

"Oh . . . he told you his name after all."

"No, he didn't. We got it from the constable. The constable knew all about *him.* His name is Hunt Jackson and he used to be an ensign in the United States Navy."

THAT sounded better. But I wasn't any too sure about the noble Mr. Jackson.

There was another apparent lull in my charming cousin's activities. And it looked as if she was getting sensible at last.

Joan and I went to a dance at the French Club.

"Sam," said Joan, suddenly, "I feel like a rotten little tattletale—but this is Shanghai. Wildeth and Laura are meeting a man in the Old City. Wildeth is infatuated with him."

I tried to take it casually.

"Is his name Jackson?" I inquired.

Joan nodded. She looked shocked.

"Have you known about it?"

I told her Wildeth's story. Joan shook her head.

"Someone ought to tell her," she said. "Jackson was dismissed from the Navy. He works for a Chink exporting company that has a dreadful reputation. Father says old Li Po Cheng does everything from running opium to piracy. He has half a dozen cashiered naval officers on his ships. He's one of the most notorious rascals in China. Surely you can see what would happen to Wildeth's reputation if her friendship with Jackson became known."

Joan didn't need to convince me.

Next morning, I invited Wildeth for a little ride in my flivver before breakfast. We drove to the grounds of the Columbia Country Club.

"Don't you think you'd better drop Jackson?" was my opener.

She reddened but put her chin up.

"Why?"

"I don't suppose you know he was canned from the Navy by a general court?"

"I know all about it. They dismissed him because he was too square to tell on a brother officer."

"He told you that, eh?"

"No. He wouldn't. But I got the whole story."

"Jackson's gone over to the Chinks," I said.

Her eyes smoldered.

"What else could he do? He loves the sea. He couldn't get anything better than an ordinary seaman's rating in the merchant marine. Li Po Cheng gave him an officer's job and good pay. I don't blame him for taking it. I'd have done the same thing."

"Yeah? And run opium, too?"

"That's a horrid lie! The whites in Shanghai are down on Cheng because he's building a successful shipping line. They don't like to see a Chink succeed at anything. Hunt says Cheng is a square-shooter and I believe him."

"Oh . . . so he's Hunt to you?"

SHE swung around to face me on the seat. I saw it in her face; in her eyes. China had got her.

"Yes—" she said, evenly, "he's more than that to me. I love him."

"And he—"

The dark lashes lowered. A miserable, humble little smile twisted her lips.

"I don't know. I am praying that he will love me. He's very bitter. His trouble has made him that way. He—he hates his country. It gave him a dirty deal; a fearfully dirty deal. But I'm for him. I'll always be for him!"

I didn't say anything more. I couldn't. Just what should a fellow say when he's discovered that his dear little cousin has fallen in love with a renegade, busted naval officer who works for a Chink? A man without a country, an outcast, a Shanghai-to-Borneo freighter.

We drove back to Uncle Herb's in silence.

"Well," said Wildeth, in the courtyard, "I suppose you'll tell Daddy."

"Then a big blond man—oh,

I got weak and sentimental.

"Maybe this could be straightened out," I said. "Why not have him to dinner?"

"I asked him but he wouldn't accept," she answered hopelessly. Then she squeezed my arm and her eyes were getting ready for a good long cry. "Thanks, Sammy." She ran up the outside stairs.

That afternoon, an assignment took me conveniently near the Shanghai Club. I found Guy Thomasson and several of the Navy gang in the bar.

Guy amazed me by being sympathetic.

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he was beautiful!—came out of the crowd. He cleared a path with his fists"

"Hunt's a fine fellow," he said. "He was in '22 and had a great record at the Academy. I knew him on the Wyoming. A salty officer and a stout friend. It was friendship that landed him in that San Diego mess. Three of his buddies on the McCawley threw a damp party at the Grant. Some fool girl in a movie crowd from L. A. that crashed the party fell out of a window and broke her neck. Well, you remember what happened—"

"Jackson wouldn't talk, eh?"

"Yep. Four of them got a general court. All but Hunt spilled everything to Solomon Grundy and got off with a loss of numbers. Hunt wouldn't tell who supplied the liquor or issued the invitations so they made an example of him. Discipline shall be preserved, you know."

"Couldn't Jackson be reinstated?"

Guy winced.

"He might have a chance if he'd pull wires and get some political big shots interested in his case. But he won't. The poor guy is shot. Gone completely off the reservation. Palled up with Grimes and Lobo Lornegan and the rest of that gang of bad actors who work for the Chink. Tough. Let's have another drink to get the taste out of our mouths."

FROM Guy's descriptions, Li Po Cheng's staff of ex-naval officers were a colorful lot. Lobo Lornegan, skipper of the East Wind's Sweetheart, had been a three-striper. He had stolen ship's funds to run off with another man's wife. Grimes, the chief engineer, had run afoul of R. H. I. P. and had socked his captain on the jaw at general quarters one morning because the captain took a good Jayo away from his department. There were others . . . Rawlinson . . . McKee . . . I don't remember all the names. But each had kicked over the traces in some emotional outburst not permitted an officer and a gentleman.

"Most of them still have friends in the service, haven't they?" I asked.

Guy shrugged and made a wry grimace.

"We try to treat them decently, but they won't have it that way. Bitterness eats into them and pretty soon it's to hell with the flag and everything else."

"Even Jackson?"

"Yes."

I went home feeling much kindlier toward Hunt Jackson.

Uncle Herb met me in the front hall. He looked terribly worried.

"Wildeth's been crying her eyes out over something. I can't get her to tell me what's wrong. Mrs. Bramley says she went out after luncheon. Tick Kong swears she just went for a ride. But I know he's lying. You go up, Sammy, and see if she won't talk to you."

He pushed me up the stairs, cursing himself for having allowed Wildeth to come to China.

Wildeth finally let me in. She was so badly shot she looked ten years older.

"Good golly, kid," I said, "it can't be as bad as that."

She tried to smile.

"Nothing ever is, I suppose," she said.

"You saw him this afternoon, eh?"

A nod.

"Big scrap?"

"N-no. I—I wouldn't ever fight with him."

She turned away quickly and went over to a dressing table. She tried to fix her hair. Her fingers shook so it wasn't a very good job.

"What did he say?"

"He doesn't want to see me . . . any more."

"Oh . . ." I said.

I walked out of the room and down the stairs. Uncle Herb kept after me to tell him what was wrong. I covered up for Wildeth as best I could, saying: "Oh, she and Laura had a big fuss about something. She'll be all right."

Uncle Herb hastened to comfort Wildeth. I went to the servants' quarters and separated Tick Kong from his bowl of rice.

"Take me to the place where Miss Wildeth has been meeting the man," I ordered.

Tick Kong tried to play dumb. But I made a significant gesture with the old football-punting toe and marched him whimpering to my ricksha.

HE TOOK me through two dozen crooked streets and all the smells of China. Then we drew up before a huge red brick building, marked with Chink characters and bearing a rather freshly painted sign:

LI PO CHENG
EXPORTING COMPANY

I entered a small office-room, which was lighted by smoking bronze lamps. Two Chinks were working a modern adding machine and in the spaces beyond the railed area I noticed an odd mixture of goods. There were wicker-covered stone jars of preserved eggs; rifle-shell boxes and hampers of dried vegetables; barbed wire and bamboo cables. Against the wall hung a Buddhist banner, near an American insurance company's calendar.

I inquired for Hunt Jackson in pidgin English. One of the Chinks said in a Harvard accent: "He is in the café next door. Just a moment—I'll send a boy with you."

My guide led me to the door of the

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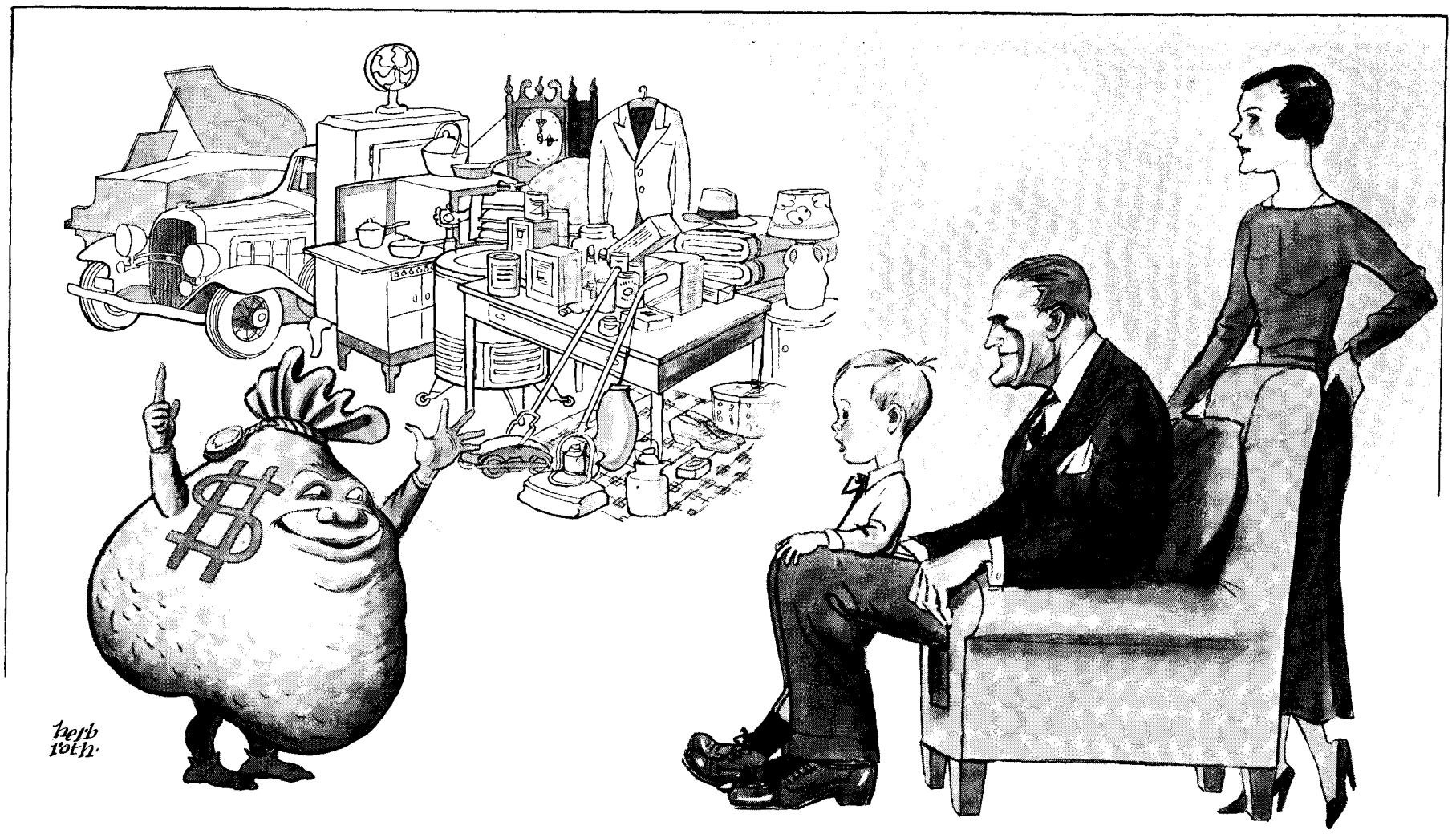

It costs a lot to make us want what we buy

As Advertised

Few are the prophets of the Economic Renaissance whose forecasts stand undamaged by recent events. In September, 1929, Roger W. Babson said: "There is a crash coming and it may be a terrific one. Wise are those who now get out of debt and reef their sails. . . ."

Ten years ago Babson said that commodity prices would slide downward from their war-time peak for many years to come.

More than a year ago he forecast the grave difficulties from which the banking world is only now beginning to extricate itself.

Now he tells what part advertising can play in making business better, giving you more for your money, and how you can help do the job

By Roger W. Babson

THIS is my story and I stick to it: More people in the United States now own shares in leading industrial, railroad and public utility corporations than at any previous time in history. By actual count for a group of leading corporations, the number of common stockholders is about 50% greater than in the big boom year, 1929. Never before has the public had so widespread a stake in business progress. Never before has the public had such direct, sharp responsibility for national welfare. What then can the public do to help the corporations which it owns and thereby help to restore prosperity?

It is hard for the average stockholder, thoughtfully fingering his 10-share or 100-share certificate, to visualize his real power and importance. To an outsider like himself, corporate balance-sheets and income statements are anything but an open book; corporate reports are sometimes a cross-word puzzle even to those who know a debit from a credit and understand that "depreciation" doesn't mean an inferiority complex.

There is one field of business, however, where even the widow and orphan can help the greatest corporation in the country. That field is Advertising.

You may not feel qualified to advise your corporation "whether its equity has too great a leverage of funded debt." You may have rather hazy ideas on whether certain machine parts should be "hand-buffed or tumbled." But when it comes to advertising, you are the world's greatest authority, the court of final appeal and, in the end, the absolute boss. That is what it means to be a consumer and pay the bills. *The man or woman who handles the purse-strings has a rope around the neck of the world.*

If you let your corporation squander your potential profits in bad advertising and you fail to raise a row, you don't deserve to be a stockholder. One pest in business has always been the cranky stockholder who yaps and yells about matters in which he is a total ignoramus. But a greater menace is the dumb and lazy stockholder who won't help his corporation on a point where his help is priceless—the advertising.

Look Back of Your Dividend

The National Biscuit Company does just the right thing when it encloses samples of its advertisements along with checks sent to stockholders. If you are an out-of-date old fogy, perhaps you pounce on the check and toss aside the advertising. If you realize for a moment what advertising means to every corporation you will be more inclined to set aside the check and get busy with the advertising. Very clearly, very closely, the dividend checks you will get in the future will be written by the same hand that is now writing and placing the company's advertising.

This vital rôle of advertising in your own welfare and that of the nation is not an academic theory but an established fact. Run down the alphabet and take a sample of the consistent national advertisers. During the past months, these advertisers have been through the fire, of course; but *relatively*, such a group has given clear evidence of the sustaining power of past and present publicity.

Consumers who want to see advertising put its shoulder to the wheel that we call the business cycle should understand the advantage of early advertising. No successful farmer waits until summertime before planting his crops; he must plant in the spring *before* good weather comes. A manufacturer of straw hats cannot wait until warm weather before starting to produce. This same principle is used by most business men in production, distribution and finance. Even in the financial markets, the wise investors are those who are purchasing securities now, while business recovery is still under way, instead of waiting until prosperity returns in full tide.

I say "most business men" because there seems to be one exception; namely, those who control advertising appropriations.

It truly seems that if they were farmers, they would refuse to plant until summertime; or if they manufactured overcoats, they would refuse to make any until snow flew. There is an old saying, "In time of peace prepare for war." Certainly we should have a modern slogan, "In time of depression prepare for business."

Harbingers of Prosperity

Consumers should drive this point home to business men. In this way you can help to rehabilitate the out-of-work, improve wage trends, and generally strengthen the whole situation.

The average business man either believes that prices will reach the skies, or else he believes there is no bottom to the pit. He seems absolutely unable to strike a happy medium. This attitude is wholly wrong and there is no historical basis for it. Hence, my recommendation is that the public put pressure on business men to look at things in a sensible light and now prepare to advertise. I submit the following four reasons:

1. As the bursting of a prosperity bubble is due to the inefficiency and general carelessness which develop during "good times," so a return of prosperity always follows the better attitude which develops during a period of depression. During the early stages of a

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business depression, people think it is temporary and avoid changing their habits of living and methods of business. Gradually, however, as the depression continues, people are forced to get down to hardpan.

Finally there comes a time when these same people think that the country has permanently entered a period of hard times and that really good times will never return again. They feel that prices and wages have permanently gone on a lower level and that they must cut their garment to fit the cloth. This results in a substitution of honesty for dishonesty, efficiency for inefficiency and the desire to be of more use in place of the former greed to get something for nothing. This in turn leads to a determination to give more in value and labor for each dollar received. With this new spirit, prosperity is bound to follow.

2. The general feeling of fear and pessimism which develops during a period of depression always causes business men to carry curtailment too far. They become panic-stricken and shut down much more than is necessary. As people increase their purchases too greatly on a rising market, they decrease their purchases too severely on a declining market. Merchants become frightened and reduce their stocks to a minimum, doing only a meager hand-to-mouth business in manufactured goods. Manufacturers, in view of the small orders received from retailers, curtail production and consequently abnormally reduce their purchases of raw materials. As a result, prices of raw materials decline below the cost of production which, within one or two years later, results in much-reduced output—less lumber is manufactured, less ore is mined and fewer products generally are raised.

The curtailment is always overdone. Even during a depression the average family does not radically change its standard of living. Hence, merchants eventually find they are unable to supply the demands of customers. They therefore rush orders to the factories which are found also short of goods; the factories thereupon frantically order raw materials and good times return.

3. As a period of depression progresses, it always results in developing new uses for present products and in discovering new products. When the price of a commodity declines, the field for its use automatically increases. For a given use not so much of a commodity is needed in a depression; but there are more uses available with the low prices ruling during depressed conditions. Furthermore, laboratories, inventors and research organizations—which during prosperity devote their energies to devising labor-saving devices—focus their attention during a period of depression on devising new uses for existing products.

These and other developments are constantly working toward a return of prosperity and can always be depended upon. Besides, something is apt to happen at any time which will change the entire situation. This may be a great discovery, a foreign war, or some other unforeseen event which gets people out of the rut of depression by making them think of something else besides their own troubles.

The Gospel of Sawing Wood

4. As idle money piles up in great volume during every period of hard times, it finally seeks investment. It is hard to make the man who is trying to borrow money believe this; but statistics clearly show it to be true. During panicky conditions banks pile up huge reserves for fear of runs; business men build up bank accounts for fear their credit will be curtailed; while individuals accumulate "for that rainy day" when they will be out of work.

Of course, this conservative attitude on the part of all these interests should have been adopted during the period of prosperity; but this is not human nature. We all wait until it rains before buying an umbrella; and we wait until hard times come before laying up cash reserves. Statistics further show that during a period of hard times people withdraw hundreds of millions in currency from the banks and hide this money in safe-deposit boxes, mattresses and sugar bowls. People, however, will allow money to remain idle only about so long.

Idle money eventually "burns a hole in one's pocket." Banks must loan money in order to pay dividends. Hence, after the squall is over, they begin to loosen up and again freely loan without waiting for the return of prosperity. This results in an increase in commodity prices which always causes a resumption of purchases and consequently starts the mills and factories again producing normally. This increases employment and the general purchasing power of the country.

As the depression increased like a rolling snowball, so prosperity builds up like a rolling snowball. Therefore, consumers interested in promoting prosperity can spread the gospel that business men should forget their worries, cease depending on some government agency to pull them out, and saw wood. Of course, we must tighten our belts, work harder and attend strictly to business; but these things never hurt a man or even tire him. It is worry that does the harm and there is no excuse for it. Let us cut it out.

At this point a question is raised: If advertising is such a spur to sales and a prop for profits, why have some of the big advertisers been forced to take their medicine like the rest of us? The situation may be compared, I believe, to the capsizing of a boat. When a boat goes over, all are pitched into the water—swimmers and non-swimmers alike—and momentarily all may go under water. Then the difference shows up: the swimmers can take care of themselves but the non-swimmers are all still in difficulties. A similar differential, I judge, will presently separate the advertisers and the non-advertisers. The ad-creators will swim and the ad-killers will sink.

The purchasing power of all of us, the only force which can make business better, can be greatly speeded up by carefully planned advertising. Naturally, when the downward curve persists, manufacturers and merchants cut expenses, including many items of sales expense. There is no new thinking process back of such economies for economy's sake; in fact, the decision to contract may be due at times to a pessimism as lacking in logic as was the previous lavish optimism. To nurture fruit trees and good-looking rubbish with equal zeal, to force any and every luxurious vegetation until some day the fruit crop fails, and then to hit around with an axe in panicky promiscuity—that is the oldest of bad habits in the oft-changing seasons of our world of trade.

It's Going to be Different

Though the worst of our troubles are now things of the past it will be some time before the public will again spend with its old reckless abandon. Consumers have indeed learned to be what many flattering advertisers have so often called them, namely, "discriminating." Both among business men and their customers I find a tendency not merely to swing the axe but to look first more sharply at trees, shrubs and rubbish. There is a growing desire to determine from what sort of seed each tree and each shrub has sprung in order to learn what fruits each stem of the now sorry-looking vegetation may again produce. Only in this way can we intelligently decide what to uproot now and what to nurture hereafter with special care. In other words, there is a call for closer analysis of each of the separate fundamentals that are supposed to make for fruitful selling and satisfied buying.

With this goes a demand for the yardstick for measurement of sales values. Perhaps one might assert that it is literally the first time, since the beginning of our huge expansion in 1900, that any such yardstick analysis has been considered by more than a small minority. This analysis applies both

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Illustrated by Herb Roth

If it doesn't convince the little fellow on the left, it's a poor story no matter what it costs

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A Man Must Fight

Here, in the final installment of Gene Tunney's autobiography, you have the astonishing story of the most remarkable three minutes in the history of prizefighting—that seventh round in Chicago. A story of courage, physical and moral. And finally you read a tale of a strong man's compassion—the Heeney fight. In it you behold the most compelling element of Gene's reasons for resigning the championship and quitting a cruel profession

By Gene Tunney

SEVERAL days before the fight I was notified by the Illinois Boxing Commission to send a representative to its offices for a conference upon the interpretation of the rules. They set no limit to the number of representatives, so I sent three—Billy Gibson, Jimmy Bronson and my lawyer, George Whiteside, of the firm of Chadbourne, Stanchfield and Levy. Gibson and Bronson I thought could take care of any professional question. In the event of any legal question arising I wanted Mr. Whiteside there. I also thought that the notes that Mr. Whiteside would take might be important later on.

George Getz, the nominal promoter, now member of the Illinois Boxing Commission, was present. Leo P. Flynn, representing Dempsey, and the three members of the Commission made up the conference. This group met every afternoon for three days. They went over all phases of the rules and Commission interpretations. Mr. Getz later told me that Leo Flynn brought up the question of a knockdown and insisted that in the event of a knockdown the man scoring it should go to the farthest neutral corner and, in the event he refused, the count would not begin until he had gone. The suspension of the count was to be the penalty for disobeying the rules. This interpretation, insisted on by Flynn, later became the cause of great discussion. Bronson claims it was not Flynn but he who introduced this point. Which one took the initiative is immaterial. That it was discussed before the fight is the important factor. Toward the close of the third conference, during a discussion of some point or other, Flynn in the midst of this group turned to George Whiteside and said, "For —— sake, let's be frank. I'm here to steal as much for my man as I can. Why don't you admit the same?"

To get the humor of this situation, one would have to know George Whiteside. George, with his malacca walking stick, chamois gloves and gray hair, has the appearance of a director of the Social Register. In address he resembles what you think a great jurist should be.

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Whiteside. "Well, that is just why I am here—to prevent your stealing anything."

Mr. Whiteside had been associated with William Travers Jerome in the District Attorney's office in New York for many years. He later proved his mettle in defending me in blackmail suits brought subsequent to my retirement.

Insuring a Fair Fight

Just before the fight started, Righeimer went to Commissioner Kelly and said, "No hoodlum is going to referee the fight. I will tell you the name of the man if you want me to."

Kelly answered, "I don't care to know his name. My only concern is that he is not a hoodlum."

A reporter for the Chicago Herald-Examiner paid a visit to the offices of the Commission at five o'clock in the afternoon and brought with him a message from the publisher to the effect that the Herald-Examiner would not tolerate the appointment of any referee of bad reputation and that if such a one were appointed referee, whether his officiating were honest or not, that paper would utilize its power for the removal of Righeimer.

John Hertz, whose home I had visited with Bernard Gimbel, assured me that Mayor Thompson's committee of seven leading business men of Chicago were determined to have two reputable business men with a knowledge of boxing act as judges for the contest. These business men were as anxious to avoid scandal as we were.

In the dressing-room the bandaging of my hands was watched by Gus Wilson and another Dempsey follower. I had argued for weeks to have the bandaging done in the ring, as it had been done in Philadelphia and for which a provision had been inserted in the contract between Rickard and me. I was overruled by Leo Flynn and the Commission. Game little Jimmy Bronson had been advised that he was *persona non grata* with the Dempsey camp, and that if he came over to Dempsey's dressing-room to watch the bandaging for me he would be assaulted. Jimmy did not mind taking the chance, but Gibson insisted that he take Captain Mike Grady with him—"just in case."

"The Referee, Dave Barry"

So Jimmy went to Dempsey's dressing-room, Mike Grady and Lou Brix with him. Someone had given orders that Jimmy be kept out and, to be sure that these orders were followed, assigned one Sergeant Tappscott of the Chicago police, who had been appointed Dempsey's bodyguard, to see to it. Tappscott made a brave showing, glowering at Jimmy. He was in the process of telling Bronson just what would happen to him if he persisted in entering.

"Listen, flatfoot," said Grady, jabbing a large finger into Tappscott's chest. "I'm giving you your choice; either shut your face or I'll—"

His right hand moved toward his hip. Tappscott looked at him hard.

"Yeah," went on Grady, pointing to a tiny ventilation window high up near the ceiling—"yeah, shut up or I'll make you climb out through that window. See?"

Tappscott saw. And Jimmy Bronson with Lou Brix watched Dempsey's hands bandaged.

Through some mistake in the signals I kept Jack waiting in the ring a couple of minutes. This was unintentional. Jack greeted me as I entered the ring: "How are you, Gene?" "Quite well, Jack, and you?" I replied. Soon after my arrival the announcer bellowed what had been printed a million times—"This is a fight for the world's heavyweight championship"—and announced the principals.

I was standing in my corner and made the usual gesture in acknowledgment of the cheers and jeers. Suddenly a gray-haired man, whom I had never seen before to my knowledge, climbed through the ropes and stood in a neutral corner. The announcer turned to him and shouted, "The referee, Dave Barry!"

My heart dropped into my stomach. Dave Barry? Jimmy Bronson's old antagonist and the man that Jimmy warned me against permitting to referee the match! Well, now I was in for it good and plenty. "You must make the most of it!" I told myself.

Then followed the introduction of the two judges, prominent Chicago business men, George Lytton and Sheldon Clark. I had never seen either of them before. We were called to the center of the ring. Flynn and Jerry the Greek stood with Dempsey; Gibson and Bronson with me. The referee said, "Both you boys have received a book of rules of this Boxing Commission. They are the rules under which you are going to fight. They have been discussed by your representatives, I understand, for several days at the Commission."

Gibson and Flynn assented to that.

"The rabbit and kidney blows are barred, of course," he continued. We all nodded acquiescence to that.

"Now, I want to get this one point clear," continued Barry. "In the event of a knockdown, the man scoring the knockdown will go to the farthest neutral corner. Is that clear, Jack?"—turning to Dempsey—and "Is that clear, Champ?"—turning to me. We both nodded "Yes."

"Now, in the event of a knockdown, unless the boy scoring it goes to the farthest neutral corner I will not begin the count until he does. Is that clear, Jack?"

"Yes," nodded Dempsey.

"Is that clear, Champ?"

"Yes," I said.

"When I tell you to break I want you to break clean and step back without hitting—" He paused impressively. Then: "Shake hands now and come out fighting."

We shook hands and went back to our corners. The bell rang and we came out fighting.

A Different Dempsey

In my anxiety to end the fight by a knockout I threw and missed more rights than I ordinarily would have in twenty fights. I scored often with my left, only occasionally with my right. So did Dempsey. Dempsey, however, was fighting a considerably different fight from the one in Philadelphia. He was very cautious. Because of this I was unable to get him into positions that would make him a target. He left very few openings.

At the end of the fourth round I finally nailed him with one of those wild rights on the temple. He staggered back into a corner. He was considerably dazed but conscious enough to cover up. The bell rang. He went to his corner in an unsteady stride.

Sitting in my corner, I thought that the end was near and that I would probably get him in the next or following round. Much to my surprise, he answered the bell for the fifth round as clear and strong as he was at the beginning.

"He has marvelous recuperative powers!" I thought. "Well, it is only a matter of time until he will be weakened from the loss of blood."

I had opened two cuts on his face, both of which were bleeding. The fifth round passed without much heavy damage being done, though there was considerable action. I felt I was leading by a big margin on points.

We were both fencing carefully. I was trying to maneuver him into an opening so that I could get a shot at his jaw; he was attempting to cross my left lead with a long, straight right. The sixth was similar to the fifth. My right-handers were landing high and Jack's cross-counters were either missing or grazing my jaw. At close quarters I tied him up. This, however, was more to prevent his using the rabbit punch than a disinclination on my part to in-fight.

The Deadly Rabbit Punch

Despite repeated warnings from the referee he continued to use the rabbit blow whenever I failed to tie him up. This rabbit blow is the most dangerous blow in boxing. It was barred originally through the action of Jack Dempsey in his fight with Bill Brennan in Madison Square Garden. After Brennan had started to the canvas from a body blow, Dempsey hit him a fearful blow on the back of the neck on his way down. This left Brennan prostrate on the canvas. When I asked Carpentier what effect the rabbit blows had on him in his match with Jack he pressed his temple and said, "Zis is where zey hurt."

The rabbit blow is particularly dangerous and damaging because it is directed at the point where the base of the skull and the cervical vertebra meet—the lower brain stem, called the medulla oblongata. This nerve center is actually the center of life. It controls respiration, heart action and locomotion. Many doctors are agreed that it is the twisting of this brain stem by a blow or jolt that causes the so-called knockout. No man can stand eighty or ninety rabbit blows from the fists of a heavy hitter like Dempsey, as I did in each fight, without feeling the effects. It brings a deadening headache which seems to rest in the base of the skull. There is a numbness which reacts on the whole nervous system. The blow was barred by all boxing commissions because it is not a scientific blow that you make an opening for, but one that is used when men are locked in a clinch, animal fashion. It is about as scientific as the blow of a hugging bear. There is no defense against it but to tie up the hands of an opponent.

My bodyguard, Sergeant Bill Smith of the Chicago police department, who was in my corner, became wildly excited because the referee was apparently doing nothing to stop Dempsey's rabbit punches. Between the fifth and sixth rounds he climbed to the outer platform of the neutral corner in which the referee was making his notes and yelled, "You blankety-blank-blank, if you don't stop those rabbit punches you'll be carried out of here dead." The faithful

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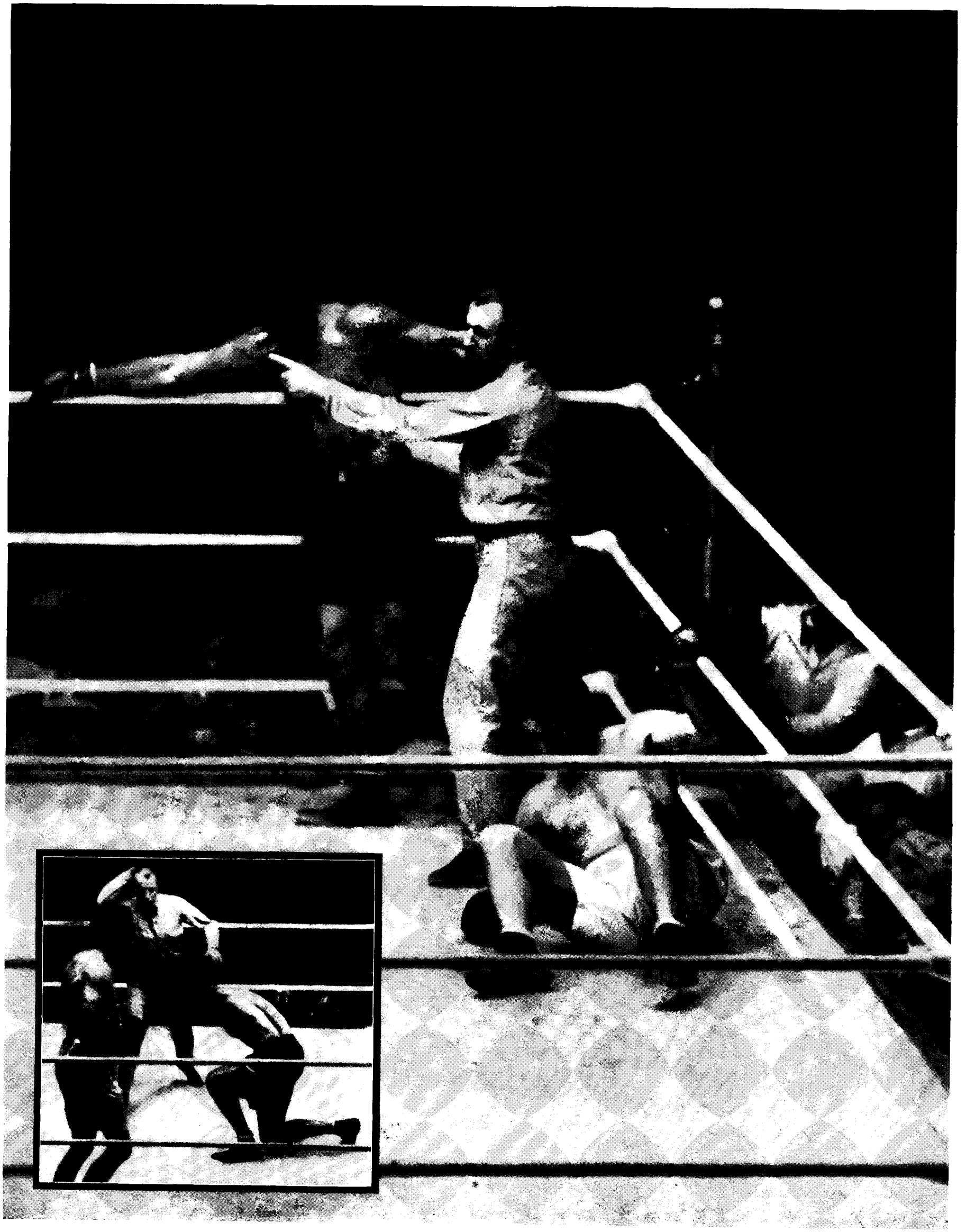

Acme Newspictures

"You must have been knocked down," I told myself rather foolishly. "You have been knocked down. Look here, Tunney, you must get up. Sure, sure, get up!"
Inset: Dempsey knocked down in the eighth round of the historic Chicago fight

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Illustrated by L. R. Gustavson

The sergeant turned on her savagely. "Shut up your sniveling, woman. Shut up, I tell you!"

Not Too Hard-Boiled

The story of a man who was wiser than anyone guessed —and the strange case that proved it

By M.C.Blackman

POLICEMEN are brutes. That's what they are."

That is what the sourly righteous woman said.

She was aquiver with indignation, aglow with admiration of her own courage in standing right up and *telling them what she thought*. One knew that even now she was savoring, in anticipation, the moment when she could review the scene for her cronies. "I gave them a piece of my mind," she would crow, "and I didn't mince words. I told them in no uncertain terms what I thought of the way that brute acted." And she would embellish the tale with gaudy hypocrisy, and her mouth would almost drool with greedy enjoyment.

I knew this now, as I watched her warm to her opportunity. The members of the police committee listened gravely, politely attentive.

"Practically all of them are brutal, callous creatures, but that man there is the worst of the lot. He's downright fiendish, that's what he is."

She pointed a fat forefinger as though she would impale the object of her pointing.

Sergeant Henderson looked out a window, and no emotion whatever was recorded on his stolid face. He looked without seeing, as slow-thinking men do in repose, and seemed not to hear anything. His unconcern gave new heat to the flame of her wrath.

"NEVER in my born days have I seen a big brute of a man abuse a frail, defenseless woman the way he did that poor, dear Mrs. Maguire. And he, an officer of the law, sworn to aid and protect citizens in need of protection! If ever there was a body who needed protection, it was that poor soul, with her husband lying there dead in the house, not yet cold, and her orphaned children crying around her and demanding to be comforted. And then—"

"Please tell us what happened, Mrs. Bancroft," the chairman interrupted courteously. "Tell us exactly what Sergeant Henderson did and said."

"I'll tell you, don't worry. I'll tell you enough."

She went on with her story, repeating endlessly, digressing to tell of other experiences and comparing them with this one, and pausing once to address a lecture directly to the impassive sergeant. She stopped abruptly in the middle of a sentence, admitting lamely: "Well, I guess I told you all that. But that's the way it happened, exactly, and now you can see for yourself why I feel so strongly on the matter."

The chairman said: "Thank you very much, Mrs. Bancroft. The committee will make its report tomorrow, after it has considered your testimony and the testimony of other witnesses."

Mrs. Bancroft showed disappointment. It was as though she had expected the committee to fall upon the wretched Sergeant Henderson, snatch away his badge, and throw him bodily out of the building. She compressed her thin lips, and her expression said: "Well, if you don't get rid of him after all I've told you, then you're no better than he is."

The chairman turned to Sergeant Henderson.

"You may go, too, Sergeant. The committee wishes to hold an executive session."

The police officer arose promptly. "Yes, sir," he said, and strode out.

The chairman's "too" had not escaped Mrs. Bancroft. She got up reluctantly to depart, but lingered to say: "I hope you understand, gentlemen, my motive in coming before you was not caused by malice. I have merely done my duty as I saw it."

"WE UNDERSTAND perfectly, Mrs. Bancroft. Thank you, again. And good day."

She left. The chairman looked at me. As a reporter, I was privileged to attend open hearings, but I could sit in on executive sessions only with the permission of the committee.

"I'd like to stay a moment," I said. "I have something to say."

"Certainly," said the chairman, and the others nodded.

When I finally left the committee-room, it was with the assurance that Sergeant Henderson would not be discharged, suspended or demoted for his behavior in the squalid home of the late Michael Maguire that afternoon a week before the committee meeting.

I had won that assurance at the cost of a broken promise, but then promises are like laws, or oaths of office—it's the spirit rather than the letter that counts. Sergeant Henderson understands that; and I made the committee see it, and won their promise of secrecy.

SERGEANT HENDERSON, who was in charge of the office that afternoon, caught the telephone call himself. He said, "O. K. Be right out," hung up the receiver, and turned to me: "Man dead out at Beech and McAlmont. Want to go along?"

"Sure."

We went swiftly in a department car. The address we sought was across town in a section of cheap residences, a neighborhood that would correspond to the slums of a large city.

"It was Spinks called up," Sergeant Henderson volunteered. "Didn't give no details; just said they was a man dead there and maybe I'd better come out. Every run I've ever made to Beech and McAlmont, Mike Maguire was mixed up in it somehow. The most no-account man alive."

"Maybe he isn't alive now," I suggested.

The sergeant nodded. "Or else he killed one of his good-for-nothing friends in a drunken brawl."

We soon reached Beech and McAlmont, and the house we wanted was easily identified by the crowd of curious people in front of it. It was a typical "shotgun" house, one room wide and four or five deep, built of unpainted lumber and dyed a dingy gray by the smoke from near-by factories.

"It's Mike's house, all right," said the sergeant.

WE PUSHED through the murmuring crowd, and Sergeant Henderson stopped to speak to Patrolman Spinks, who was guarding the entrance.

"It's Mike Maguire, Sergeant," said Patrolman Spinks. "And he's dead, all right, I reckon. One of the children ran into the house and come on him lying sprawled on the dining-room floor. Mrs. Maguire was somewhere in back, lying down probably—"

"I expect she needed a rest, poor woman," a man put in. "She was a hard worker, she was. And now to have her man die—"

"A blessing that is," a woman said sharply. "What she put up with from

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Left: a motorists' service station in Rio de Janeiro; center: the Lacerda elevators (242 feet high) at Bahia; right: the new schoolhouse for adults and children at the Ford rubber plantation; below: the Jerry O'Connell Dam at Bananeiras, Bahia

Brazil is gradually digging herself out from under an avalanche of coffee beans and heavy-handed politicians. This article, describing the digging, also brings an encouraging message to prospective Yankee investors from Provisional President Getulio Vargas

Brazil Bucks Up

By Edward Tomlinson

JUST where the highway from São Paulo to Santos begins to leap in zigzags and curlicues a sheer half-mile down the jungled wall of the Serra do Mar, Carlos Fernandes and I stood at midnight watching the crimson tongues of a great bonfire lap holes in the sky.

"Flames of sacrifice, *senhor*," Carlos informed me in his best Latin style. "It is the funeral pyre of my country's economic folly."

Excusing the poetry, these funeral pyres are not uncommon in Brazil today. And they blaze continuously—never go out or even grow dim. Iron-muscled, hard-faced men heap fuel upon them day and night in a desperate effort to burn up a great mistake.

Acme

Getulio Vargas, Provisional President of Brazil, a modern, alert executive

No people in our day have been more ambitious than the Brazilians. When they found that coffee beans made millionaires there was a stampede across the face of the southern plateau. Everybody planted coffee trees. And the moment the soil became sluggish they moved on westward to virgin lands and planted more trees. Madly this process continued until a boom was made and Brazil presided at the breakfast table from Maine to Madagascar.

Then, one day the specter of overproduction stalked across the horizon, sending shivers up the spines of coffee *fazendeiros*. But the "wise men" took precaution. They made a law. They devised a noble experiment. With borrowed millions they erected giant storehouses here and there and cached the surplus. What is more, to keep prices high and the money rolling in, they rationed it out, so much a day. They told the world how much it might have, and what it should pay.

To their great surprise, nature wouldn't obey the workings of political machinery. Coffee trees grew just as tall in Colombia, Salvador or the Indies. And Old Man Monopoly soon found himself high and dry. Inevitably the noble experiment crumbled and fell, leaving mountains of coffee, millions of bags, and a disillusioned populace that rose in wrath and sent the ward-heelers of São Paulo and party bosses at Rio on a long vacation.

This didn't solve the difficulty, however. The powers that followed are laboring frantically to salvage the wreck. They made reciprocal trade agreements, swapping coffee for wheat and for gasoline. They hunt for more markets and lie awake nights trying to think of new uses for the stuff.

Burning the Money Crop

As a last resort they put a tax on exports and used the money collected to buy up the inferior grades and commit them to the flames. Two hundred and fifty million pounds, as this is set down, have gone up in smoke and millions more are to follow.

"Of course this doesn't mean we are going to give up coffee, quit planting, expanding," commented one official.

"What cotton is to your southland, what silk is to Japan, what beef is to Argentina, coffee will be to São Paulo and Brazil for many years to come, the chief export, the money crop. But we will get some more baskets and divide our eggs. We will not risk scrambling them all in one. We must diversify our activities. Look at our varied resources, our unequaled potentialities! Coffee is but one of them."

"Here's the modern Garden of Eden with some added features," said Reo Bennett, research expert for one of the largest Yankee concerns south of Panama and for two decades a resident in the southern republic. "Why, in some sections nature will feed you as the ravens fed Elijah."

Reo should know. This frosty-templed son of Uncle Sam has tramped, ridden mule-back or canoed wherever civilization has touched the eastern rim of that thirty-five-hundred-mile stretch of world from the Amazon to Uruguay.

"Get away from the beaten track of the tourist and the itinerant reporter," he races along. "Go way up into the old state of Bahia. Consider the Bahian farmer. Adam had nothing on him. He keeps a few cattle, which thrive on the tropical grasses. So comes his tasty dried beef, which he calls 'carne secca'! Mandioca, from something like the root of our casava, is his bread, and it's good bread, too. He may even lie in the shade of the *jaca* tree, and between naps reach up and pick its fruit; that is, if its proportions are not too healthy. It weighs as much as fifty and sixty pounds, and is good for man, beast and fowl. Cacao bushes thrive in the jaca

(Continued on page 45)

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Carter Glass has again outwitted the inflationists in Congress

Capital Chatterbox

By the Gentleman at the Keyhole

A FEW weeks ago I wrote about the extraordinary influence which Senator Carter Glass exercises on banking and currency legislation. The administration, so great is the confidence Mr. Glass inspires on these questions, felt that it must have his name on the banking and currency bill passed to cure the depression.

It is entirely unusual for a Republican administration to desire a Democratic member's name on one of its bills. But it had to have Mr. Glass's. The administration wanted a bill that would increase the volume of currency and credit. It is a cardinal sin to call such a measure one of inflation. But some people do use this harsh word just the same.

Mr. Glass is a purist about banking and currency. So at the time I wondered how the miracle was to be accomplished of getting the anti-inflationist Carter Glass to put his signature on an inflationist bill—pardon the banned word.

Well, it is all clear now. Mr. Glass brought out a bill that made possible the issue of many more Federal Reserve notes, by making eligible for rediscount, under certain conditions, paper which was not previously eligible. A great chorus went up among the inflationists that here at last was some cheap money—good, safe, cheap money. Especially the pleasing senator from Michigan, Mr. Vandenberg, declared the bill meant a lot more money, billions more. This made the irascible senator from Virginia furious. As the father of the Federal Reserve System, he resented being put before the country as the perverter of that system. When he made his speech explaining his new bill he deflated all the loud talk about it. He showed that there was eight billion dollars' worth of eligible paper in banks that are members of the Federal Reserve System.

When the banks run out of the prime paper, they may present their secondary paper, authorized in the new Glass bill for rediscount. But few of them are ever likely to run out of their prime paper. The provisions of the new emergency measure are likely never to be brought into use.

The purpose of the legislation is merely psychological. Mr. Glass saw how, by putting his name to the new bill and controlling its provisions, he could outwit the inflationists. And his emergency secondary paper will only be available for one year. The integrity of the Federal Reserve System is preserved. Let us take off our hats once more to "the man who knows."

A Family Matter

There is a case of father and son both reaching the Presidency of the United States, but never an instance of father and son both attaining to the Speakership of the House of Representatives. Representative Charles Robert Crisp of Georgia has the ambition to be the first son to follow his father into the Speakership. His father, Charles Frederick Crisp, was Speaker of the House in the 52d and 53d Congresses, back in the Cleveland administration.

If Speaker Garner should be promoted to the Presidency, the son of this Speaker of forty years ago would be one of the likeliest candidates. He is one of the leading Democrats in the House.

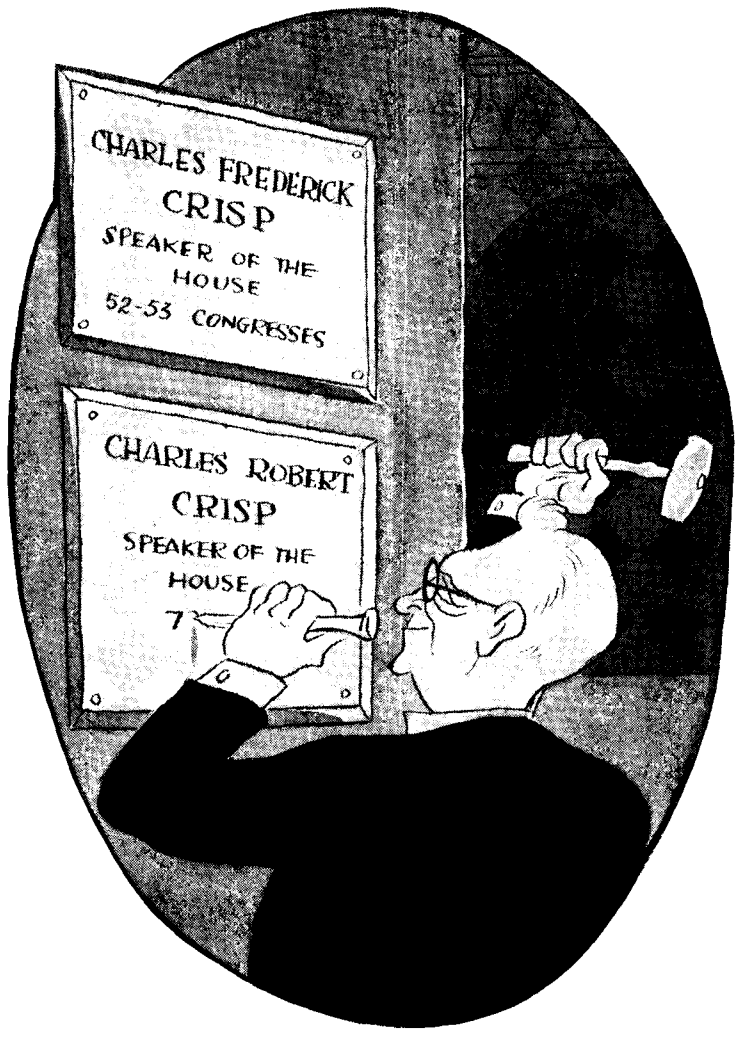
The ill health of James William Collier of Mississippi, chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, gave Representative Crisp his opportunity to handle the very important tax bills in this session of Congress. As the second in line among the Democrats on this committee, he is in Collier's absence the acting chairman of the most important House committee.

It is the most painful job of tax levying that any congressman ever faced. The heavy tax increases of the war were accepted by the country without protest because there was a war. But today the country is poor, and a billion and a quarter of additional taxes are hard to bear. In a speech that held the attention of the usually turbulent and inattentive House, Mr. Crisp, without regard to political consequences to himself, declared for balancing the budget, and levying the billion and a quarter of additional taxes, which will fall upon everybody.

Crisp's story is a good deal like that of the average member of the House except that he had an early and unusual training in legislative work. The Speaker of the House has an expert on rules and precedents at his elbow who is known as the parliamentarian. And when he was not much more than a boy his father, then Speaker, made him his parliamentarian.

When Champ Clark became Speaker in the Wilson administration he drafted him as his parliamentarian. While serving in this capacity, he was elected to Congress for the term beginning in 1913. That was the start of his present long career in the House, though he had served three months in the House when his father died in 1896. He was then just old enough to be eligible for election.

For the rest he has been a country lawyer and a judge of the city court at Americus, Georgia, following it up with sixteen years of hard work on the Ways and Means Committee. And he has moved up, by that slow process by which representatives obtain recognition, from third from the bottom to second from the top on that important committee.



An ex-Speaker's son would like to be the next Speaker

Washington's Big Three

It seldom happens that assembled on one board are three men as able, ambitious and self-assertive as three of the members of the Reconstruction Corporation, to wit: Charles G. Dawes, Ogden L. Mills and Eugene Meyer, Jr. I wonder how this trio of aggressive persons will make out together. Gossip is that relations between the president of the corporation, Mr. Dawes, and the chairman of the board, Mr. Meyer, are somewhat formal. The difficulty began when the Democrats vetoed the appointment of Democratic members of the board whom they regarded as Meyer men and so assured what they regarded as a Dawes majority in the board.

Mr. Meyer is probably the soundest financier of the three. But Mr. Dawes and Mr. Mills are better trained in the ways of politics than Mr. Meyer is and the corporation has for its end the restoration of business confidence in this country and incidentally the improvement of Mr. Hoover's chances of reëlection.

Mr. Dawes and Mr. Mills have the President's ear. It will be possible to see their hand in whatever bold measures are taken by the administration. Together they constitute a sort of super-cabinet. Charley Curtis, hoping to run for Vice President again, regards the prominence of Charley Dawes with misgivings. But why shouldn't he also worry about Ogden Mills?

The presence of Jesse H. Jones in the Reconstruction Corporation is another evidence of how far the go-getter may go. Everyone will remember how he performed the impossible and took the 1928 Democratic national convention to Houston. An admirer of his in Washington tells of being in Buckingham Palace and finding Mr. Jones there with his shoes off toasting his feet by a grate fire. "Put your shoes on!" he told him. "King George and Queen Mary will be in here at any moment!"

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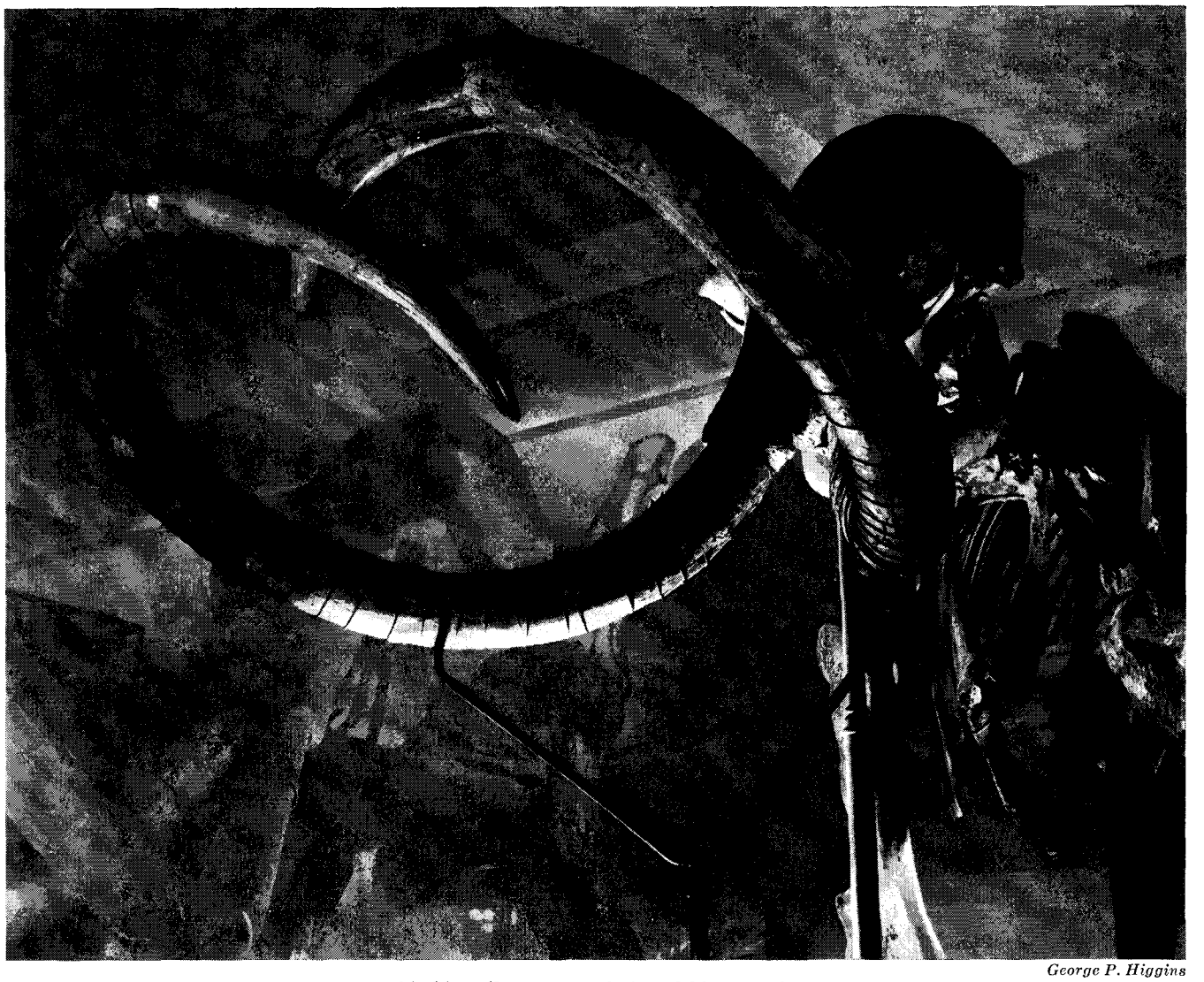
Mammoth Cave-ins

Jess Willard was the only giant who ever won a world's heavyweight boxing title, and his 255 pounds soon succumbed to the 183-pound Dempsey. Just another proof that, in sport, the bigger they are the faster they fall

By Grantland Rice



George P. Higgins

This big fellow was a victim of his own size

WHILE Sharkey and Schmeling are getting ready to exchange threatening gestures," writes an observer, "suppose some expert should get hold of this Primo Carnera and teach him how to hit? He is fairly fast for a big man and he knows something about boxing. If he ever should acquire a punch it would be the same as if Sharkey or Schmeling were thrown against Tony Canzoneri or Billy Petrolle. Some day one of these giants will step along and there won't be any competition left."

It isn't quite time to bother with this problem. Giants can grow too big. Some time ago someone discovered a young European who was reported to be ten feet tall. But he had to be carried around in a truck. His legs would not support his weight.

An interesting angle on this question of giants concerns the queer work of evolution. Recently I took a trip through the American Museum of Natural History under the guidance of Dr. Roy Chapman Andrews, the scientist of Gobi Desert fame. We stopped to inspect the tremendous skeletons of dinosaurs, mastodons and mammoths that once roamed and ruled the world from a million to a hundred million years ago. "What happened," I asked Dr. Andrews, "to wipe out so large and so powerful a beast as this mastodon? He should have been one of the survivors, not one of the beaten."

"He happens to be the victim," Dr. Andrews said, "of size and the uncontrolled operations of evolution. He had to use those tremendous tusks for his food supply, as well as for attack and defense. In the process of evolution through the ages, these curved tusks grew longer, larger and heavier. They finally became ingrowing, curving as you see, back in toward his forehead. They also got too heavy to be carried around. Even his powerful neck could not lift this weight of ivory and keep it lifted. So the mastodon and the mammoth died out.

"Evolution works in peculiar ways. Born of some necessity, it may start in a certain direction, but there is nothing that can stop it. Evolution recognizes no set limit. Evolution may finally go beyond the point of usefulness. It builds up to a certain point of high efficiency and then, on beyond that point, it often leads its victim to complete destruction."

The tusks of these mastodons and mammoths, which were dug up in Montana, make the average elephant tusk look like a slender walking cane. Once formidable instruments of war and useful implements of peace, they finally became more destructive than any rival's savage charge.

"There is another example of the same fate," remarked Dr. Andrews, pointing to the skeletal remains of an Irish stag. "His antlers finally grew so large they literally overwhelmed him and ended his career.

"But even in those early days there must have been a few exceptions, just as there are now with our giants. Most of these giants are poorly equipped for any athletic contest, but I recall one exception. This was a Mongolian giant I knew in the Far East who was eight feet tall, weighed over three hundred pounds and, in addition to being quick and supple, was the strongest man I ever saw. I recall one trip we made together when he was riding a rather small horse, the giant's feet almost dragging along the ground. One day we came to a stream which the horse could not ford with such a massive burden. What happened? The huge Mongolian got off, picked up the horse and carried him over to the opposite bank.

Too Much for Nicholas

"Later on his country sent this giant to the Czar of Russia as a present. The Czar appeared extremely grateful until the feed bills began to come in. So about two months later he shipped the human mammoth back to Mongolia, his chest covered with medals and decorations."

What the Czar should have done was to have gotten in touch with Jack Curley, the wrestling impresario. In those days wrestling was not very lucrative and Curley's stable of wrestlers kept him hustling in order to provide enough food for them. Mr. Curley stood by and saw evolution operating at a high rate of speed as his wrestlers ate and grew. The Czar could not support even one giant for more than two months while Curley had to maintain a stable of 250- and 300-pound wrestlers for many years, waiting for the tide to turn.

The big battle in those days was not to make money, but to save the race of wrestlers from the fate of the dinosaurs, the mastodons and the mammoths.

Had it not been for Jack Curley the wrestling species probably would have died out and there would be no longer the sight of a gigantic human form flying over the ropes out into the audience, to bounce up and down on a concrete floor. It seems to us that some scientific body should have presented Mr. Curley a medal before now for blocking the extinction of a species that might soon have joined the Piltdown or the Neanderthal man.

Now when a wrestler begins to grow out of bounds, Curley forestalls evolution by putting in another wrestler who bites off an ear or pulls off a leg. This reduces the patient to a normal size.

As the case now stands, neither Schmeling nor Sharkey has reason to worry about the Carneras and such. It seems incredible that a human being six feet seven inches tall, weighing 270 pounds, well built, fairly fast and active, can't punch with either hand. If Carnera had the lashing motion of a Petrolle or a Canzoneri or the chopping force of a Schmeling he would have no competition left. But he is weakest where you would think him to be at his best. And it is difficult to develop a punch which is missing at the start. He is like the mammoth charging with incurved tusks which could push, but never gouge or thrust.

Jess Willard was the only giant that ever held the world's heavyweight championship. Willard won by outlasting a fading Jack Johnson and then, weighing 255 pounds, Jess was almost torn apart by the 183-pound Jack Dempsey, who also was five inches shorter than Jess. The astonishment that came upon Willard and later upon Carnera, must have come a million or more years ago upon a mammoth when a saber-toothed tiger suddenly attacked him. The saber-toothed tigers grew so powerful and destructive that no competition was left and their food finally disappeared.

Evolution at Work

A similar situation confronts the modern heavyweight champion who claims he can find only one rival a year worth a party. This actually happened to Jim Jeffries, who was forced to retire at his peak because there was no one left to fight. By the time Jack Johnson came along some years later Jeffries was in about the same fighting condition that one of the starving saber-toothed tigers might have been.

So far evolution hasn't had much of a chance to show what it can do in pugilism. The fight game, dating back to the spiked hands of the old Greeks, is less than three thousand years old and evolution can't even get warmed up in that brief flash of time as outlined against the temporal sweep of infinity.

The only sign of evolution's work today rests in the disappearing necks of many of the wrestlers. A wrestler with a long neck would soon have three or four knots tied in it, thereby interfering somewhat with his breathing. So the necks of wrestlers have been growing shorter and shorter and the time may come when Jack Curley will have to do something about this or else prove that a man can live with his skull shoved down between his shoulder blades.

Some time ago when Carnera and Campolo met in a ring battle the total displacement was 496 pounds. When Sharkey and Schmeling meet their total weight will be under four hundred and they will be fighting for the heavyweight championship. This proves that evolution has yet to make any dangerous advance in regard to fighters.

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They're all that way

Another adventure of Percy Cabot Lawrence, who had little to learn about boxing —but plenty about love

By Lucian Cary

WHEN they start throwing bottles it's time to be on your way. It makes no matter how good you are—when they start using bottles it's time to run.

That's what the Congo Kid said to Professor Percy Cabot Lawrence. And it was clear that he spoke from the riches of experience.

But that was afterwards. Like so much of the really sound advice in this world, that was afterwards.

Percy Cabot Lawrence awoke suddenly to the realization that the loud sounds which disturbed him were not thunder in the distance but a knocking on his door. There is no thunder in January, not in Minnewaska. Percy tumbled out of bed and opened the door on a telegraph messenger. He took the envelope and tore it open and read:

YES DARLING HARRIET

He came wide awake immediately and gave the boy a dollar and read the telegram again and rubbed the knuckles of his right hand tenderly and remembered.

He hadn't had much sleep but he felt grand. He caught himself whistling while he bathed and shaved and dressed. He went swinging off to deliver his ten o'clock lecture looking, as he always looked, like a young Harvard professor who had got lost in the Middle West. But he no longer felt lost. He felt that Minnewaska wasn't so bad after all.

He stood at the reading desk and laid out his notes and glanced up at the serried rows of co-eds, with occasional groups of young men, and smiled. He usually frowned. On this morning he couldn't help smiling.

The response startled him. For a fraction of a second he thought they were hissing him.

"Sis-s-s-s!" came back to him from two hundred voices.

Percy Lawrence straightened up.

"Boom!" yelled the two hundred in chorus.

Percy Lawrence half raised a hand in a quick, involuntary gesture of protest.

"A-a-a-ah!" came back to him—a long-drawn "Ah."

And then in joyous staccato, "Rah, Rah, Rah—Percy!"

WITH that last word there was silence while Percy Lawrence got it through his head. They weren't razzing him—they were complimenting him. Or, rather, they were both razzing him and complimenting him.

"Ah—er," Percy Lawrence began. It was the first time they had ever given him a skyrocket at Minnewaska and there must be some occasion for it. They couldn't know what had happened the night before but they acted as if they did. "Er—er," he continued, "thanks awfully. We will now proceed to consider William Hazlitt, who had what seems to us—in a man so completely literary—a singular interest in boxing."

They laughed, as if he had said something funny. Percy ignored the laugh. The lecture went off so well that he forgot about the skyrocket cheer and what it must mean. He spent the afternoon writing page after page to Harriet. He told her how much he loved her and how, walking alone at midnight, his longing for her had become so keen he had sent her a telegram asking her to marry him. Without the slightest conscious effort to deceive, he said nothing about the events which had preceded that midnight telegram. Men are like that. Even young professors from Harvard are like that.

Percy Lawrence was still writing when Somers called him on the telephone. Somers had been scarcely more than an acquaintance—one of the few acquaintances Percy Lawrence had made in his four months at Minnewaska. Now Somers called him old bean, as if he were a familiar friend, and demanded that Percy dine with him. They agreed to meet at the hotel.

Percy Lawrence stopped at the post office on his way to dinner and sent his voluminous letter to Harriet by air mail, special delivery. He was proud of his letter. He remembered reading the love letters of a famous professor of psychology at Johns Hopkins, which had been printed in the newspapers in connection with a suit for divorce. Percy reflected that his own letter was as impassioned as those letters had been though not quite so sappy. And he was glad.

"Somers," Percy said, when they had ordered their dinner, "you must congratulate me. I—"

"Congratulate you!" Somers interrupted. "If you don't mind I will now stand up and give three cheers. It isn't every day that a professor of English literature knocks out an All-America halfback."

Percy Lawrence shook his head. "That isn't what I mean," he said. "I mean congratulate me on my engagement. I'm going to be married."

Somers looked at him in wild-eyed astonishment.

"What!" he said. "You got the girl, too?"

"I sent her a telegram last night."

He stepped in to meet the first one. He caught the first one square on the point of the jaw and knocked him flat

"You sent her a telegram?"

"Yes," Percy said. "She's in Boston."

"Listen, Percy," Somers said, "let's get this straight. I'm talking about the beautiful Giovanna Malatesta—the co-ed whose father runs that little speakeasy I took you to."

"THE girl I'm talking about," Percy said, "is the girl I'm engaged to—the only girl there is—the girl I've always been in love with—Harriet Bean —of Boston."

"I may as well tell you, Percy," Somers said, "that the story is all over the university and the town too. Nobody talks about anything else."

"What story?"

"The story that you've been meeting Giovanna Malatesta in the library every night for weeks and walking home with her."

"I met her once," Percy said hotly. "Or," he added, remembering, "maybe it was twice. It certainly wasn't more than three times."

"Well," Somers said, "if you think you can meet a co-ed in the library and walk home with her once without everybody's knowing it, you're mistaken. And especially Giovanna Malatesta. Everybody knew she was Benny Benito's girl."

"I didn't know it," Percy said. "I didn't have the foggiest notion."

"Well," Somers said, "I suppose nobody knew you well enough to warn you. I didn't. After all, you can't very well go up to a man with a Boston manner like yours—a man you've just barely met—and say, 'Look here, old top, if you don't let Benny Benito's girl alone he's going to give you a good poke in the jaw.' Anyhow the story around the university is that the great Benny was good and sore and that you and he met up in the Malatesta speakeasy last night and he was just about to wallop

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you when you hauled off and knocked him for a loop and Giovanna thought you had killed him and chased you out of the place with a butcher knife."

"Good Lord, Somers," Percy said. "You're a professor of sociology. You ought to know that such things don't happen."

"What is the real story?" Somers asked.

"Well," Percy said, "the only thing that's true is that I did sort of floor him."

SOMERS leaned forward eagerly. "How? Was it a lucky punch?"

"No," Percy said, "it wasn't. He left himself wide open."

"But that doesn't explain it. He's a football player. He's bigger than you are. At least he's heavier than you are. And he's strong and tough."

"Yes, of course," Percy said. "But he doesn't know the first thing about boxing. What I wish you'd do is—"

"But what everybody wants to know is how it happens that you're so good. What do you know about boxing?"

"Oh," Percy said. "I've always boxed. I began boxing when I was a boy. As a matter of fact, I was intercollegiate heavyweight champion while I was at Harvard. What I wish you'd do for me, Somers, is—"

"Do you know what the students are calling you?" Somers asked. "They're calling you 'One-Punch Percy.' And the faculty—why, old Drew, the head of the philosophy department, is—"

"I wish, Somers," Percy Lawrence said, "you'd do what you can to stop this story."

"Stop it!" Somers said. "I'd like to see anybody stop it. Don't you see you're famous? Don't you realize you're a hero?"

Illustrated by Carl Mueller

"You're delectable," Percy said. "The most completely seductive girl that ever—" "It's being in love," Harriet said

"I thought everybody liked Benny Benito," Percy said. "I thought he was the college hero."

"Everybody does like Benny. He was the college hero. He still is. But can't you see that it's fundamentally romantic when you knock him out? The students feel that. And of course the faculty men are delighted. You're a made man. Ten to one they'll raise your rank and your salary at the end of this year."

"My book on the Restoration drama is coming out this spring," Percy said.

"Book!" Somers said. "Book! Who gives a hoot about a book? All professors of English literature write books. But how many of them have got a punch? Jane Arkwright called me up at noon today and demanded that I bring you around immediately."

"Who," Percy asked, "is Jane Arkwright?"

"Of course you wouldn't know," Somers said. "But Jane Arkwright is just about the most important person in this town. Jane Arkwright practically runs Minnewaska. She's got plenty of money and she has a big house on the edge of town—on the lake—and her hobby is to gather all the really interesting and amusing people she can find. Of course she entertains all the visiting celebrities. If Einstein or H. G. Wells or Gene Tunney visits Minnewaska, it is Jane Arkwright who puts him up and gives a dinner party for him."

"Oh," Percy said, "that sort of person."

"You needn't be supercilious," Somers said. "She gives you the best food in America. You'll meet some of the ablest men we have at her house and the prettiest women."

Percy shook his head. "I'm not interested now," Percy said. "I'm in love."

"Being in love is no reason for avoiding food that you'll never forget. And Jane Arkwright will undoubtedly ask you to her mid-year house party. She's famous for her house parties and she always has a particularly grand one at the end of the semester—during Prom week."

"I shouldn't consider it if she did ask me," Percy said. "That week is my chance to go to Boston. It's the only chance I'll have to see Harriet before spring vacation."

"Don't be silly," Somers said. "I'll take you round to meet Jane now. I'll tell her you're engaged to a girl in Boston. Jane'll have the girl on for the house party, too."

"But Harriet doesn't even know Mrs. Arkwright," Percy protested. "I don't know her either. I can't imagine Harriet accepting an invitation to a house party from someone she doesn't know. It's not done in Boston."

Somers smiled patiently. "You simply don't know Jane Arkwright," he said. "You leave it to Jane."

PERCY LAWRENCE arrived at the railway station half an hour early in Jane Arkwright's limousine. He hadn't seen Harriet since September, when he'd proposed to her so casually and she had refused him just as casually and urged him to go out to Minnewaska and see what the Middle West was like. And now, walking up and down the station platform, he was suddenly panic-stricken. He wondered if he'd made a mistake. He was outraged at himself for entertaining such a doubt. He didn't know that every man, not completely self-deceived, entertains doubts at such moments. Percy Lawrence thought that his doubts were a unique defect in his character.

HE HAD never kissed Harriet. And he did not know what merit the experience would have. Harriet was a handsome creature. Harriet would have been an absolute beauty if she hadn't been so well brought up. Harriet was so self-controlled, so well-poised, so reasonable. She would make an ideal wife for a professor. But now he wondered if she wasn't too reasonable to be very exciting.

And all the time he debated with himself whether he was really in love with Harriet he was looking anxiously up the railway track for the first gleam of the headlight on the snow and listening for the distant whistle and telling himself that when Harriet stepped off the train he was going to seize her and kiss her thoroughly, no matter who was looking.

Harriet did not approve of kissing in public. Harriet had once remarked on the vulgarity of people who kissed in railway stations. But if he took her by surprise she would have no chance to protest until afterwards.

When the train pulled in he ran down the line of Pullmans. He found Harriet in the act of coming down the steps of a car. He couldn't rush up the steps. They were too narrow. He had to wait. She hadn't seen him yet. The porter helped her down the last step to his stool.

Now was the moment to step forward and take her in his arms in spite of any protest. He took a deep breath and at that moment she looked up and saw him and smiled.

Percy Lawrence had a terrifying impression of an utterly delectable girl who gave him a look so tender and provocative and alluring that he was dizzy. He never could remember afterward how it happened that she was in his arms and that he was kissing her and she was kissing him back, and there was no protest at all except ultimately from an irascible old gentleman who seemed to think they were preventing him from getting off the train.

THEY walked arm in arm down the platform behind Jane Arkwright's grinning chauffeur. Percy put her in the car. Harriet took off a glove and held out her hand with the solitaire he had sent her.

"Isn't it gorgeous?" she said.

She wasn't calm and detached and Bostonian. She sparkled like the diamond on her finger. She was in a perfect glow. She was a woman in love.

Percy put his arm around her. She put her head happily on his shoulder.

"Do you know what's happened to me?" she asked. And without waiting for him to guess she rushed on. "I've gone in for clothes. I always thought women were silly to think so much about clothes. And now I'm mad about clothes. I've been frightfully extravagant."

Harriet appeared at dinner in a dress of green and silver, molded to her slender roundness. She was irresistible. Dinner was extremely gay. Afterward, everybody got into ski clothes. Jane Arkwright had built a toboggan slide down the bluff at the edge of the lake. The slide was almost perpendicular. The toboggans went almost half a mile out on the frozen lake.

Percy told Harriet he had thought the green dress the most becoming thing he had ever seen until he saw her in the black tunic and black trousers of her ski

(Continued on page 43)

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The Unguarded Queen

By Arthur Train

The Story Thus Far:

HELEN STEVENS, the great American tennis champion, is the daughter of Crown Prince Dushan of Illyria. Dushan renounced his right to the throne to marry Helen's mother. After the death of her parents Helen was brought up in America until she was twenty. Then she visits her grandfather, King Stephan Stephanovitch.

She is proclaimed a royal princess and is called Stephanie Stephanovitch. Crown Prince Milan, son of King Stephan's second wife, is the present heir. He is suspected of helping Italy in her attempt to take the Tokar oil fields from Illyria.

King Stephan, disappointed in Milan, decides to make Helen his heir and persuades her to become betrothed to Prince Marko, a distant cousin. Helen consents with misgivings when she thinks of John Brent, who fell in love with her on the New York trip.

Brent had spent a number of years in Zeta as a diplomatic attaché and is trying to secure the leases of the Tokar oil fields. He is completely unaware of Helen's connection with Illyria. On the afternoon they landed in Trieste he took her to tea. A man insulted Helen and Brent knocked him down. Brent was taken to jail and it was not until after his release that he discovered he had attacked Crown Prince Milan.

Helen left Italy before Brent was released, leaving no hint of her destination.

Brent arrives in Zeta on the day of Helen's public betrothal ceremonies and is first shocked and then bitter to find that the princess is the girl he loves.

VI

BRENT buffeted his way through the crowds under the arcades to the hotel. He could not recollect ever having seen so many people in Zeta, even in wartime. Waiting beside his luggage in the smoke-filled foyer for his room to be vacated, he noted the extraordinary number of foreigners, particularly Italians, who seemed to be loitering there—oil scouts and engineers, he concluded, who had run up from Tokar for the day.

A squat, smooth-shaven man with a head like an egg and dressed in a frock coat, white waistcoat, spats and panama hat strolled by to the desk. He had a cigar cocked in the corner of his mouth and a slight droop in his right eye. The proprietor handed him his key, at the same time evidently calling Brent to his attention. He came over at once.

"Mr. Brent? Ezra Sloat. Glad you're here. I didn't expect you until tomorrow." They shook hands.

"I heard there was going to be some sort of a show, so I made it a day earlier."

"Let's go where we can be comfortable."

Sloat told the porter to follow with Brent's bags and led the way upstairs to a large room on the first floor overlooking the piazza.

"JUST give me a chance to shed these togs," he panted as, retiring to the corner, he divested himself of his ceremonial costume. "Ah! That's better!" He reappeared, a gnome in a bathrobe. "Have a cigar? Well, I suppose you want to find out what it's all about, eh?"

It was why he had been sent out, Brent said; the drafts had been pretty heavy and Washburn wanted to know what the company was getting in for; Mr. Sloat was not being superseded in any way; his own functions were to be purely advisory.

"In other words, they want you to check up on me a little?" The droop became a wink. "Well, I'm going to be absolutely frank with you. I've been playing a wide-open game on my own responsibility on the chance of getting the Tokar field for the C. P. C. for next to nothing. And everything was going fine, until what occurred today knocked my plan sky-high."

"I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to begin at the beginning," said Brent. "I'm woefully ignorant."

"Okeh! Well, you know how those Russians struck oil on the Albanian side of the Dravitza and how Washburn cabled me to come up here from Irak?"

Brent nodded.

"All right. I came—flew. Only I found the Italians, the English, the French and the Belgians were ahead of me. Between them they'd managed to gum the situation badly. In Illyria, you understand, all surface oil rights belong to the government and must be obtained by royal charter. Now, somebody—evidently to curry favor with him—has filled King Stephan up with a grossly exaggerated idea of the field's value. The reports of our experts, while fairly favorable, don't justify the terms which he demands."

"What does he want?"

"Five million dollars down and twenty per cent royalty on the gross. Of course, that's ridiculous. But he won't listen to anything else! He's a very obstinate old man. He proposes that all the different companies get together as we did at Mosul and form a syndicate. Until then he refuses to talk business."

"How does the oil run?"

"Around sixteen. I knew these people were just children who would strangle their own grandmothers for a handful of dinars. So I got next to one of the big shots, lost ten or fifteen thousand dinars to him at cards and asked his ideas. He's on my pay roll now."

"Go on!" said Brent.

"WELL, this big shot—and when I say 'big' I mean big—told me at once that there was no use wasting my time on the King, or old Kosovo, his prime minister. There wasn't the ghost of a chance of getting the concession at any reasonable figure while Stephan was alive, but that he couldn't last over a year at the outside and that when he died we could do business. Everybody, he said, hated Milan, the crown prince, but there was another guy, Prince Marko Stephanovitch, the heir presumptive, who was a candidate for the crown, and if the C. P. C. would furnish the cash we could stage a revolution on the King's death and put him over.

"It didn't take me long to make the proper contact with Marko—he's a regular fellow and speaks American as good as I do. I made him a personal gift of a million dinars just to keep him happy. We had it all fixed. I was going to help him become king and in return he was to give us the concession. Then I got in touch with the leaders of various religious and nationalist groups and jingled a few coins. Boy, you ought to have seen them hop to it! A dollar looks as big to them as a thousand does to us. We've got most of the general staff, about half the army, some of the Council of Nobles, and two cabinet ministers.

"To make a long story short, your Uncle Ezra has been financing the prettiest little revolution imaginable. If Stephan had died a week ago—with Milan in Trieste and Marko 'Johnny on the Spot'—I could have handed Marko the throne on a gold plate, and the

Illustrated by Joseph Simont

"Your Royal Highness is most gracious," he replied, bending over her hand

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C. P. C. would have had the Tokar field to itself for a song.

"I own twenty thousand Mohammedans who are ready to tear Zeta up by the roots the minute I press the button. But now they're not worth a bent nickel to us! What we need is a revolution that will make Marko king, so that he can deliver the goods without having to consult his wife. And there's one way that that might still be brought about!"

SLOAT knocked the ash from his cigar and leaned forward.

"If we could only bust up that marriage—leave 'em all to fight it out between themselves—it would be a cinch to put Marko across. In a three-cornered fight he'd win in a walk.

"But apart from that, the game isn't over yet by any means," continued the oil agent. "People have a queer way of dying out here—unexpectedly, you know. And if everything else were just right, Milan *might* die, you know—very easily."

Sloat was watching him blandly over his cigar. With his bathrobe swathed about his fat body he made Brent think of Humpty Dumpty. He observed consciously for the first time that Sloat had no eyebrows. The eyes themselves were an opaque pale blue.

"Are you proposing to have Milan murdered?" inquired Brent politely.

"Not at all! But his early demise isn't by any means impossible. However, it wouldn't help us in the least unless we could put Marko in—not simply as prince consort, part of the palace furniture—but with a free hand. I wish to God that woman had never come over here. If Milan took a dislike to her there's a possibility that something might happen to *her*."

Brent felt sick.

"You don't mean—"

"Why not? Look what they did to King Alexander and Queen Draga in Belgrade. If Stephan insists on making this granddaughter of his queen of Illyria he may find quite a job on his hands. It's no light matter to whipsaw a crown prince who holds a joker in the shape of a first-class power with an interest in the pot."

"What's your plan?" asked Brent, at once fascinated and repelled.

"Watchful waiting. Something may occur tomorrow, tonight or within the next hour to put us in our original position, or even a stronger one. For example, something might happen to *both* Milan and Stephanie, leaving Marko a clear field. I suppose you saw Milan in the procession? Of course they had to invite him to the ceremony. Ugly looking brute! This hotel is full of his spies. He has some clever men on his staff, and that girl of his is a whiz. She has the fine Italian hand, all right! When Milan is at Zeta she stays here in the hotel, instead of at his villa, for the sake of appearances. I fixed it with the proprietor to get the suite next to hers, where I can keep her under my eye. That door leads directly into her apartment. Incidentally you're on my other side. Together we ought to know everything that goes on."

THERE was a knock and a waiter announced luncheon. Brent, who was ravenous, got up.

"Well, see you later," said Sloat. "Dine with me at eight and afterwards we'll take in the Jockey Club. That's where all the swells go in the evening. You can see Marko losing some of our money."

As Brent stepped into the hall he came face to face with Crown Prince Milan and the Marchesa Garadesca-Bellini. The heir apparent was fumbling with a latchkey at the adjoining door and to avoid complications Brent turned in the opposite direction. They had evidently just returned from the reception at the palace and from Milan's demeanor he had not enjoyed it.

Brent went downstairs to the Speise Hall and consumed some of the risotto à la Milanese, while he debated what he ought to do. He was a salaried official of the Consolidated Petroleum Corporation and loyal to his company, but, although well aware that such things were sometimes done, he had been staggered to hear Sloat talking calmly of engineering a revolution that must inevitably result in the loss of hundreds, if not thousands, of lives. "Big business," all right! Was it possible, as Sloat claimed, that that was what he was paid for? That if a contract were obtained by such means the company would quietly accept the benefits of it? Could he put the slightest confidence in the word of such a man?

HE BOUGHT a box of "Turmacs" and walked over to the Café d'Ilirye, which had the fashionable location just beside the cathedral. There was a concert in progress and every table was occupied. The same thing he found to be true at the Turk's Head, the Imperial and the Crown.

As he stood watching the crowd milling about the bandstand he became aware that a swart, bronzed man in khaki was watching him from an isolated table—Bill Shepard, famous war correspondent, who had been with him at Krakow and Kralyevo in 1916 and whom he had not set eyes on since. Brent walked over and took the vacant chair beside him.

"Hello, Bill, old buzzard!" he said. "I thought they'd shot you long ago. What are you doing here?"

"Covering the show and whatever refined and elegant entertainment may follow it. I flew up from Saloniki. It looks like an interesting party. There's quite a bunch here already—Wicks is down from Milan and Jasper from Berlin—eight or ten at least. 'Wheresoever the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together,' you know."

"Eagles! Vultures, you mean!"

"What sort of a vulture are you?"

"I'm an oil man now."

"I see! Tokar?"

"Right! I came over to meet an agent of ours named Sloat."

"You are in great danger, Signor Brent," said the marchesa

"Wasn't he down in Irak? I think I lunched with him at King Feisal's. Looks like an egg, doesn't he?"

"That's the guy." Brent leaned across confidentially. "Tell me, Bill, is he fresh, addled or rotten?"

"I should say rotten," replied the correspondent. "Slick, though! Golbenkin employed him for a while. Are you working with or against him?"

"That's the question. Have some more coffee? Here, Kellner! *Vise crna kava!* What sort of 'refined and elegant entertainment' were you referring to just now?"

"I think they're going to begin shooting before long," he said from behind his hand. "Mussolini will never let Milan be dumped into the ash can, which I feel sure is the official program. Our London office is in a wax over it—thinks this marriage may bring on another European war—indirectly, of course."

"Do you really mean that?" asked Brent.

"Sure! If King Stephan should abdicate in favor of Princess Stephanie they all might begin popping at one another any moment; then, if Italy intervened, 'to protect her interests,' Yugoslavia would do the same and France would back her up."

"Sounds logical," said Brent.

"IT'S all quite on the cards," went on Shepard. "Anyhow, no matter what happens, there's sure to be hell to pay here as soon as Stephan dies. They tell me this chap Marko has a big following. He and Milan are circling around each other like tomcats. If it wasn't for the King's enormous popularity and the fear of what he might do to the survivor, one of the two would have bumped the other off long ago. Have you noticed the number of Italians there are hanging around here? And, by the way, whom do you suppose I ran into here today? Paolo Radescu!"

"The devil you did!"

"Yes, he was walking around with Prince Marko, who's an old pal of his. Birds of a feather—and some birds!"

"He's a great old sport!"

"He has his nerve with him all right," agreed Shepard. "I'm told he only recently held up the government for a quarter of a million dinars' ransom for old General Kranitch. And got it! He's some kind of a connection of Milan's—by the left hand, I believe."

"I'd like to see him again."

"No doubt you will! How about dinner together tonight?"

"If you don't mind having Sloat."

"Why not? I'd rather like to meet your great enigma."

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The Gracious Lady

By Arthur Somers Roche

Illustrated by John H. Crosman

The Story Thus Far:

MARRIED to brutal Sam Clayborne, Rita Clayborne is in love with Dean Resolve. She dares not divorce Clayborne for she knows Dean's father, old Sturgis Resolve, owes him a million dollars—and she knows Sam Clayborne. . . .

Learning of the situation, Jinny Carpenter comes to the rescue. She is Rita's closest friend. She is wealthy. And (though no one suspects it) she, too, is in love with Dean Resolve. She "invests" a million dollars in Resolve and Company, the Resolves' real estate firm; and the debt to Clayborne is paid.

Feeling that the Resolves are now safe, Rita goes to Reno to secure a divorce and marry Dean. But Clayborne has other plans. During Rita's absence, Jinny and Dean are guests at a house party. Aided by hired thugs, Clayborne attacks them while they are motoring one night, drenches them with whisky, and leaves them unconscious in Dean's car. To the cop who finds them it appears that they are two drunken neckers—a sweet bit of news for the gossips. . . .

Rita calls Dean from Chicago. She has her divorce and will be in New York at three-thirty the next day, and she and Dean decide to get married as soon as she arrives.

Giuseppe Martello, a bootlegger (who knew Dean when they were boys), knows of Dean's trouble with Clayborne. He goes to Swede Larkin, a big shot in the racket who has been backed by Clayborne for several years. Martello gets Larkin to promise that Clayborne will have to do the job himself if he is planning to make trouble at the station when Rita arrives.

On Rita's arrival she and Dean hardly notice a slight fracas which occurs a few feet from them. They get the license and go straight to the minister's where they meet Jinny Carpenter and Wallie Curtis (in love with Jinny). The minister is delayed and while they are waiting, a reporter, Miss Stone of the Glass, who had spoken to Dean in the station, bursts in. She tells them that Clayborne, holding a pistol in his hand, was shot in the back in the station, and that the police are now looking for both Rita and Dean.

VIII

YEARS ago, Dean Resolve had left college to take the wheel of Resolve and Company. He had skippered that craft through troublous waters as deftly as he guided his yacht through the waters off Newport. And it takes quick wit to sail a boat or guide a business. Now he responded to this emergency as he might have responded to a dangerous puff of wind. He trimmed his sails instantly, and adjusted his course to varying conditions.

And—as always—his second thought, which was better, followed so swiftly on his first that few people ever realized that he had time to consider the various angles of a difficulty.

Rita, of course, was right. There are no absolute rules of ethics to guide us in many emergencies. But taste is a sure director, and his own good taste responded to Rita's. One simply didn't get married an hour after one's former husband had died. And if that weren't enough to make him agree with her instant decision, Miss Stone's dramatic statement was certainly sufficient. If one didn't get married an hour after one's husband had died, one certainly didn't do so when that husband had been murdered, and when the police were seeking one.

"Do the police know where we are?" he asked the newspaper woman.

She smiled.

"This is *my* story. The police can read the paper tomorrow morning. Certainly they don't know. Not from me, at any rate. And they won't, Mr. Resolve."

He hardly heard her assurance. He turned to Rita.

"Darling—you—you go to—"

"She'll come home with me," said Jinny promptly.

Rita shook her head.

"I—can't," she protested faintly. "The police—the papers—"

JINNY waved aside the picture of scandal, of notoriety, which Rita drew.

"Take her home—now," said Dean. "Wallie, dash down to the Penn Station. You'll find Rita's maid there. Florida Flyer. Car B 24. Get her off the train if she's on it. Anyway, get her—and Rita's bags. Take them over to Jinny's."

"What are you doing, Dean?" asked Rita.

Her voice, always so sweetly cool, so nicely balanced between the upper and the lower register, was broken now, harsh.

"I'm going to get Jack Colby," he answered. "He'll advise me. We'll go straight to the police. If they're looking for me, I'll go to them. And, Rita, darling, don't be upset."

She smiled wanly.

"How can I help it?" she asked.

"I know, but—if you were ever brave, be so now, Rita. This—this is nasty. But—it will be over soon."

"But, why—why do they want to see us?" she cried.

"Because your names are worth plenty of space in the papers," said Miss Stone. "And wherever there's plenty of space, the police want their share of it. So does the district attorney. Gosh," she said—almost admiringly, "you people are certainly in for headlines."

There was that in her manner which made Dean want to strike her. Rita Clayborne and Dean Resolve were not *people* to this tabloid reporter now; they were photographs and scareheads and special articles and—scandal. Her momentary lapse from being hard-boiled was ended now.

But why be angry with her? She was merely the product—not of her own time—of all time. For there has never been a period when the mob was not eager to bay at the heels of the helpless. Scandal! People have always responded to that. The tabloid is but the crystallization of the pent-up hatreds of humanity. Hate is as frequent an emotion as love. But it has fewer outlets. The tabloid gives the mob its outlets.

He led Rita outside, telling the maid that he would telephone an explanation to Dr. Lewis later. On the curb they separated. Rita and Jinny got into the taxi that had been waiting for the bride and groom. The driver scratched his head bewilderedly. That night he entertained his family for an hour, telling them of the wedding that didn't come off. And a day later, when the papers informed him of the identity of his passengers, he was a hero, as all purveyors of first-hand information of a scandal always are. But now, expressing none of his curiosity, he drove Rita and Jinny away.

ON THE sidewalk, Wallie looked for instructions to Dean.

"Get the maid and the bags—as I told you, Wallie," said Dean.

"But, look here—don't you want me to go along with you?" protested Wal-

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His hard eyes bored into Dean's. "Come clean, now, Mr. Resolve. You saw the Martellos and framed it with them to take care of Clayborne, and—"

lie. "I mean, it's the sort of thing that—"

"I'll get Jack Colby. You go to Jinny's as soon as you've found Rita's maid. Tell Rita that I'll get in touch with her." He turned to the eagerly listening Miss Stone.

"Do you suppose," he asked, "that there's anything in the world that could keep you from printing where Mrs. Clayborne has gone?"

The girl eyed him.

"Not a thing in the world, Mr. Resolve," she answered frankly. "But," she added, "if I ever gave two people a break, I'm going to give it to you and Mrs. Clayborne. I mean—I know you two have nothing to do with Clayborne's death. It's just one of those tough breaks that come along every so often. You'll have to grin your way through it, that's all. And I'll do the best I can for you. Now, you're going to get your lawyer—Jack Colby, did you call him? Where are you going with him?"

Dean shrugged helplessly.

"The police, I suppose."

"WELL, I want to come with you," said the girl. She raised a hand to still his objections. "Mr. Resolve, this is a story. A big story. I'm not going to lose sight of you. I'll follow you if I have to, but it would be nicer if you took me with you. You'll get a break, I promise you. You see—the Glass isn't so keen about the commissioner, and it's always hated the district attorney.

"Get the layout? Here are two decent, innocent people, whose first reaction is to go straight to the police. And the police, instead of stopping the gang killings, are ready to hound and persecute people like you and Mrs. Clayborne. Better take me along."

Dean looked at her.

"Come ahead," he said.

Wallie had acquired two taxis, and into one of them they stepped. Dean knew—unless the heavens had fallen—where to find his young attorney. He would be at the Mallet, and there Dean directed the driver. And on the ride Miss Stone attempted discreetly to pump him.

"Clayborne objected to your attentions to his wife before the divorce, didn't he?" she asked.

"Oh, come now," said Dean.

"But there was that shooting several months ago," she reminded him.

"An accident," he said shortly.

She shrugged.

"Had any quarrel with him? I mean—recently."

"Now, please," said Dean. "I—I'm taking you along, but—I'm not going to talk."

"Your yacht in commission?" She changed the subject instantly.

"Hasn't been for a long time," he replied.

She patted his hand impulsively.

"I know, Mr. Resolve. You just want to think. Well, so do I."

SHE waited quietly in the cab when it stopped before the Mallet, exacting no promise from Dean that he would not try to evade her. He told the driver to wait and entered the club. He found Colby sitting beside a bridge game out of which he had apparently just been cut. The lawyer's eyebrows lifted, and he rose instantly.

"What's wrong?" he asked in an undertone. "Thought you and Rita—"

"Sam Clayborne was shot—murdered—in the Grand Central Station today. Just as Rita was coming through the train gate. Let's get a quiet corner."

They found one in the library, and Colby asked no questions, but waited for an explanation.

"We heard a shot—sounded like that—saw a lot of people running, and heard some shouting. Didn't know what it was, of course. Looked like a brawl and I got Rita to a taxi. A young newspaper woman—she's in my cab outside—came to Dr. Lewis' house and told us that it was Clayborne who had been killed. Shot in the back. Had a gun in his own hand, too. The police—so the girl says—want to talk with Rita and myself. Naturally, we postponed the wedding. Rita's with Jinny. I want you to take me to the police, or the district attorney, or wherever we ought to go. I'll talk to them; God knows I have nothing to say. But can't something be done to keep Rita out of it?"

COLBY puffed his lips and exhaled air violently.

"This is a sweet jam, Dean. Murdered. In the Grand Central. What in the deuce was he doing there?"

"How do I know?" demanded Dean.

"Not hard to guess. A gun in his hand. For you—for Rita—for you both? And if that were the case—why on earth would someone else—what's the matter, old man? Here, buck up. Wait—I'll get a drink—"

For Resolve had gone deadly white, had swayed in his chair. But he clutched at Colby.

"No—I'm all right—only—"

"Only what?" demanded Colby.

"Is—is what I say—private?" asked Dean.

"Now be a jackass and bray," said Colby angrily. "I'm your attorney. I'm also your friend. Why?"

Dean's mind raced back to Giuseppe Martello's visit. How glibly Martello had offered to erase Clayborne from the Resolve map if Resolve so desired. Of course, it was ridiculous, but—Clayborne had been killed. Killed, too, with a gun in his hand. Could it be that Miss Stone and Colby were right in their quick guesses? Had Clayborne come down to wreak violence upon Rita and Dean? Had Martello followed him? . . .

It couldn't be possible. It might be credible that Martello—murder was cheap these days of prohibition—would engage to have Clayborne killed if Re-

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solve requested it. But that the bootlegger, for no cause save the fact that he and Dean had been friendly as boys, would have set a watch on Clayborne and, to protect Dean, would kill Rita's ex-husband—this was too bizarre to credit.

But—Clayborne was dead. Also, Clayborne had had dealings with gangsters. That assault on Long Island on last Saturday night was proof that Clayborne knew his way around the outlaw haunts. Those that live by the sword shall perish. . . . People who live innocently don't know where to go to engage men to attack other innocent people. Clayborne must have been close to the underworld to know how to hire the men who assisted him in holding up Jinny and Dean. Gang killings—executions—occurred among the most highly placed.

The color came back to Dean's face. Swiftly he recounted to Colby the thoughts that had just raced through his whirling brain.

Colby listened intently. He spoke instantly Dean had finished.

"All that—you tell to no one but myself," he said decisively. "Martello doesn't exist so far as you know. But it's best that you're frank—to a point. Now, let's go over the whole thing."

AN IMPATIENT Miss Stone greeted them as, fifteen minutes later, they came to the taxi. Dean presented Colby.

"You were a long time," said the girl.

Colby laughed.

"Lawyers are dilatory, Miss Stone. I think," he went on with brazen flattery, "you're trying to be pretty swell to my friend Resolve."

"I hope he agrees with you," said the girl. "Well, the police, or the district attorney?"

"The police first," said Colby.

"I wish I could be present at the interview," said the girl.

Colby shrugged.

"Why not? Come along."

He was a master of tact, was young Jack Colby, and he so engaged Miss Stone with bold compliments that she never could pin him down to answers to questions that would have made pleasant reading in the Morning Glass. She was half-promising to go to supper with him after she wrote her story when they reached police headquarters. And as Colby ushered her from the cab he whispered to Dean:

"I'd rather have one newspaper with us than the prosecuting attorney, and I think we've got this little girl."

They asked a uniformed officer for the commissioner's office. There Colby's name procured them an almost immediate admission. And Colby, shaking hands, introduced Dean.

"We understand you want to see him, Commissioner," he said.

The commissioner's heavy brows drew together.

"We've sent no word to Mr. Resolve. How did he know? Guilty conscience?"

"That's a new name for me, Commissioner," said Miss Stone. "I told him you wanted him."

"You did, eh? I'll have to make you a special deputy, Frances. And while you're waiting for your badge, suppose you run outside and wait for us, darlin'."

"I'd rather stay here," she said brightly.

"And I'd rather you didn't," said the commissioner. "On your way, my beauty. Your damn' paper has been bawling me out—"

"Read it tomorrow, Commissioner," she jeered. "There'll be more of it. I'll see you outside, gentlemen," she said. She departed, and the commissioner cursed softly as the door closed behind her.

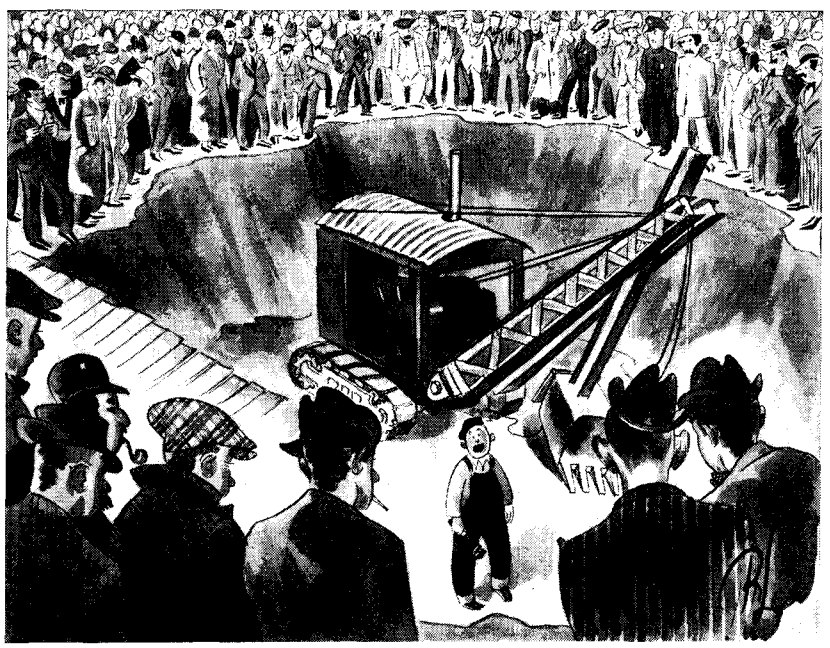
"I hate newspapers," he said. "Well, Mr. Resolve, you're here. Did you kill Clayborne?"

Colby ostentatiously looked at his wrist watch.

"I have a dinner engagement at eight," he said. "Mr. Resolve wishes to be courteous to you, Mr. Commissioner. But we have no time for merry japery and jest. The dead man's ex-wife, her maid, and probably several station attendants in addition to—positively—two porters, will testify that Mr. Resolve did not kill Mr. Clayborne. So—why did you want to see him?"

"Well, a friendly talk sometimes clears the atmosphere," said the commissioner. "Here's Clayborne rubbed out with a gat in his hand. Not the first time he's been handy with a gun, either. A little shooting at his place last January, eh? Mr. Resolve's name figured in that affair, if he remembers. And it seems kinda funny that, just as Mrs. Clayborne gets off the train, her husband shows up there—ever threaten to kill you, Mr. Resolve?"

Colby nodded. Dean took his cue.



"Is there a mechanic in the audience?" *Ralph Lane*

"Why," he said, "he did something a few days ago."

Slowly, deliberately, trying to remember every little incident, he told the story of the attack on the Long Island road on the previous Saturday. In a corner of the room a stenographer wrote rapidly.

"H'm," said the commissioner. "And when you got home—what then?"

"I went looking for Clayborne. But he'd left the house he was visiting. So next day I looked for him in New York. But I didn't find him."

"AND what were you going to do to him?" inquired the commissioner.

"Beat him half to death," said Dean quietly.

"And fair enough," the commissioner said. "If you'd seen him today, what would you have done?"

"Nothing," said Dean. "I was to have been married this afternoon."

"Sure, I can follow that," said the police official. "A man about to be married doesn't want any brawls. Certainly not. He might even engage some one to see to it that he didn't get into any brawl, don't you think?"

"What's the point, Commissioner?" asked Colby.

"Oh, nothing at all, me lad, nothing at all. Except that Mr. Resolve seems like a smart man, and smart men take precautions. Now, when you got a madman—and I reckon Clayborne was all of that—around you, you take care that he won't get too close to you. You took that little caution, didn't you, Mr. Resolve?"

"I might have, if I'd thought of it. But it never occurred to me, Mr. Commissioner."

"No? That wasn't very bright of you, Mr. Resolve. So you never did talk it over with the Martello boys, eh?"

A ROUGH, gruff man, the commissioner, but a better psychologist than most professors of that subject. He waited just long enough for his verbal bombshell to explode in Dean's ears, and then he half rose from his chair and leaned across his desk. His hard blue eyes bored into Dean's.

"Come clean now, Mr. Resolve. You saw the Martellos and framed it with them to take care of Clayborne, and—"

Jack Colby rose to his feet.

"Take it easy, Mr. Colby," said the commissioner. "I've got a lot to say—"

"Not to us," snapped Colby. "I brought my client down here instantly we learned that Clayborne had been killed and that you wanted to see him. And you try your cheap third-degree stuff on him. Mr. Resolve, my dear Commissioner, isn't a gangster. His name is Resolve. Dean Resolve. You won't find it in your files. You'll find it in nicer places than that. And I don't like to be compelled to tell you, Mr. Commissioner, that nice people must be talked to nicely. When you feel able to do that, send for Mr. Resolve."

The commissioner grinned amiably.

"Well, maybe you're right, Mr. Colby. But you know—a lot of people have been surprised into things. I've got a tough job here. A murder has been done. One of my men picked up Davey Schwartz, of the Martello gang, right outside the station. Took him in on general principles. Now Sam Clayborne has been fooling around with Swede Larkin for a long time. Larkin and the Martellos haven't been friendly for quite a while.

"Now, we haven't a thing on Davey, except that he was in the neighborhood when Clayborne was wiped out. But that's plenty for a starter. You'd be surprised, Mr. Colby, what big oaks grow from little acorns. I don't suppose you know that Clayborne fooled around with bootlegging. Well, I've known it a long time. Lots of those Park Avenue boys think it's smart to play around with gangsters. Gives them a big kick. First thing you know, they want to ride a rum-boat, or a truck, for the excitement of it. Then they advance money to the gangsters. Clayborne has bankrolled Larkin for a long time.

"Oh, I couldn't prove it, but I know it. I know a lot of things. It's putting those things together that's sometimes hard. Like, for instance, this case. Sam Clayborne has it in for Mr. Resolve, here. Tries some rough stuff. Ready to try more, I'd guess. I figure that he was down in the Grand Central about to bump off his ex-wife and Mr. Resolve. And somebody shoots him. Maybe it wasn't little Davey, but little Davey will have to talk himself out of a pretty hot spot. And if Mr. Resolve here happened to know the Martello boys, why Mr. Resolve would find himself in a hot spot, too."

Colby's manner was unchanged as he spoke. Yet with his first words, Dean knew that his lawyer was shifting his defense.

"Martello boys? You *do* know them, don't you, Dean? Didn't you say that a bootlegger named Martello had called on you the other day? Knew him as a boy, didn't you? He dropped around to get an order, didn't he?"

"Certainly," said Dean. "Yesterday morning. Giuseppe Martello. Used to sneak off and swim with him—and his brother—in the East River, when I was a boy."

"Give him an order?" asked the commissioner.

Dean shook his head.

"As a matter of fact, I didn't. Chatted over old times, that's all."

THE commissioner leaned back in his chair.

"You saw Martello yesterday, eh? And today one of Martello's men—it looks that way, anyway—rubs out Clayborne, just as Clayborne was—apparently—about to put you on the spot. Interesting, Mr. Colby, don't you think?"

"Very," said Colby.

"Justified me in wanting a little chat with Giuseppe Martello, don't you think?"

"I should certainly think so," agreed Colby.

"Anyone looking on—I mean a perfectly disinterested party, Mr. Colby—might even say that I was justified in—well—detaining Mr. Resolve, don't you think, Mr. Colby?"

"Why, that all depends, Mr. Commissioner," replied Colby evenly. "I can give you advice, but not common sense. My advice to you is not to make a jackass of yourself. You might be able to hold Mr. Resolve just as long as it took me to get out a writ of habeas. No longer. You see, when one looks at a chain just like the one you've forged, it becomes weaker every moment. So—I think Mr. Resolve and I will be leaving now."

"What's weak about the chain, Mr. Colby?" asked the commissioner.

"The most important human link in it," replied the lawyer. "Mr. Resolve, himself. Did he know that Clayborne would be at the station? Would he, if he knew that, have been hanging around, depending on some gangster to protect him and the woman he loved? Wouldn't he have taken Mrs. Clayborne off that train at Harmon, or at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street? Use your head, Mr. Commissioner. Does a man like Mr. Resolve put himself in such a position as this, when he can easily avoid it? Let's go, Dean."

The commissioner smiled.

"No, I don't think he does, Mr. Colby. As a matter of fact, I know he doesn't. But the most dead open-and-shut cases sometimes turn out a lot differently than a man expects. I mean to say, a man may confess he committed a crime.

(Continued on page 48)

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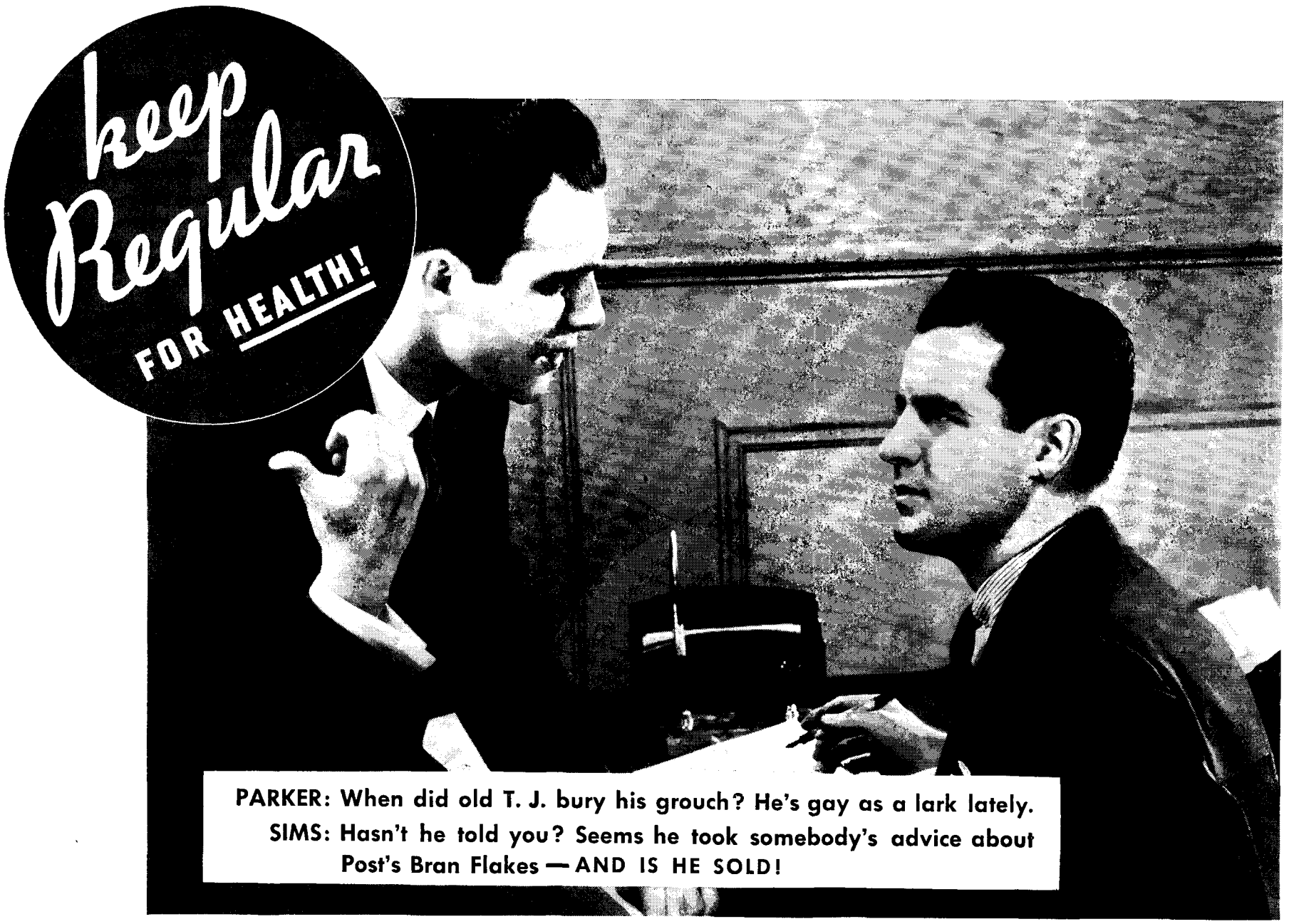
keep Regular
FOR HEALTH!
PARKER: When did old T. J. bury his grouch? He's gay as a lark lately.
SIMS: Hasn't he told you? Seems he took somebody's advice about Post's Bran Flakes — AND IS HE SOLD!

THERE is no disguising the effect of irregular habits due so often to insufficient bulk in your diet. You feel off key, touchy, out of sorts—*and show it!* And a surprising amount of sickness may also be traced to irregularity, many physicians will tell you.

There's no easier way to keep healthfully regular than to eat Post's Bran Flakes every day. Delicious with cream or milk, these tasty, crisp-toasted, golden flakes supply just the additional bulk most of us require. In them you get the stimulating benefits of whole wheat—iron, phosphorus, vitamin B, together with the outer coat of the grain, a natural and gently effective regulator.

Begin tomorrow to keep regular for health. For two weeks eat Post's Bran Flakes every morning, and see if you don't feel better, work better, look better.

Cases of constipation, due to too little bulk in the diet, should yield to Post's Bran Flakes if eaten regularly each day. If your case is abnormal, consult a competent physician at once and follow his advice

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POST'S BRAN FLAKES

A Product of General Foods Corporation

WITH OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT

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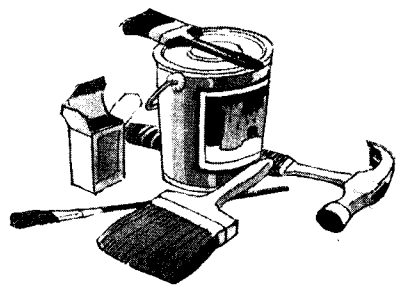

Your House of Dreams— Need it Remain a Castle in the Air?

A home of your own! A threshold that, however much you cross it, will never cease to extend a warm welcome to you and yours—walls that will grow mellow and more mellow with friendship with every passing year—a hearthstone that will become a lodestone drawing your hearts closer—

How often have you dreamed of it? *And now you need dream no longer!*

For 1932 is a good year to change your dreams into drawings and the drawings into brick and mortar and beams—

Never before has there been so much good material for homemaking—nor so many *brains* in building—

Did you know, for instance, that a roof may save you 60% of your winter's coal bill and, by the same token, keep sizzling summer heat from flooding your house?

Did you know that even the roughest garret conceals a guest room or two nowadays? That the dusty cellar is dead and a spick-and-span Game Room rules in its stead? That wall papers may be washed with soap and water? That floors are made for eyes as well as feet? That you can now *turn on the cold* when the weather's warm?

In the advertising pages of modern magazines the history of modern home-making unfolds—here you will find the ideal house from foundation stone to ridgepole—here you will see your "castle in the air" come to earth and take root—

Why wait? Break ground, build and watch your house of dreams come true!

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The Seeing Eye

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Robert McBlair

Mr. Jewell came to feel that their two beings had met and merged in the spacious realm of the soul

Illustrated by Joseph M. Clement

MR. JEWELL'S heart hadn't beaten so fast in all of his forty years. He had never proposed before to any woman. And now he was going to propose marriage to a woman he had never seen! He stepped out into the mild sunlight of a New York afternoon and paid the taxi-driver with a hand that shook.

The apartment-house doorman told the flustered gentleman that Miss Arvia Moone expected him. Going up in the elevator, Mr. Jewell mopped his face, while the whole wonderful course of this affair seemed to flash by him like a motion picture.

An adolescent disappointment had made him distrustful of women. And later, while building up a successful wholesale lumber business, he had developed on the side a secret life of the imagination. This had led him to become convinced that no woman ever could see life as he saw it.

And then, on his thirty-ninth birthday, he had picked up a magazine and read that story, The Lonely Heart, by Arvia Moone!

He wrote to the magazine, asking if she had written anything else. The magazine, guided by Fate, had forwarded his letter to her. And Miss Moone had replied, explaining that she had published seven novels. Incidentally, she had confirmed his impression of a personality somewhat like his own.

So it was only natural, after he had read her first novel, to write and say how much he liked the author's viewpoint.

In her reply she had said that it was so rare to come upon a man who realized that life is a great romance. Most men were gross and material, and saw only the surface of things. When she added that he had the Seeing Eye, Mr. Jewell experienced the icy, agreeable thrill of realizing that here, at last, was a woman in ten thousand.

MR. JEWELL'S business was in Cincinnati. Miss Moone lived in New York. So he had subjugated his gross male curiosity and, instead of inconveniencing himself by trying to see her, had tackled her six other books. The ensuing correspondence between them delved into the most intimate moral and spiritual problems of her characters. Mr. Jewell came to feel that their two beings had met and merged in the spacious realm of the soul.

Then business brought him to New York, and he telephoned her. Magically, her musical voice suddenly settled some ferment inside him. It vibrated in a way which assured him that between them, with no need for words, had arisen a knowledge that each required the other. And Mr. Jewell had asked if he might call—his voice saying that he was bringing her his heart.

With such a voice and such a soul, Mr. Jewell concluded as the elevator rose, she of course would be beautiful. But he wished that he knew, at least, whether she was going to be a blonde or a brunette.

The elevator disgorged him at her very door. He pressed the bell. A full minute dragged by, iridescent with the dreams of a lifetime. Then the door opened, to reveal a woman of nearly his own age, with faded, nondescript hair, and a long, plain face. She was dressed in black and, with the desperation of hope, Mr. Jewell decided that she was the maid.

"Is Miss Arvia Moone at home?" he inquired, his voice breaking in the presence of life's great moment.

"I am Miss Moone. Won't you come in, Mr. Jewell?"

This was terrible! But, unable to flee, Mr. Jewell entered, hung up his hat, mopped his face, and followed her into the living-room. He sat down and stared at her comfortable, low-heeled shoes. The barb of disappointment turned in him and festered. And her embarrassment began to make him acutely embarrassed. She was talking disjointedly, trying to smooth over this terrible moment.

IT DID not smooth over for Mr. Jewell. Subjectively, he recognized in her all of the nice things he had expected. Her time-tried and homey room, with its lovely blending of quiet tones, reflected her deep and understanding personality. But she was certainly not the creature of his dreams. And because she knew that he had come here in a frame of mind personal to the point of matrimony, he must escape.

"I came by," he blurted, "to explain that an important matter has just come up. . . . I will telephone you later."

Mr. Jewell discovered himself out on the street, perspiring freely. He had escaped. He need never go back. But he found that he kept walking around and around the block. After all, he and she were remarkably congenial. He had been a bachelor long enough. And he would get used to the fact that she wasn't beautiful. Not many women were beautiful, anyway. He'd be better off married. He would go back, and marry her.

Mr. Jewell returned and rang her bell. He noticed, when she answered the door, that she had been crying. He felt a brute for having hurt her by rushing off like that.

"I was so flustered at actually seeing you," he confessed when they were seated, "that I went out and walked. I have come back," he added, "to ask you to marry me."

Miss Moone hesitated for a long, long time.

"I will try to make you happy," she said at last.

Mr. Jewell said truthfully that just her answer made him happy. And, now that the tension was broken, they laughed as they had laughed in their letters. Mr. Jewell spent one of the most delightful afternoons of his life. He kissed her ink-stained fingers and departed in a rosy cloud of self-approval.

By being big and generous he had won a treasure. And in return, he was making one woman blindly happy.

AFTER Mr. Jewell had gone, Miss Moone unlocked a leather-bound diary, and thoughtfully picked up a pen.

"He has just gone," she wrote, "and we are going to be married. He is fat and conceited; he is positively ugly, and he wears awful clothes. Naturally, I wept after I had seen him. But he is lovable and kind. And I know I shall be happy in making him happy."

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"ARE YOU LISTENIN'?"

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company's Coast-to-Coast Radio Programs

CAMEL QUARTER HOUR
Columbia Broadcasting System

•

PRINCE ALBERT QUARTER HOUR
National Broadcasting Company Red Network

See radio page of local newspaper for time

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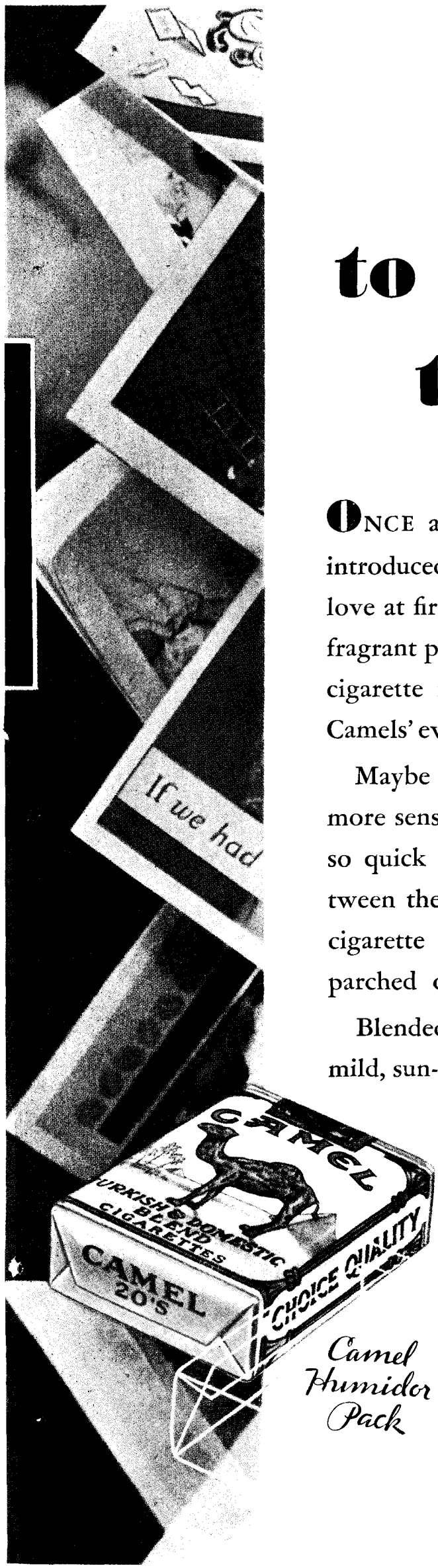

"I've switched to CAMELS because they're FRESH!"

ONCE a woman smoker has been introduced to Camels it's a case of love at first light. The first cool, mild fragrant puff of smoke from this fresh cigarette is sufficient to win her to Camels' ever-growing ranks of friends.

Maybe it's because her throat is more sensitive than a man's that she's so quick to grasp the difference between the mildness of this air-sealed cigarette and the stinging bite of parched or toasted tobaccos.

Blended from choice Turkish and mild, sun-ripened Domestic tobaccos, Camels are made with just the right amount of natural moisture and kept that way until delivered to the smoker by the Camel Humidor Pack.

These cigarettes are never parched or toasted. The Reynolds method of scientifically applying heat guarantees against that.

If you haven't smoked Camels lately, perhaps you've been missing something. Why not switch over for just one day? After you've known their rare, throat-easy mildness, then leave them — if you can.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, *Winston-Salem, N. C.*

CAMELS

***Made* FRESH — *Kept* FRESH**

Don't remove the moisture-proof wrapping from your package of Camels after you open it. The Camel Humidor Pack is protection against perfume and powder odors, dust and germs. In offices and homes, even in the dry atmosphere of artificial heat, the Camel Humidor Pack can be depended upon to deliver fresh Camels every time

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Chink restaurant and pointed out a young fellow dining alone at a side table. I walked over, reflecting as I studied Jackson's muscular bulk that I was very glad I did not have a quarrel to pick with him.

"Mr. Jackson?" I said. Then, as he nodded and got to his feet, "I'm Sam Christie, Wildeth's cousin."

He held out his hand, flushing awkwardly. He seemed to give off a peculiar golden light, as if the sun of the sea and the hard, fit strength of youth in him were generating an eternal radiance.

"Sit down," he said. "I . . . er . . . have an apology to make." Then, with a steady, direct glance: "That is what you came for, I take it?"

I liked Jackson. I couldn't blame little Wildeth for falling for him so hard. He was a handsome devil, but handsome in a way no other man resents. You envied Jackson's looks; you wanted to borrow them for a day or so and visit all the gals who had passed you by in the past.

"Not at all," I said. "There's nothing to apologize for. Wildeth and I were kids together so we give each other the straight dope. I know pretty well what the situation is. I rather thought I might be of some help."

Jackson shook his head.

"Wildeth's folks have an apology coming. I shouldn't have seen her after the first time. I . . . well, I did. I'm sorry. I can only promise not to make the same mistake again."

I saw all right what had got Wildeth going. It was that bitter, twisted smile. It told you what being an outcast means.

"Why should it have to wind up this way?" I said. "You . . . you like Wildeth, don't you?"

His smile softened.

"Let's call it that," he answered, gruffly.

I DECIDED not to stall around.

"Why let one tough break put finee on everything? That San Diego business can be cleared up, even now. Our family has a hefty drag with the Navy Department and—"

His eyes stopped me.

"I wouldn't ask those fellows for a drink in hell," he said.

"But, after all—the Service is bigger than any group of Aunt Susans in uniform. I can't believe that you wouldn't like to be back under the old flag. . . ."

"Hooey." The word was followed by short, harsh laughter. "Let's leave patriotism out of this. I haven't any. I'm washed up with that guff. The simple fact is that I'm a China sailor with no prospects of ever being anything else. And, as far as Wildeth is concerned, that lets me out."

I started on another tack, but was interrupted by the arrival of two men. They wore slouchy, dirty whites; their jowls were black with unshaven beard, their eyes bloodshot from heavy and prolonged boozing.

"Come on, Jackson," one of them said, steadying himself against the door jamb. "Got to coal ship, Ol' Man says."

Jackson stood up, tossing some money on the table. He shrugged as if calling my attention to his brother officers.

"No," he said. "I'm out of it. That's—best for all of us. Thanks."

He gave me a hearty handclasp and joined his comrades. They stared at me momentarily, their attitude ironic, hostile. Then the three of them vanished in the night.

All the way back home I couldn't get the sight of them away from my eyes. Sloppy caps and slouchy whites; their shoulders sagging under the weight of a burden that must ride them across the China seas; a grim, proud, pathetic defiance in the set of their jaws. Poor devils. . . .

Shanghai Madness

Continued from page 9

Wildeth had an announcement to make next morning:

She was going down to Tenhien to visit a Mrs. Van Glissen for a month or so.

Uncle Herb demurred. Tenhien was far down the coast, halfway between Foochow and Canton. Why on earth did she want to visit a ratty little mission station like that? She would be bored to death in three days.

"Mrs. Van was one of Mother's best friends," said Wildeth. "She has written twice to invite me and I want to go. I'm tired of Shanghai."

I HELPED Wildeth convince her dad. I knew she wanted to get away where she could forget Hunt Jackson. It didn't take any doctor to see that she needed a change of scene and a long rest.

At the dock, she could even kid a little. She pointed toward Fairy Flats. Beyond the Flats in the outer harbor there was a rusty old freighter with an ungainly tall stack, surrounded by a swarm of sampans.

"—er—I'll take this one" *Crawford Young*

"My successful rival, Sammy," she said. "His real sweetheart!"

"She belongs to the East Wind," I said. "She won't be able to hold him."

Wildeth managed a pretty good grin.

"She's a red-headed woman. She'll keep them both."

"That's not red-headedness," I said. "That's rust. She's lost her sex appeal. He'll come back one of these days."

She knew I didn't believe that. She didn't believe that herself. Her eyes began to get misty, so I hurried the good-bys and turned her over to Uncle Herb, who was going on the boat to put her in charge of the captain.

I felt rotten. I went back to the office and lured Ed Hannegan away from the copy desk.

We got gorgeously high on gin rickeys at Herman's. Later, I recall that I wept on Ed's shoulder and said over and over: "There isn't any romance any more, Ed. You know that? No romance. Not a darned bit."

Wildeth wrote Uncle Herb three times during the next month. The letters didn't say anything much, except that she enjoyed helping Mrs. Van Glissen with the work and thought she might like to teach in the mission school.

Then, a note came for me. It was quite short. It said:

"Dear Sammy:

"I can't forget. Ain't it hell? Love.

"WILDETH"

It seemed to me that this was a good excuse to get pie-eyed again. But Ed said he didn't want to hear any more about romance.

A few days later, I chanced to run across an item in the shipping news saying that the East Wind's Sweetheart had cleared Hongkong for Shanghai.

The thing broke out of a clear sky:

CANTON, May 19—(A.P.)—A large force of Communist soldiers scattered by Canton government troops in actions around Shiuchow last week are reported to be concentrating in the vicinity of Changchow. A dispatch from that city tonight states that roving bands have been terrorizing small villages along the coast.

HONGKONG, May 19—(A.P.)—British naval authorities have received a request for protection from American and British missionaries at Tenhien. The request states that guerrilla bands, said to have been attached to General Yiu Shen's cavalry, yesterday burned three villages, ten miles inland from Nangyan. H. M. S. Scorpion left Hongkong this afternoon for Amoy with instructions to patrol the threatened area and evacuate all foreigners thought to be in danger.

I PUT in a tough twenty-four hours. Uncle Herb went completely loco. He wanted to call out the whole Asiatic Squadron. He wanted to fly to Tenhien at once. He wanted to charter a destroyer and go to Tenhien. He threw fits all over the Base headquarters. He cabled the Navy Department, the State Department and all the senators he could name. He remembered that the Van Glissens were related to a certain Cabinet member. He showered this big shot with cables. And then, with sublime faith, he wired the New York Times.

Our office was in constant touch with Canton by radio. But nothing satisfactory came through. Only: "No report as yet from Scorpion. No further change in situation." The home offices of the A.P. and I.N.S. cabled: "Send details Tenhien missionaries 500 words;" then "Full report on Tenhien situation up to 1000."

They knew as much as we. No one knew anything. Uncle Herb and I hung about the office and drank black coffee and cussed all the Chinks in China. Uncle Herb said I was a murderer—yes, a murderer. I had talked him into letting poor little Wildeth go. Uncle Herb said if those blankety-blanks so much as laid a hand on his little girl he'd hunt them down if he had to go all over China. I said: "You let her come to China in the first place. Quit making a fool of yourself." We almost had a battle.

That'll give you an idea.

About mid-afternoon of the second day, a copy boy rushed over to the telegraph editor and handed him a sheet of flimsy:

CANTON, May 20—(A.P.)—Naval base at Hongkong reports via radio from H. M. S. Scorpion that missionaries at Tenhien were rescued by officers and crew of S. S. East Wind's Sweetheart after sharp engagement with besieging band of Communist soldiers.

Report states five of rescue party killed, including Captain J. H. Lornegan of freighter. Third Officer Jackson among list of eight wounded. More—

Going down the coast with Uncle Herb to meet Wildeth's boat, and under orders to file twenty-five hundred words for the American cable report, I tried to dope it all out. What had sent that gang of outcasts and scum on the East Wind's Sweetheart to the rescue? How had they happened to turn aside to investigate what must have appeared as just another Chink-eat-Chink rumpus in a seashore village? I couldn't picture Lobo Lornegan risking his ship and his life even to rescue missionaries. I doubted that he or anyone else on the East Wind's Sweetheart knew there were any missionaries in Tenhien. The ship carried no radio.

WILDETH explained everything:

"The minute they started shooting at the compound gate, I ran for the flag. Mr. Van didn't want me to put it on the pole. He said that would only make them angrier. But I pulled the flag as high as it would go and then tied it there.

"Hunt says that was all that saved us. He was on the bridge. It had just got daylight. They were rounding the point and were making for deeper water away from land. He heard the shooting and put his binoculars on the village. He saw the flag. God must have made him see it.

"He brought the ship around and sent for Captain Lornegan. Captain Lornegan was swearing mad. Hunt says all he said to the captain was: 'American flag being fired on, sir.' He didn't have any hope that Captain Lornegan or Mr. Grimes would interfere. He turned away to go to his cabin and get some guns. He said he meant to drop overboard and try his luck sneaking into the fight by himself.

"But Captain Lornegan took a look through the binoculars. Hunt says he'll remember Captain Lornegan's face as long as he lives. Lornegan turned to Mr. Grimes and said: 'Put her into the beach. Boats won't live in this sea.' Then, he looked at Hunt and said: 'Arm them, Mr. Jackson. We're going ashore.' Hunt says Captain Lornegan was a better man than all the admirals on the General Board."

I've always thought that was putting it a bit strong. A few of those admirals were pretty swell old ducks. They helped to give Hunt back his stripes.

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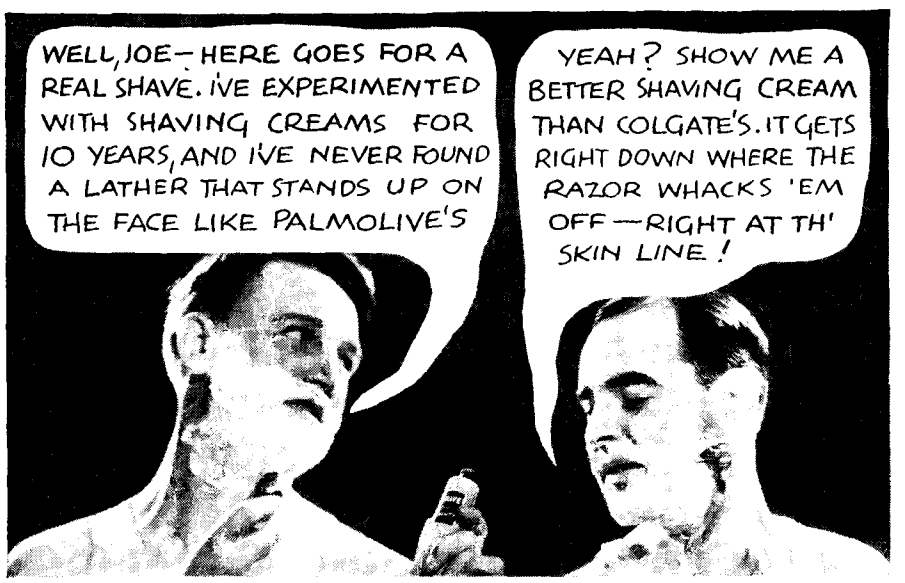
Get your slice of this

Here are the prizes for each month—464 in all!

For best Colgate "blurbs"		For best Palmolive "blurbs"	
1st	$500	1st	$500
2nd	125	2nd	125
3rd	50	3rd	50
9 next	25	9 next	25
20 next	10	20 next	10
200 next	5	200 next	5

$25,000!

464 cash prizes this month for "blurbs"


WELL, JOE—HERE GOES FOR A REAL SHAVE. I'VE EXPERIMENTED WITH SHAVING CREAMS FOR 10 YEARS, AND I'VE NEVER FOUND A LATHER THAT STANDS UP ON THE FACE LIKE PALMOLIVE'S
YEAH? SHOW ME A BETTER SHAVING CREAM THAN COLGATE'S. IT GETS RIGHT DOWN WHERE THE RAZOR WHACKS 'EM OFF—RIGHT AT TH' SKIN LINE!

AND ANOTHER THING—I'M TELLING YOU THERE'S SOMETHING TO THIS OLIVE OIL BUSINESS. NOTHING LIKE PALMOLIVE FOR KEEPING THE OLD FACE FEELING FINE
MAYBE SO, AL—BUT TAKE A LOOK! THERE'S WHAT Y'CALL A CLOSE SMOOTH SHAVE—GOOD FOR ALL DAY. NOTHIN' LIKE COLGATE'S—NOTHIN'!

Here's another big "blurb" contest, men . . . Another chance to win some real money!

LISTEN to Joe and Al! Nothing will ever convince Al there's a better shaving cream than Palmolive. Nothing will ever sell Joe off Colgate's!

Millions of men are like Joe and Al. That's the kind of loyalty that has put Colgate's and Palmolive miles ahead in a field of 176 competing brands—made them the world's biggest sellers by far.

Where do *you* stand in this big Colgate's vs. Palmolive argument? That's what *we* want to know.

Here's what you do. In ONE of the empty "blurb" spaces (not both) at the right (or on a sheet of paper) help Joe out—or help Al out. If you're a Palmolive shaver, write a boost for Palmolive. If you use Colgate's, write a "blurb" in favor of Colgate's. We're offering big money for the best "blurbs" sent to us. Just "horn in" on the argument—and may the best "blurbs" win.

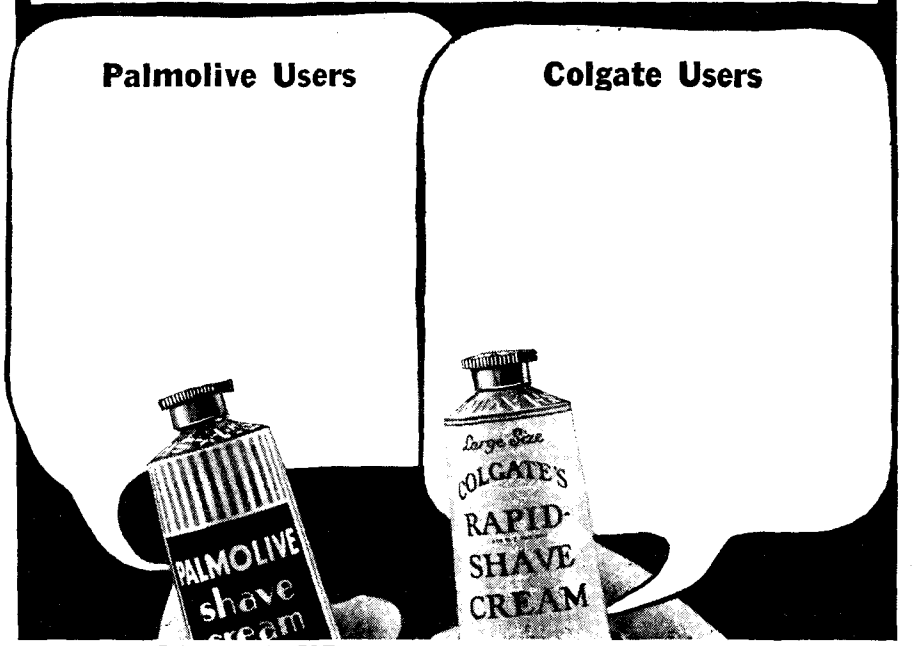
WRITE YOUR "BLURB" HERE, MEN!

Get some of that $25,000

What can you Palmolive users say to help Al out? Or what can you Colgate shavers add to Joe's side of the argument? If you don't use either, start now and take a shot at this real money!

Palmolive Users

Colgate Users



PALMOLIVE	COLGATE'S
1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.	1. Breaks up oil film that covers each hair.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.	2. Small bubbles soften each hair at the base of the beard.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes.	3. Gives close, skin-line shave.
4. Fine after-effects due to olive oil content.	4. Gives lasting, 24-hour shave.

CONTEST RULES

Mail your "blurb" with name and address to Contest Editors, Dept. G-4, P.O. Box 1133, Chicago, Ill. Residents of Canada, address: 64 Natalie Street, Toronto, 8.

The prize money (totaling $25,000) is divided into 6 sets of monthly prizes (each set totaling $4200). At the end of each month prizes are awarded (see list above) for the best "blurbs" received during that month, as follows:

Feb. 29	$4200	Mar. 31	$4200
April 30	$4200	May 31	$4200
June 30	$4200	July 31	$4200

(*Contest closes July 31, 1932*)

Contest is open only to residents of the United States and Canada. Employes of the manufacturers and their families are *not* eligible to compete.

In event of a tie, each tying contestant will be awarded full amount of the prize tied for. Decision of the judges shall be final.

Some hints to help you win

At the right are some facts about the world's two largest selling shaving creams—Colgate's and Palmolive. Here are some of the reasons why men prefer these famous shaving creams.

FREE

In case you're one of the few who do not use either Colgate's or Palmolive, they're for sale everywhere. Or—send coupon for generous free samples of both. Mail coupon to Dept. 23, P.O. Box 1133, Chicago, Ill. (In Canada: to 64 Natalie Street, Toronto).

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

Dealer's Name .....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

★NEWS! ★ NEWS! ★ NEWS!

THE TIRE THAT

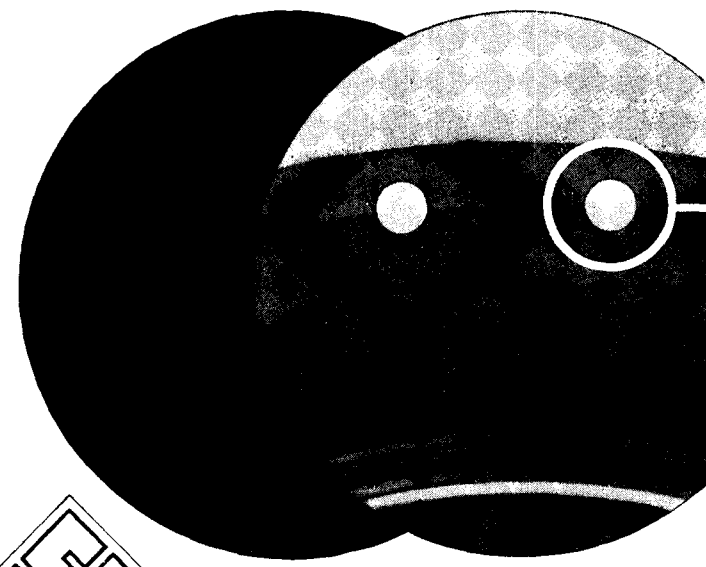
Never before such Mileage
Never before such Safety

"The tire that never wears smooth"—that is probably the greatest tire news that ever broke into print. Think what it means! The longest mileage ever built into a tire. And the first tire with anti-skid protection that lasts right down to the last mile.

What makes these advantages possible? Air-Cooling! This tire has a series of holes through the tread. These holes, by carrying off tire-destroying heat, permit the thickest tread ever put on a tire. And right there is the reason why the Air-Cooled Tire has broken every mileage record ever made!

Right there, too, is the reason why this tire—and only this tire—is anti-skid throughout its long life. For, when the first anti-skid tread wears off, these same holes form another anti-skid tread. This second tread grips, and protects, just as effectively as the first. And it lasts as long as the tire!

You would expect such an amazing tire to cost you heavily—but *it doesn't.* It costs little more than other first quality tires. See it, at your Seiberling dealer's. Ask for the convincing demonstration of its increased riding comfort. Give yourself, and your family, the precious added safety of *the tire that never wears smooth!* Write Seiberling Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio for name of nearest Seiberling dealer.



Here's a close-up of those important little holes through the tread!

SEIBERLING

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SEIBERLING PRESENTS

NEVER WEARS SMOOTH

Yes sir!
IT'S THE SAME TIRE
At the left: Seiberling Air-Cooled Tire when new. At the right: The same tire when the first tread wears off. See—the holes have formed a *second* anti-skid tread, which lasts to the end of the tire's record-breaking mileage. *Two* anti-skid treads—that's why the Air-Cooled Tire never wears smooth!
ARE THE HOLES THAT FORM THE SECOND TREAD

AIR-COOLED TIRES

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I Use Them In My Own Car, Mister!...

You get to know a lot about why a thing is good or not . . in servicing cars. Motors coming in almost ruined from oil that "looked alright" and gas that was a few pennies a gallon cheaper . . .

And it's the same way about automobile lamps. We sell General Electric MAZDA Automobile lamps at all our stations because we know they are the best lamps that money and brains can build . . . as efficient and low in cost as the MAZDA lamps you use in your own home.

And here's a friendly tip, Mister. When you need a lamp again, don't just ask for an "auto bulb". Look for the mark MAZDA and G. E. in a circle on the end of the bulb. It's just as dangerous to ride with unknown and unproven quality in your lights as it is to pour "just as good" oil into your crank-case and unknown gas into your tank. General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

GENERAL ELECTRIC MAZDA AUTO LAMPS

Buy auto lamps where you see this sign

GENERAL ELECTRIC

MAZDA LAMPS

As Advertised

Continued from page 11

to the details of sales expense, such as the percentage of cost of each sale, and to the philosophy underlying our modern system of distribution and selling. One may doubt if, previous to the depression of 1929-1932, the major portion of Big Business had known just exactly what it was all about. The fact that certain exceptional firms are outstanding examples of this seems to be proof of this sad indictment. Moreover the time is right for a corresponding movement among purchasers, aimed at this same objective of bigger values through better advertising.

Indeed, is there not a gulf of difference between American manufacturing and American merchandising methods? Every factor of efficiency has been studied to secure mass production at its minimum. Many times men have shown how, by painful study, they have reduced the cost of some article from $25 to $24, or from 25 cents to 24½ cents. To pay $27 for manufacture where $26.50 would do has been declared ruinous. This was sweet music to the struggling consumer.

Where Does the Margin Go?

But in the next breath these same men would state that this or that article "must" be sold at a certain approximately fixed mark-up. In one industry it might be 60%, in another 100% or 175%. These varying mark-ups were established in part by the varying natures of different products, but in far greater part by established notions. Manufacturers not familiar with the practices of certain unrelated industries have often been skeptical of their reported profits. They had their doubts that some other type of product—just as difficult to sell and just as widely bought—had yielded huge profits on half of the mark-up *they* were using. Many another manufacturer is irritated to learn of greater profits obtained elsewhere while within his own field conventional ideas had established a lower figure. Furthermore—whether the gross be 250% or much more—the *net* profit comes out, in an untold number of cases, about the same—8% to 12%. Now then, at 10% net profit, whither goes this huge margin which is sometimes far greater than 240%?

It usually goes to selling, including administrative overhead within the sales department. Do you wonder that consumers have a stake in this advertising-selling problem!

When it comes to advertising, we find that in a certain industry—beverages, for instance—each firm "needs" name-before-the-public publicity; in another industry we find that fashion has dictated much sales talk in advertising, such as the fine-print long stories of mail-order copy; elsewhere competitors have developed some other principle into a fetish, as the stilted frigidity of the older style of bank advertisements. To a degree these differences in advertising approach are justified by the characters of differing goods, as are the percentages of appropriations for publicity, ranging from 2% or less of the annual volume to 20% and more. In larger measure, however, we deal again with notions and, to a considerable extent, advertising procedure is based on no real reasons except the desire to leave a comfortable 10% net.

All these so-called figures and all these notions were promoted to no small degree by the leaders in each industry; the smaller competitors followed suit. Today it *seems*—thanks to our recent education in the University of Hard Knocks—that there is a tendency to accept no leader's ideas on faith. A little Socratic question mark is creeping in: first, as to the rooted prices and mark-ups—whether they are genuinely required in order to effect sales or whether they are allowed merely because of trade custom; and second, as to the analysis of the fundamentals of these greatest of profit-makers and profit-eaters—good will, sales promotion, and carelessness in advertising. Public pressure will help to put this beneficial program across.

Today intelligent consumers are saying, "Show me when and where this, that and the other kind of sales expense puts money into my pocket." Between the business men who plunge ahead as long as capital will permit and the others who run to the cellar at the first approach of a storm stand the growing number of analysts who have decided to be guided in their decisions neither by emotion nor by speculative theories but by facts, figures and the welfare of customers. They are digging down to the philosophy *and* the arithmetic of selling. They are no longer satisfied to accept the explanations of the psychological experts who try to prove the general theories about profitable publicity with their detailed theories about the "consumer mind." Cynical business men and skeptical consumers are now demanding something a little less nebulous, something that looks more like an ordinary yardstick.

Plain arithmetical tabulations are demanded. This means tabulations that show at least some calculated indications as to the concrete dollar-bringing results of all special merchandising efforts, of good-will promotion by salesmen and, most of all, of that great intangible idea known as national publicity. Such tabulations are, of course, utterly simple. They are perfectly commonplace when a sales manager checks up his individual order-taker; they are absolutely necessary when a small competitor is struggling to keep his head above water. Yet they have been poohpoohed for years, at least among many of the professional merchandising and advertising men.

Sales Expense Without Sales

In happy days when Big Business, blessed with ample surplus and growing volume, launched its plans of sales promotion and gorgeous publicity, the theorists found it easy to forget the yardstick. Today, however, the yardstick is being used and, as a result, more and better advertising will be placed in 1932 than in 1931. Hence more value will be yours for every dollar you spend.

As for sales forces, it is hardly an exaggeration to say that indirect activities have often absorbed more than half the sales expense. First, all the salesmen are given dinners, with songs about "jolly good fellows" and so on. Then the distributors, scores of them, from all over America, are called to meetings—transportation and hotel bills being paid for three to seven days at a time. They are told about the new product which each year is always perfect and much better than last year's perfection. Dinners and speeches help to spread the necessary "pep." At the dinners I have noted, as at soldiers' mess, always 100% attendance, but at the morning business sessions an attendance of 50% as early as 10 A. M. is a rarity. After an hour or two of luncheon, the afternoon meetings must be cut short to allow time for a ride

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about town or for calls on friends.

When the distributors return to their homes they hold more luncheons to "pep up" the jobbers; and the jobbers then summon the retailers so as to inspire them with their own surplus "pep." Thereafter super-salesmen go about to discuss policies with the trade and to show the retailer how he too can get rich by sitting at his desk and spreading the gospel. The highest-priced men make two and three calls a day "to promote good will," bothering but little with such details as order-taking. Finally a corps of underlings get busy hunting for purchasers; but they, too, must be allowed reasonable time and extra revenue, if not liquid refreshment, to keep the good will of the trade. (This is a fair statement of selling methods during prosperity and explains one phase of the mental attitude that brings on depressions.)

Let's Stop Fooling

Sales conventions and sales promotions were intended to inspire the force with pep and ginger, but often what they put into the salesmen is not ginger but gin. And the customer pays the bill. You who pay: Wouldn't you prefer that the cost of this futile and expensive foolery should be stopped? How much better off you would be if the money were spent on merchandise improvement and national advertising!

After months of "pep" work have been properly set, there comes the campaign to the customer. (I have in mind now higher-priced specialties, though the modern methods have been copied to quite an extent in the sales plan of twenty-five-cent to one-dollar purchases.) There are free-trial offers, free installations, easy payments with nothing down, money back for any reason and no reason, free service indefinitely and so on and so on. All this is permissible when the dealer has been trained to a 45% to 55% profit and when the consumer is accustomed to pay this freight and other freight besides. Yet on goods on which habit has forced much lower mark-ups, the same profit seems to be made just as easily and at proportionally less promotional expense.

A lot of bad advertising can be traced to the delusion known as "mass psychology." When you are dealing with an actual customer across the desk or counter, everybody admits the necessity of really getting the order. The delusion is that when you are addressing millions of readers, all that is required is to attract attention and in some queer way the mysterious "mass psychology" will build up your business. Consumers, however, know better. Consumers are going to give their support to advertisers who regard them as intelligent men and women. They will refuse to give a dole to an advertiser who treats them as masses or asses.

The delusion of "mass psychology" and other fetishes have their day when business is booming and almost any theory sounds good. In the face of declining business they give way to realities. Away back in 1920, for example, sales slacked off and there were rumblings that the whole set-up of advertising and selling needed a thorough overhauling.

However, the rumblings died away by 1922. Business revived too easily to bother with the yardstick. Gross totals again sufficed. Both sales promotion, as described above, and artful publicity grew without particular check-up to proportions beyond all previous concepts. Finally came the debacle of 1929. Thereupon the rumble grew into a definitely spreading dictum that a government of the salesmen, for the salesmen and by the salesmen, coupled with their circus types of printed salesmanship, should perish from this earth. If this thought can become truly fixed in the minds of America's business executives, it will, before many years, be worth to the ethics of business and to the pocketbooks of the consuming public all that the depression cost us.

Today, thanks to an era during which manufacturers were hungering for business, the purely theoretical objections to "making sales wherever sales can be made" have gone into a semi-eclipse with no apparent loss of dealer business. We shall always have the independent retailer and jobber, in better form and by no means crushed through chain-store competition; but his old religion will never again be accepted. He must afford connection—not insulation—between maker and user. In the decade to come, there will be far less hesitation by manufacturers in selling to you consumers direct and through agents; and far less willingness by jobbers and retailers to sit idly by and merely accept orders. Even these changes will work to the benefit of jobbers and retailers because they will give manufacturers more money to spend upon national advertising, perhaps the greatest factor in creating sales and reducing costs and the greatest friend of the housewife who places the orders and the husband who pays the bills.

The goal of advertising is not to get applause—or even initial orders—from the retailer but to reach and serve the consumer. Too many campaigns, ostensibly directed at the retailer's customers, are really pointed at the dealer himself. The theory: Mr. Dealer, look at these wonderful ads which will pack your store with eager buyers; so stock up! What consumers should favor and support is an advertisement written with their own interests in view—not merely a splurge designed to tickle the fancy of some thoughtless merchant. The impression a campaign makes on the trade is unimportant compared with its effect on ultimate owners—this last test is the only one that counts.

High Sales in Bad Times

Under the lash of 1931, sales forces and incidental sales expenses were cut to a minimum. The business world was concentrating on essentials. Little was heard of "pep-making" dinners for sales forces or of banquets to dealers; even the cost of inspiration was saved. I know of two firms which formerly staged the most elaborate shows; now, in order to give full time to actual selling they do not even call their salesmen together for business meetings. They focus on the individual order. They demand more from their salesmen than ever before.

Almost uniformly those who use the yardstick are striking at a higher, not a lower, *percentage* for sales efforts in bad times. Coupled with this there is distinctly more analysis of the expenditures actually required for maximum sales results and an abandonment of "ballyhoo" when the ballyhoo fails to show business, either directly or indirectly.

These firms insist on an early or an ultimate profit on the monthly statements. Witness the combination of national advertising based upon sound economies by several motor manufacturers. Then, too, (on the lower-priced goods more than on high-priced specialties) the habit of tacking onto normal-deal profits all sorts of absurd emoluments, such as 15% and 30% free goods and bonuses for this and that, has largely ceased. The dealer is expected to work on a reasonable margin. He is supposed to make a proper price to the consumer in order to overcome sales resistance. Thus expense to the

(Continued on page 38)

WHAT A FOOL HE IS!

. . . careless of his GUMS

and he has "pink tooth brush"!

THE color and set of your necktie may make a difference to *somebody* you meet in the course of a day—but the condition of your teeth and gums is going to make a BIG difference to YOU!

As a child, your gums were as hard as a dollar baseball. But milk, oatmeal, and spinach gave them no stimulation—and tender meats, vegetables and soft desserts refuse them stimulation.

That's why your gums became lazy and touchy. That's why you have "pink tooth brush" or aren't *far* from having it.

And "pink tooth brush" is one thing that you cannot safely ignore. It often leads to gingivitis, to pyorrhea, and to Vincent's disease. Sometimes it even threatens teeth which now are sound and white.

Massage Ipana Into Your Gums

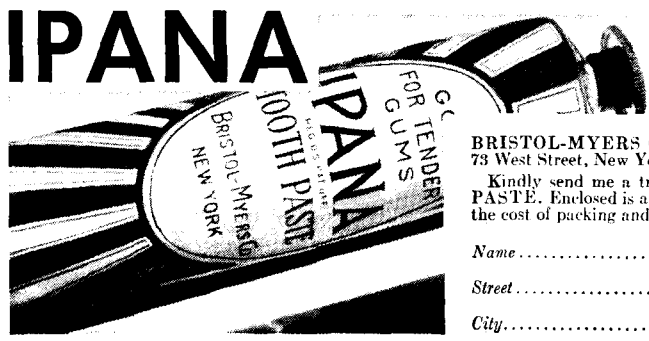
You can improve the condition of your gums within a month if you'll start now with Ipana and massage.

Clean your teeth with Ipana twice a day. But each time, rub a little *extra* Ipana into those soft gums of yours. Let it stay on your gums.

In a few days you'll see a big difference in your *teeth*. They'll be whiter and brighter—and *cleaner*. And before you've used up one tube of Ipana, your gums will be decidedly firmer. Keep on using Ipana with massage regularly, and you can forget "pink tooth brush!"

A GOOD TOOTH PASTE, LIKE A GOOD DENTIST, IS NEVER A LUXURY

IPANA



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. L-421
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... *State* .....

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

QUAKER STATE ANNOUNCES *Insured*

THE QUAKER STATEMENT

THE LUBRICANTS

1 - Perfected motor oils and greases to meet full requirements of all seasons for each part of every make of car.

2 - Motor oil made from 100% Pennsylvania crude *oil*: so pure *it does not require* acid treatment which lessens an oil's oiliness.

3 - By costly, extra refining processes, Quaker State removes the quart of thin, useless oil of little or no lubricating value—which remains in every gallon of ordinary motor oil—and replaces this waste with a quart of rich, full-bodied lubricant. Four full quarts of genuine, heat-resisting lubrication in every gallon.

THE PROPOSITION

1 - Because your car will not operate without oil and grease, you face a choice of brands.

2 - Brands differ greatly in quality; we urge that you use Quaker State, but we do not attempt to prove its superiority by claims alone. Instead we say:

3 - If you will use only Quaker State lubricants in your car, *adopt the Quaker State Plan of Lubrication* and equip your car with "Roll-o-Miles" at $3.50, we will supply you with a One Year Guarantee insured in The Travelers Indemnity Company of Hartford, Conn., which agrees to pay the customary cost of repairing or replacing any burned out and inoperative bearings resulting from faulty or insufficient lubrication.

Listen in on coast-to-coast broadcast of QUAKER STATE'S CAREFREE PROGRAM— *learn about Quaker State's unusual free offer.*

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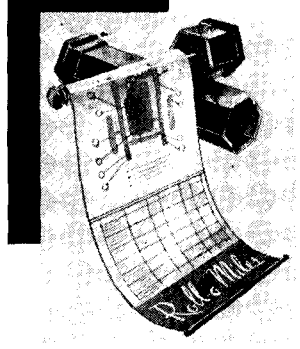
LUBRICATION

GOOD-BYE to hit-or-miss oiling and greasing! . . . *NOW* an utterly new idea brings you a *perfected* lubrication plan, *protected* by Insurance in The Travelers Indemnity Company

IN THE whole history of motoring, no announcement from the oil industry ever approached the importance of this.

To millions of motorists it means the solution of a baffling problem—the proper lubrication of their cars. Freedom from the threat of bearing trouble; the end of half-hearted transportation, with its noises, wobbles, squeaks and other evidence of excessive bearing wear.

This idea enables Quaker State to *insure lubrication* in your car!



The Toll of Faulty Lubrication

Your car literally floats on oil and grease. Car youth, smooth, surging power, driving pleasure—these are the result of proper lubrication.

It is a fact, backed by an actual field survey, that America's motorists lose millions of dollars annually as the result of faulty lubrication.

Many who pay for good oils and greases *still* suffer loss from bearing trouble.

Why? Because even high-grade lubricants are not wholly effective unless applied by a sure-fire, fool-proof plan.

Three Requirements of Perfected, Protected Lubrication

FIRST—Oils and greases of highest quality. (Saving a few cents on low-priced lubricants endangers expensive mechanism—the best is cheapest-per-mile.)

SECOND—The proper grade of lubricant. (Each part requires a grease or oil of different characteristics; and lubrication must change for various seasons.)

THIRD—Lubricating at specified periods. (Car makers urge greasing and oiling at regular mileage intervals; draining, refilling and greasing according to approved charts.)

A Plan Backed by Insurance in The Travelers

So sure is Quaker State that its products, applied in accordance with its unique lubrication plan, will protect your car's vital parts from harm, that it *offers you* its free Guarantee insured in The Travelers Indemnity Company of Hartford, Connecticut.

Read the Quaker Statement at the left. There Quaker State rests its case. Surely oils and greases good enough to *insure* are best for your car!

An Unusual Offer

To secure this One Year Insured Guarantee, it is asked that besides using Quaker State products exclusively, you equip your car with a device called "Roll-o-Miles" at the nominal cost of $3.50. (Price in Canada on request.) Your Insured Guarantee will be sent free with your order for "Roll-o-Miles."

"Roll-o-Miles" is a lubrication guide and Chek-Chart which rolls up and fits into the pocket of your car. It serves these purposes:

First—It provides a chassis diagram of your particular make of car, showing every lubrication point and the type of lubricant required.

By following this diagram faithfully, trained Quaker State attendants are sure to reach every spot with the right lubricant.

Second—It affords a space for making a record of every oiling and greasing job, clearly reminding you and your station attendant when the next oiling and greasing job is due.

Third—It furnishes indisputable evidence—when you wish to trade your car in or sell it—that you have taken more than ordinary care of your automobile.

Fourth—it furnishes the needed evidence to support any claim you may have for replacing a burned out bearing according to the terms of the Quaker State Insured Guarantee.

How easy! Yet with it, you will *know* and not be *guessing*. One less worry during 1932.

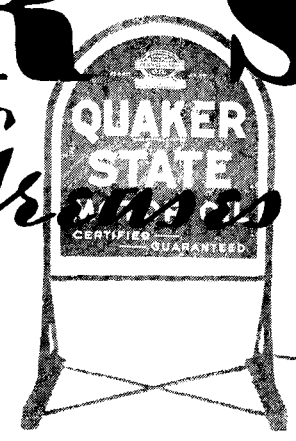
A million and a half motorists know that Quaker State's claims are supported by daily tests in their cars. To them, this announcement is just *added proof* that they have chosen the best.

How to Get Insured Lubrication

Fill out the coupon below. Check the space, either for immediate application, or request for the booklet "The Story of Insured Lubrication." Better still, go to a Quaker State dealer and he will gladly answer any questions.

QUAKER STATE

Motor Oils and Greases



QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CO., Oil City, Pa. Dept. B-1

☐ Please send your free booklet, "The Story of Insured Lubrication."

☐ As per your offer, I enclose $3.50. (Price in Canada on request.) Send me "Roll-o-Miles" and your FREE Insured Guarantee prepaid.

Name..... Date.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Make of car..... Year of Model.....

Factory or Serial No.....

Brand of oil I am now using.....

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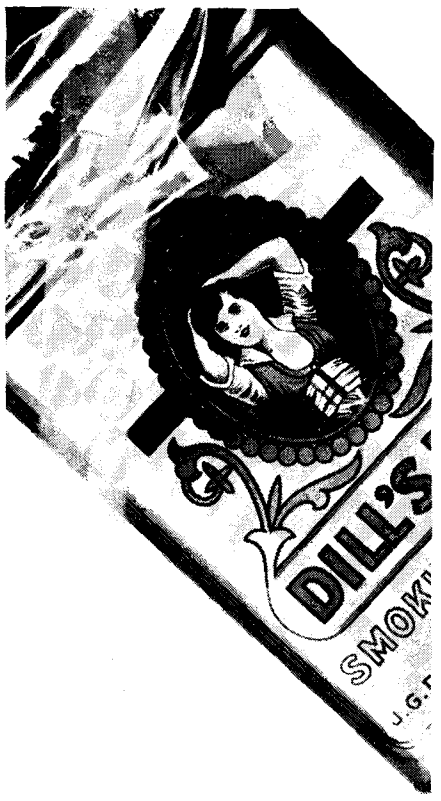

Philosophy and maturity make smokers turn to pipes. Philosophy and maturity also make pipe smokers turn to Dill's Best Tobacco. Cellophane. Fresh.

Dill's Best TOBACCO
SINCE 1848

As Advertised

Continued from page 35

consumer is being reduced. Manufacturers' mark-ups have been cut. Figuring of sales expense from factory through jobber and retailer is now required so that the lower mark-ups may not represent losses on goods newly manufactured.

Right now, as in the past, lack of national publicity will cost the consumers real money. They either pay the same price for inferior goods or they pay a higher price for the same goods. The publicity, however, must be efficient. It must be more than empty ballyhoo. An increase in the pulling power of his campaign enables the advertiser to increase the purchasing power of his customers. Correct budgeting of the advertising appropriation means a lot to you consumers. Every dollar of waste in the advertising budget is a dollar loaded on your own budget. Weak advertising imposes the world's heaviest poll tax—and your poll is no exception. Good advertising pays an extra dividend, even to those who may never have owned a share of stock.

Dividends for Everybody

This growing tendency to slap the yardstick on selling and advertising costs is a blessing to consumers. It means that your dollar does more duty. The ancient riddle of who pays for advertising can be argued forever, but it boils down to this:

Everybody pays for bad advertising, but good advertising pays everybody.

Advertising is one of the essentials which have created in our nation more opportunities to the square mile than in any other area on earth. It can lower our *costs* of living and raise our *standards* of living. Moreover, at this particular time, as the business pendulum is starting an upward swing, it is to the advantage of consumers that advertising should be enlisted among the other great economic forces of the hour.

Finally, as to advertising ratios: The reaction has been marked by the same characteristics witnessed in the policies toward salesmen. In some quarters we see the reaction to excessive economies, in other firms we note an increased eagerness to forge ahead, provided, however, that the figures indicate in some way that the essential *quid pro quo* will be forthcoming. Many a well-known advertiser was tempted in 1930 to quit for a while because "business is bad and I want to save money." Well, if that is his reason, he probably never knew why he had started his publicity.

False Saving

Let us not forget that the public is very deeply involved in all this; when you play havoc with a concern's advertising you are juggling with the pay envelopes of its people. Unemployment of advertising on a national scale leads, by economic necessity, to unemployment of men and women. So close is the connection between good advertising and good business that you can gauge fairly well the progress of the forward movement now getting under way by observing the growth of advertising and judging its merit.

People are gradually coming to realize that public welfare dictates the wisdom of increasing the *ratio* of advertising allowance to sales during dull seasons and holding it down to common sense at a time of speculative revival. In 1910 or 1911, more than twenty years ago, I happened to announce this doctrine during the first of the great upward swings of modern advertising. My statements caused a furor in the publishing business; meetings were held and articles were printed denouncing the "absurd idea." Then came the sad decline of 1912; whereupon the theory that advertising ratios should be increased when sales slow up was acclaimed far and wide as "sound doctrine."

This brings me to a consideration of the conventional methods of "budgeting" for advertising. The budget plan, which is of course basic to all sound financing, has developed into a huge profit-eating fetish when the topic of sales expense, particularly as related to publicity, is laid before a board of directors.

When the big-wigs gather around the table at luncheon, with a pile of neat tabulations before each director, they all glance through these while soup is being served, much as though reading the morning newspaper. Upon the appearance of the meat course, the cumbersome papers are laid aside. The easiest way out of a mathematical puzzle is then an appeal to the fetish: "Let's look at the volume of sales last year—from this we might budget so and so much for sales and for publicity this year." It requires no Einstein to engage in a little debate as to the exact percentage to be budgeted, 2%, 3% or 5%, according to the character of the industry and more or less according to notions, not statistics, as followed in that industry.

Now the consumer has a direct interest in these managerial round-tables, for his fate is always on the table even if his feet aren't under it. It is well to look into this matter of advertising budgets. In reality, last year's sales have no relation to the coming year's except in so far as previous sales have provided the funds which you have available to spend in getting new business. Current expenditures, especially on the kind of "publicity" which looks to later results, are payable out of cash surplus for the purpose of bringing future sales. A bad habit of looking to the past instead of the future naturally results in growing appropriations each year during a period of constantly swelling volume.

Budgeting for the Future

What happens when the turn comes and business swings downward? After the first months of shrinkage, during which the figures of the last boom period govern, there is an irrational drop. Thus, in various lines, advertisers were slow to realize in 1930 the need of making their advertising more efficient and in some industries the year was marked by more prodigal advertising than in 1929. In 1931 many advertisers were obsessed by the lean preceding year, and dashed to the other extreme of curtailing their advertising recklessly.

The result of a wrong method of budgeting, furthermore, is the loss of opportunity when the market does begin to open up (assuming that it was proper to reduce sales expense because of a real lack of markets). For in that first year of increasing trade the management is manacled by the sales volume of the previous lean year. In all this topsy-turvy mismanagement the chief victim is the consumer himself.

There is no greater cause for indictment of Big Business, in the court of public welfare, than its system of hard-and-fast budgeting as against the saner and more flexible plan of seizing time by the forelock. Flexible plans are more likely to prevail in an establishment run by one boss, so that an important advantage is gained by the small shot-slinging David over the Goliaths. As long as the right to advertise is as universal as the right to

(Continued on page 40)

"Clever little Flo-Flo—I hide behind a tree and he finds me at once" *Leonard Dove*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Remove *Film* to fight decay!

Film coats all teeth unless removed. It attracts germs and glues them to enamel. A new material has been discovered that removes film thoroughly . . . . safely ***. . . . gives higher polish to enamel.***

BACTERIAL PLAQUE, the medical journals call it —meaning a germ-laden coat. We call it FILM. That's what it is—a gelatin-like coating, dull and discolored. You can see how it hides the pearly lustre of teeth with an ugly mask.

But what you can't see is that FILM serves as an incubator—nourishing the germs associated with decay and other troubles. FILM attracts these germs and glues them tightly to the teeth. There they produce acids that first dissolve enamel, then attack the softer part beneath and finally reach the nerve.

That's why the first step in fighting decay is to remove destructive FILM. And for this job Pepsodent laboratories have recently made a notable discovery.

A new cleansing and polishing material has been developed. In removing FILM it stands unequalled. What's more, this new material is two times softer than the one most commonly in use. Being softer it is absolutely *safe!* Safe for the softest children's teeth. Gentle to tender gums and tissue.

This new material polishes enamel to higher brilliance. It restores teeth to natural color. In Pepsodent it preserves the beauty of lovely teeth—and safeguards them from toothpastes that may harm.

1. Remove film—*use Pepsodent toothpaste every morning and every night.*

2. Eat these foods—

In fighting dental troubles build up natural resistance. That is done by eating certain foods. See the suggestions at the right.

3. See your Dentist—

at least twice a year. He can detect trouble just beginning. He can stop it then at small expense and no discomfort.

Amos 'n' Andy brought to you by Pepsodent every night except Sunday over N. B. C. network

USE PEPSODENT TWICE A DAY—SEE YOUR DENTIST AT LEAST TWICE A YEAR

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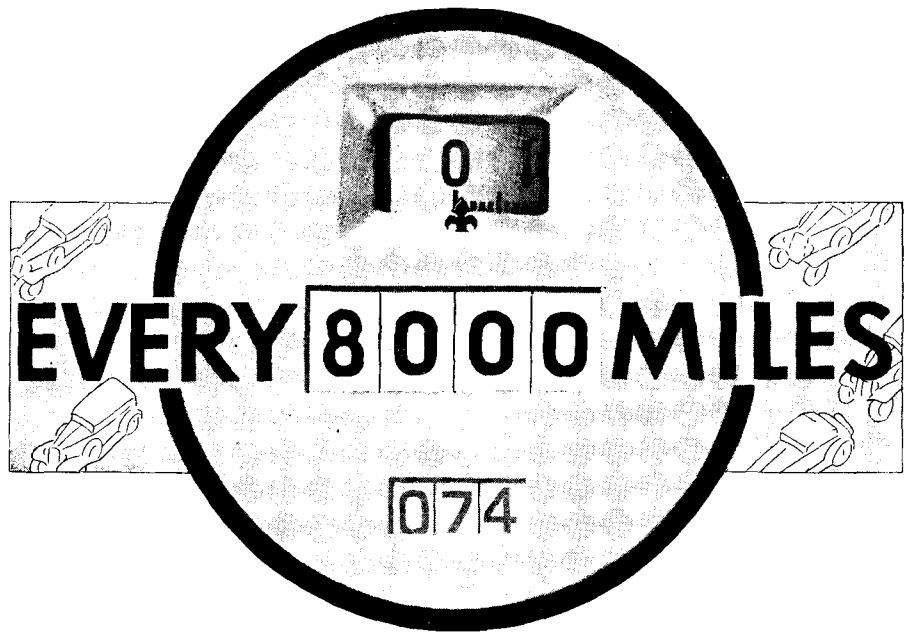


REPLACE
THE SLUDGE-FILLED CARTRIDGE
WITH A FRESH ONE

and avoid costly engine repairs

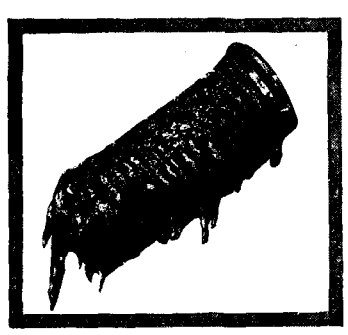
You put good, clean motor oil in your car. You change it at regular intervals. *But to keep oil effective after it's in your engine, there is one more thing you must remember.*

Dust, grit, hard carbon and metal chips are constantly lodging in the crankcase. It's impossible to keep them out. These deadly substances mix with the oil. They turn it into a destructive sludge—a grinding compound—that cuts and wears the moving engine parts.

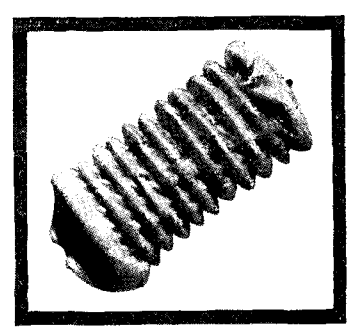
Your Purolator Oil Filter intercepts these injurious particles. It stores them safely away from your engine.

So well does the Purolator do this job that, by the time you have driven 8,000 miles, the old Purolator cartridge is full of dirt and grit. Unless you have a *new* cartridge installed at that distance, the Purolator cannot continue to protect your motor. Costly engine repairs and replacements may result.

Re-cartridging the Purolator is quick and inexpensive. Your garage or service station will do it for you in a few minutes. Then you can drive off knowing that your engine is assured of clean, filtered oil for another 8,000 miles. Motor Improvements, Inc., 354 Frelinghuysen Avenue, Newark, New Jersey.



Here is what is found in the old Purolator cartridge the garage man takes off your car at 8000 miles. It shows the deadly mass of dirt and grit the Purolator removes from the oil.



Here is the inner structure of the new cartridge he puts on—a clean, effective filter element developing a large area through ingenious principles found only in a genuine Purolator.

PUROLATOR
THE OIL FILTER ON YOUR MOTOR CAR
LICENSED UNDER SWEETLAND PATENTS

As Advertised

Continued from page 38

vote, the little business man in this country has every opportunity in the world.

In the coming era of prosperity will there be real progress toward sounder advertising—that is, advertising based upon courageous, foresighted budgets instead of weak compromise with apologies to "what we did last year"? There is hope. In the old days the custom of fixing the advertising appropriation with an eye to the past instead of to the future was almost universal. At the outset of last year, however, when one of the associations checked up on the practice of about 500 advertisers—including the food, clothing and automotive industries as well as many others—it was found that 13% of these advertisers had seen the light and were planning their advertising strictly on a real budget.

In the Money

Corporation reports are slow to appear, but I believe that when the returns are finally audited the most satisfactory results will be won by that 13% who worked on decisive estimates; that a fair showing will be made by the 34% who gave some weight to their estimated sales; and that relatively low scores will go to the group who were guided solely by past performance.

However the returns may run, every wasted line of advertising is a public loss, and every forward step in efficiency is a public gain.

With the gradual return of prosperity, national advertising will greatly increase; whether to lesser or greater proportions than in 1928 and 1929 will depend upon the extent to which sales-bringing methods are sought in advertising in lieu of vague "effects." The yardstick will be used far more than in the past.

It is quite conceivable that the yardstick may bring us an increase in advertising far beyond our previous maximum since, after all, advertising does reach out to the consumer. The coming era will surely be one in which the eyes of the manufacturer will be turned far more closely upon his ultimate buyer than ever before. Much less money will be squandered on campaigns that please the "trade" but make little appeal to the final owner. Much less shoe leather will be consumed to "jolly" the retailer or the wholesaler, who are in truth a part of the transportation system; and some of the waste and lost motion will be banished, lifting a galling load from the backs of the public.

As a result, we shall probably see for years lower prices to the consumer, or their converse, better quality at the same price. The printed, painted and radio messages known as advertising hereafter will be composed more largely for the eye of the ultimate buyer. There will be fewer brilliant ideas admired because of their originality, less of the artistic aura, and perhaps almost none of the fetching "lingo" and the poetically clever inventions that have been the gods of the cohorts of advertising.

It is important to note that these plans for helping business are not based on desires but on data. In 1931, for example, a rigorous experiment was made, showing what can be done by yardstick advertising even under bad conditions. In 1931, according to careful measurements, the volume of general business was about 14% less than in the preceding year, 1930—and you will painfully recall that 1930 itself was no Mardi Gras. Nevertheless, this trial demonstrated what can be accomplished in advertising by proper budgeting and severe use of the yardstick. In this test in the off-year 1931, such advertising gave fairly sustained returns per dollar spent, and an actual decrease in cost per inquiry. Value delivered to the consumer per dollar of price was meanwhile increased.

Well, you say, that was a test case, a sort of laboratory experiment, an economic guinea pig. What would happen on the full scale of real life? Some figures are also available on this point, compiled by the research bureau of the Advertising Federation. The bureau examined the records of about a hundred corporations, selected impersonally and analyzed impartially. About half of the examined group slashed their advertising in 1930, and they took a bad beating in profits. The other half kept up their advertising and, though they couldn't keep up profits fully, their decline was about half that suffered by the ad-killers. Apparently, more recent records will show a similar trend: in hard times the advertisers show up better than the non-advertisers.

Therefore, when hunting for a way out, don't overlook advertising merely because it is just a good old, commonsense, everyday friend. There is always the temptation in abnormal times to cry for trick stuff and to neglect practical and proved methods. While the economists and others are studying controlled production, let's have some controlled consumption—which can be ours through advertising. Every man in business who places a proved advertisement is throwing a rock at his troubles. Every woman in the home who buys rightly advertised goods is casting her vote for prosperity. With the business cycle apparently so nearly on dead center, powerful advertising will start it turning over the right way.

Less Wit and More Merit

In summary, let me say that in the decade to come, salesmanship, merchandising and advertising will be relegated more nearly to their proper place—a place of service primarily to you men and women who buy and use the goods.

During the three decades past, we have allowed altogether too much emphasis on "skill" in salesmanship; in our hearts, we know how little that word "skill" means. We have carried our skillful practices to the wildest excesses when alleged salesmanship of the clever type was practiced in publicity. We grew so skillful that the skill itself became the goal. We sought the kind of publicity that would cause the multitude to say:

"Look, here's a wonderful idea in advertising."

Instead, we are demanding now a kind of salesmanship that sells goods by the kind of publicity to which the public responds by saying:

"Look, here's an article for sale that seems to be especially worth while."

Stockholders can help to increase corporate earning power, customers can help to increase their own buying power, by insisting on the right type of publicity. In the period now ahead, are we going to get more and better goods for less money? Will employment increase and standards of living rise? Is the country headed for new and more enduring prosperity? It depends very largely on you consumers and how vigorously you demand that wastes in advertising be stopped and the full strength of this great economic force be made to serve your interest and welfare.

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The Unguarded Queen

Continued from page 21

After an excellent dinner at the Café d'Ilirye that evening, the three crossed over to the Jockey Club where they found a boisterous crowd of officers and diplomats engaged at baccarat, vingt-et-un, chemin de fer, poker and roulette.

There was a tremendous noise about the vingt-et-un game and above it rose in hilarious cadences a voice that even after twelve years had for Brent a familiar ring. Edging towards the table he managed to get a view of the person who was having such a good time. It was Paolo Radescu, debonair and handsome as ever, not a gray hair on his sleek black head, apparently unchanged by the lapse of time. Dressed, as always, as if he had just emerged from a Bond Street tailor's, and flanked by rouleaux of gold and piles of banknotes, he gayly dealt the cards around the table, challenging his opponents in half a dozen different languages, taunting them to raise their bets—and winning all their money.

"COME on there, Mico! Don't be a piker! Double everybody! You all stand? *Boga mi!* You can't make money without taking more chances than that!" They waited hungrily. Radescu flipped over the top card. "Uh! The bank wins again!" He swept the gold towards him amid a burst of imprecations and began reshuffling

"There's cheek for you!" exclaimed Shepard delightedly. "Think of his coming here with a price on his head! The club is full of Kranitch's friends. No other man's life would be worth a dinar!"

The rest of the tables had been abandoned in the general eagerness to see what Radescu would do next. This time he turned a "natural."

"Well, boys!" he laughed. "Enough is enough. I'll go buy myself a new monoplane. *Au 'voir!*"

Stuffing his money into his pockets he stood up. Instantly there came a report from the back of the room and a bullet splintered the woodwork behind him!

"Too slow, Kranitch! I can do better than that!" he said, firing in return, and the bloated figure of the ransomed general slumped to the floor near the doorway. Then before the crowd could shift its gaze back to the table or had realized his disappearance, he was gone—no one knew where or how. Two more shots came from the direction of the cathedral.

"Kranitch was a fool," said Shepard. "Of course Radescu was ready for him; probably came here on purpose!"

"Why do you suppose no one else fired? They could have got him easily enough."

"Because they admire him. That's the kind of a bunch they are. He appeals to their dramatic sense. I shouldn't be surprised if now he strolled over to the palace and shook hands with the King!"

Shepard said that he must go to the telegraph office and Sloat said that he had a business engagement. Brent bade them good night and strolled back to the Hotel l'Orient. A gray-haired officer in a military cloak was standing in the foyer. Two aides in staff uniform loitered near by.

"Hello, General!" cried Brent. "It's great to see you again! You look like a two-year-old!"

"By God, if it isn't John Brent!" exclaimed Kosovo, grasping his hand. "How are you, my boy! What are you doing here?"

"Business. I was going to ask for an interview tomorrow."

"But tomorrow I must be in Tokar! Why not tonight? We can have a chat at the palace during the ball."

"I'm not going. I've not been invited."

"That is nothing. You shall come with me. Had Stephan Stephanovitch known that you were here, you would of course have received an invitation. Why, you haven't been here for over ten years, my dear fellow! Besides, you mustn't miss the ball! Change your coat and come along!"

Brent found himself in a difficult position. To refuse must seem discourteous to his old friend, and, while to accept was embarrassing, he could not very well explain the reason. Well, why not go?

General Kosovo clapped him on the shoulder.

"Hurry now! I'll wait for you!"

Brent ran upstairs, dug out a white tie, changed from Tuxedo to formal dress, and was just on the point of turning out the light when his eye fell upon the box containing his Order of St. Stephan in the bureau drawer. *Ben trovato!* He pinned it on and started down the hall. He had almost reached the room occupied by the Marchesa Garadesca-Bellini when the door opened and she came out. Evidently she also was on her way to the palace, for her lovely head gleamed with jewels. Brent paused and, removing his hat, waited for her to precede him. She acknowledged his courtesy by a slight bow, then, hesitating, turned so that she could look into his eyes, and said earnestly:

"You are in great danger, Signor Brent, but I will be your friend."

Without giving him any chance to reply, she hurried down the hall. Brent was stumped. He was in danger, was he? If so, why should she, of all people, express a willingness to be his friend? Ask him another!

The marchesa had already entered her motor when he rejoined General Kosovo.

H. R. H. the Princess Stephanie Stephanovitch stood beside her fiancé Prince Marko on a raised dais which, with its potted palms, concealed the unfortunate obtrusion of the lower part of Queen Valeria's portrait into the drawing-room. The King, who was by this time fatigued by the festivities, sat near by and on either side were grouped members of the Council of Nobles, the more prominent diplomats with their wives, and the officers of the guard. Dancing had not yet begun. Across the hall the palace band was playing The Merry Widow, while from the doorway Nikola in a loud voice announced each new guest who, depending on the conventionalities of sex, first either bowed or curtsied to the King, then to Stephanie and Marko jointly. To the especially favored—the right ones being indicated *sotto voce* by a social aide concealed behind the palms—Stephanie extended her hand.

IT WAS a brilliant company, the shabbiness of the walls and hangings being obscured by the profusion of flowers and the splendor of the dresses and uniforms. But for Stephanie, although it was in her honor, the scene had lost its glamour. Already she was sick at heart at the predicament in which she found herself. Was it possible that only that very morning she had pledged herself by all the solemn rites of religion before the Metropolitan of Zeta and the members of the court to become the bride of a man she did not really love?

Marko, while sensitive to the change

(Continued on page 42)

Nervous, irritable, worried, sleepless?

What to do for "Bankrupt Nerves"

When Cares and Worries Upset and Hold You Back By Day.... and Sleep Won't Come at Night, Look for the True Cause

Your Nerves May Be Starving for Want of this One Essential Substance

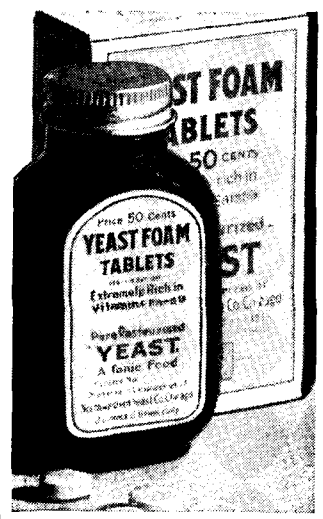
IN times of stress, strain and tension, the nervous system takes on an added load and, like the boiler working under high pressure, requires more of the right kind of fuel or nourishment.

In the absence of ample quantities of a certain food element—*the Vitamin B factors*—a nerve starvation disease develops. This disease is now recognized by all nutrition experts and is known to science as "polyneuritis." To laymen it is "bankrupt nerves."

With ordinary foods containing only trifling amounts of this vitamin—*or none at all*—what is more logical than to add Vitamin B, in its ideal form, to your regular food? Thus you make up for the lack of a substance which is absolutely necessary to sound, healthy nerves. Yeast Foam Tablets, made entirely of pure dried yeast, are the richest known natural food source of the Vitamin B elements. Hence they prevent and correct "polyneuritic" nerves, which may be indicated by such symptoms as general nervousness, skin disorders, constipation, indigestion, lack of strength and energy.

Get Yeast Foam Tablets from your druggist. You'll like their pleasant taste. They are good to chew but may be swallowed whole, if you prefer. They are pasteurized and therefore cannot cause gas or fermentation. Remember, this is the yeast that is used in the vitamin research and studies of the U. S. Government and leading American Universities.

Get acquainted with this nerve-corrective, health-building food today.



Note: *If your nervous trouble is in an advanced stage, see your doctor. He knows the truth of above statements and the benefits of prescribing* YEAST FOAM TABLETS *for the nervous condition described. But in any case, follow his advice.*

ON THE AIR *Every Sunday Afternoon from 2:30 to 3:00 Eastern Standard Time, the melodious "Yeast Foamers" over NBC-WJZ and all supplementary stations from coast to coast*

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO., 1750 North Ashland Ave., Chicago

Please send free sample and descriptive circular. C-4

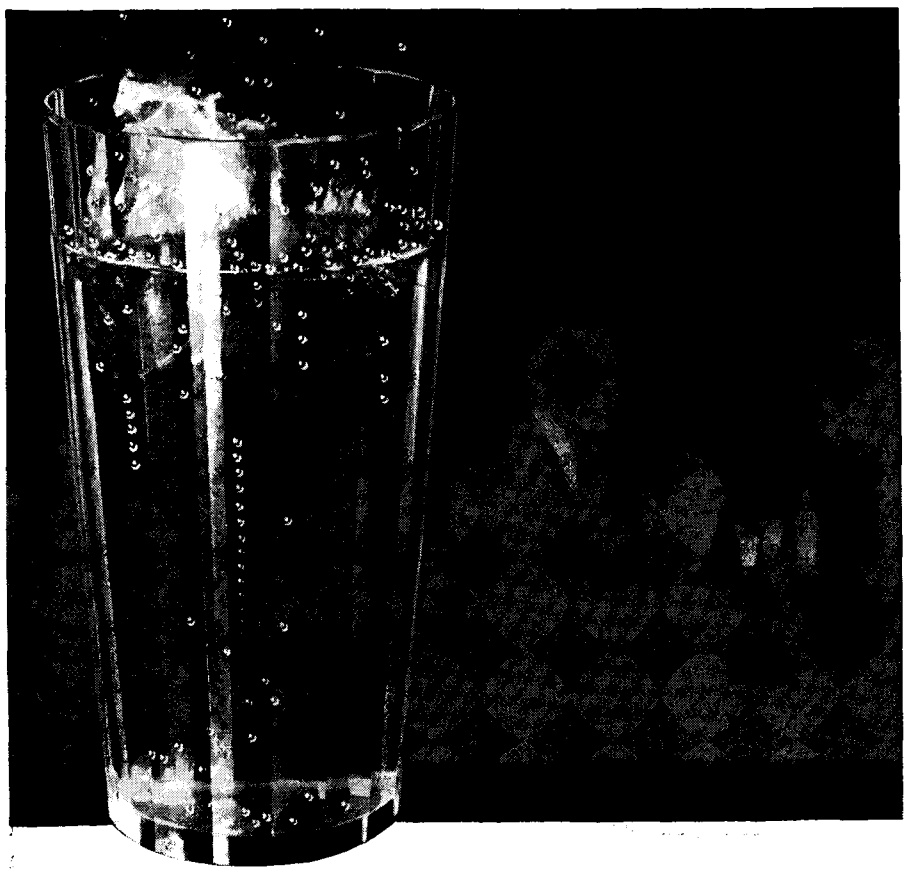
Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Choicest FLAVOR ingredients are AGED 6 MONTHS to ripen and mature BEFORE the blend is sweetened and combined with Clicquot water



SPARKLING within the glass to delight your guests is this mellower, richer flavor that only Clicquot has achieved. Its secret lies quite simply in the blending of exceptional flavor elements that are *AGED 6 MONTHS* to ripen and enrich the blend *before* it is sweetened or carbonated to give it its tingling life. No wonder so many, many people prefer Clicquot's distinctive flavor . . . the taste that has won it high renown as America's own fine ginger ale.

That EXTRA Something: *Finest of real fruit flavorings. True Jamaica ginger. Mellowed and ripened by Time. Pure Cuban cane sugar. Sparkling Clicquot water. Bottled, for sanitary reasons, in brand-new bottles never used a second time.*

CLICQUOT CLUB
GINGER ALE

Three delicious blends

PALE DRY · GOLDEN · SEC

(*Continued from page 41*)

in Stephanie's attitude, did not allow himself to be concerned over it. He had her now. The bond between them was indissoluble. A betrothal in the eyes of the church was as inviolable as a marriage. He could afford to treat her moods lightly. In a way they made her seem more desirable to him. He even went so far as to "jolly" the lantern-jawed Milan when the crown prince swaggered up to pay his respects.

"Hello, 'Uncle Milan!'" he remarked gayly. "I'll wager you never expected to have me for a nephew!"

"Only half a nephew at best," growled the crown prince. "And you're not that yet. I'm not so sure you ever will be!"

"I'll lay you a million dinars on it. Do you want to bet?"

"I've no objection."

"Done then! Stephanie can be a witness."

SUCH a jest, based upon the likelihood of her marriage ever actually taking place, seemed to Stephanie not only in execrable taste but curiously illuminative of Balkan life. Nevertheless it fitted her own mood. She was no longer mistress of her own soul, but a marionette. Dazed, she accepted the salutations of the throng as they streamed past, mechanically murmuring conventionalities and going through the motions required of her with a fixed smile on her lips.

"The Marchesa Garadesca-Bellini!"

Stephanie saw a slender figure in white, her neck and forehead covered with emeralds, sweep up to her grandfather and bend her auburn head in a deep curtsy.

"Isn't she a beauty!" commented Marko, obviously captivated, and when the marchesa reached the dais he bent over and kissed her hand.

"His Excellency, the Turkish Minister!" bellowed Nikola. "General Brankovitch! His Serene Highness Prince Mico of Macedonia! The Archimandrite of Theopolis! Lieutenant Edwards! Mr. Ezra Sloat!"

It was like a fancy-dress party. Would the procession never end?

"General Kosovo!" bawled Nikola over the heads of the company. There were other names but she did not catch them. Good old Uncle Michael. Perhaps he could tell her what to do.

The group last announced approached the dais through the lane made by the waiting notables, and as the general bent over the King's hand, she saw John Brent behind him. He was awaiting his turn to address the King and apparently had not observed her. Tall, even among all those tall men, and wearing the star of St. Stephan, he stood at ease, a self-possessed figure, unmistakably American. It seemed to her as if she had never before been so glad to see anybody.

Her delight was such that she made no attempt to hide it. She forgot for the moment that she was a royal princess about to become a queen. The blood which had momentarily left her face came back with a rush. Murmuring a few words of hasty greeting to General Kosovo she turned eagerly to his companion and held out both her hands.

"John!" she exclaimed, "I am so—so glad to see you!"

Although their eyes met, he did not smile.

"Your Royal Highness is most gracious," he replied, bending over her hand and at once moving on to Prince Marko, who greeted him amiably.

"I didn't realize you two were acquaintances." He winked. "All the better! Sloat told me you were expected. Look me up. We might have a day's golf at Brione together!"

Brent thanked him and promised to call next day.

Stephanie was overcome with humiliation. Dimly aware that Stephan had arisen, she took Marko's arm and followed to the ballroom.

"Your friend seems like a nice fellow," he remarked as they waltzed perfunctorily around the floor. "Although he was not over-responsive. That was wise in view of your position. We royalties have to control ourselves in public."

SHE felt her face burning. What was he trying to insinuate?

"I rather liked him," went on Marko. "Really I did. He's good-looking in his square-jawed American way. I bet he knows the oil business. Why not go out into the garden and get a breath of fresh air? I've been meaning to talk to you about the oil situation for some time."

His innuendo, which she only half understood, infuriated her. Was he trying to say that if she wanted Brent for a lover she could have him so long as she would be complacent about Josephine? Why should he want to talk to her about the oil business?

"Oil doesn't interest me tonight," she answered. "Can't you think of some subject more exciting?"

They were in a corner and for answer he pulled her against his body and brushed her hair with his lips.

"Easily. How about discussing that in the garden instead?"

Involuntarily she recoiled.

(To be continued next week)

"I just came up to make a survey for the Chief—there'll be someone up to rescue you any minute now!"

George Shellhase

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

They're all that way

Continued from page 19

costume. "You're delectable," Percy said. "You're the most completely seductive girl that ever—"

"It's being in love," Harriet said.

The moon came up, flooding the snow with romantic light and making deep black shadows of the fir trees on the shore. The party became a romp in the snow. The party lasted till nearly dawn. It was four o'clock in the morning when Percy Lawrence kissed Harriet good night.

"Oh," Harriet said, "I'm so glad I came. I like the Middle West. I like your friends. I think they're all charming and gay and delightful. How ever could you have found it dull?"

"I only found it dull because you weren't here, Harriet," Percy said. "Why do you ever go back? Why can't we be married right away? Why do we have to wait till June?"

Harriet had both arms around his neck. Harriet's lips brushed his.

"We don't," she said. "We don't have to wait."

Percy Lawrence crushed her to him. "You mean it?" he said.

"Yes," she said softly, "I mean it."

HARRIET came down when they had all dressed for the Junior Prom in what looked like the kind of dress she might have worn in Boston. It was only when she turned around that Percy saw it had no back at all.

There were no programs for the Prom. The student committee had insisted on cutting in. Percy Lawrence lost Harriet in the first three minutes and alternately lost and recovered her again all evening. At midnight he was standing on the side line looking for Harriet's blond head or Harriet's beautiful back when he saw Giovanna Malatesta. She smiled at him in friendly fashion. Percy watched her. She was beautiful in a dark, lush, Latin way. But how could he ever have thought he was in love with her? She was not seductive. Percy cut in.

"You are very much in love with the blond lady," Giovanna said, as they danced.

"I'm crazy about her," Percy said.

"And it is clear that she is mad about you," Giovanna said. She looked up at him. "It is marvelous to be in love—is it not?

"It is so marvelous," Giovanna Malatesta continued, "that I am sure you will find it in your heart to forgive me. I know it must seem to you as if I led you on merely to—to bring Benny back to me."

"Well," Percy said. Of course that was exactly what she had done.

"I assure you, Professor Lawrence," Giovanna said, "that I didn't know what I was doing. I was desperate with jealousy. I thought I hated Benny. I only knew I loved him with my whole soul when he lay at my feet like a dead man."

"I'm terribly sorry I hit him," Percy said. "I didn't understand."

"It was good that you hit him," Giovanna said. "You did not injure him. He was quite himself again in ten minutes—except, of course, that his jaw was sore. And the blow brought him to his senses. He has promised me never to look at another girl. I am most grateful. I did not mean it when I screamed names at you. I was excited."

Some student cut in at that moment. Percy Lawrence stood watching her dance off. He turned just in time to see Harriet at his elbow.

"You darling!" he said. "I've been looking everywhere for you."

He put his arm around her. They danced. But something was wrong. She was no longer tender and yielding.

"Who was the voluptuous creature in red?" Harriet asked.

"Her name is Giovanna Malatesta," Percy Lawrence said. "She's taking one of my courses at the university."

He would have added the interesting fact that Giovanna Malatesta's father ran a speakeasy patronized almost exclusively by professors. But he was aware that Harriet was like ice.

"What is it?" he asked.

Harriet shrugged her shoulders. "Nothing," she said with the utmost bitterness.

Percy Lawrence stopped short. "But something is the matter, Harriet," he said. "Has anything happened?"

"No," Harriet said. "Nothing—except that I am so bored with this dance and with these people—that I could die."

"Mrs. Arkwright's chauffeur will take us back to the house," he said.

"Very well," Harriet said.

They rode in silence back to Jane Arkwright's house. Harriet stared out of the window.

"You may as well go back to the dance and have a good time," Harriet said.

"I haven't the least interest in going back without you, Harriet," Percy said.

They stood facing each other in Jane Arkwright's hall.

"Oh," she said, "please go back. You might enjoy it. You might get into a fight and have a beautiful time."

"What?" Percy said. "What do you mean?"

Harriet was tugging at the ring on her finger. The ring came off. She held the ring out to Percy Lawrence.

"Please take it," she said. "I won't marry a man who gets into fights in speakeasies."

"But I don't get into fights in speakeasies," Percy Lawrence protested. "I never get into fights."

"You needn't bother to lie to me, Percy," Harriet Bean said. "I know. Every man I danced with tonight launched into pæans of praise of you as a fighter. They think it's wonderful. They don't admire you because you're a professor of English literature. They admire you because you knocked out some thug of a football player in a speakeasy. They can't talk about anything else. And it's all very nice for you. But I shall not marry a prize fighter no matter how much he is admired."

"But I'm not a prize fighter, Harriet, and you know it," Percy said.

"Good-by," Harriet said. She turned and walked slowly toward the stairway. He took a step toward her. He wanted to rush forward and take her in his arms and force her to admit that she was utterly unreasonable. But he saw it was no use. He looked at her beautiful back and saw that it was no use.

PERCY LAWRENCE put on his coat again, and his hat, and let himself out of the front door.

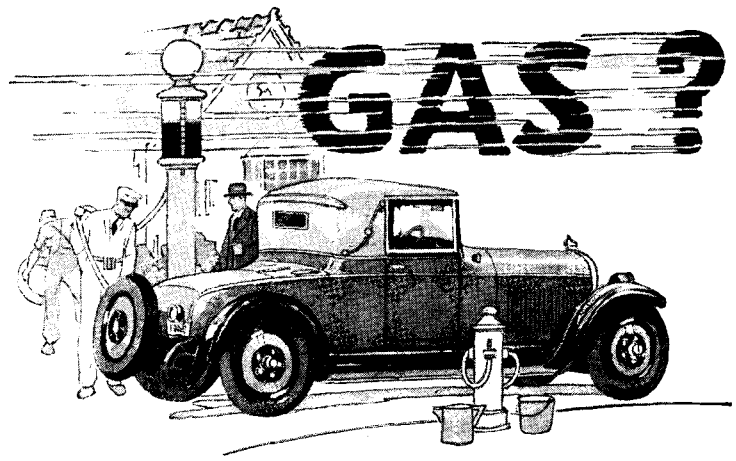
He walked slowly down the street toward the town. He had never known Harriet to lose her temper. Harriet had always been reasonable.

There must be something behind her anger—something she hadn't said. She couldn't be so outraged over hearing that he had got into a fight—not even if it was a fight in a speakeasy.

There was only one answer: Harriet didn't love him.

Percy Lawrence walked all the way downtown before he realized where he

(Continued on page 44)



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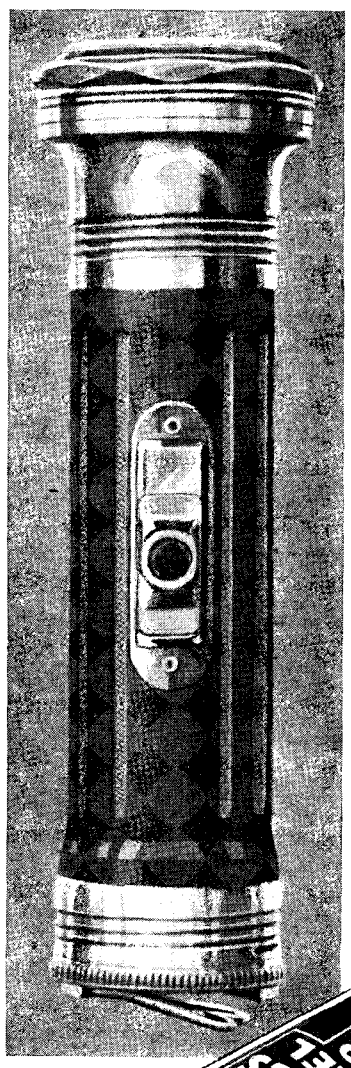

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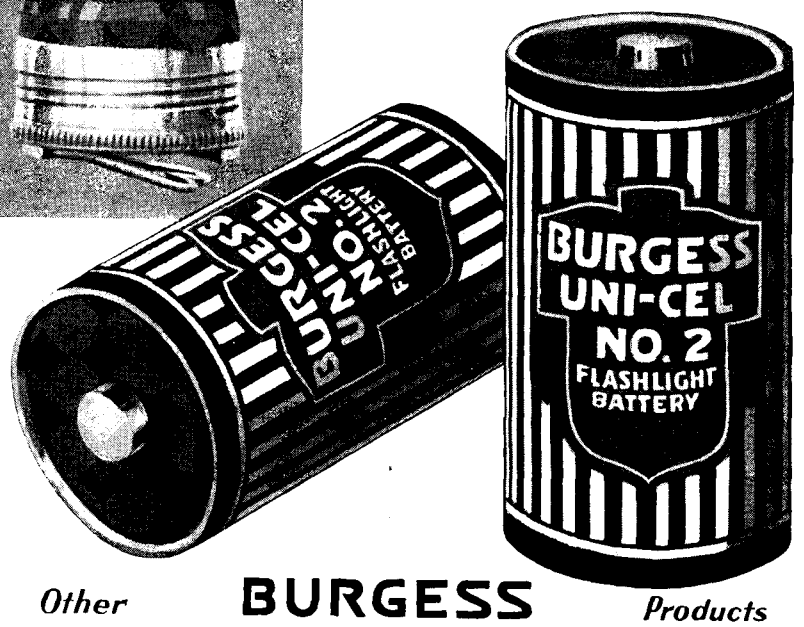

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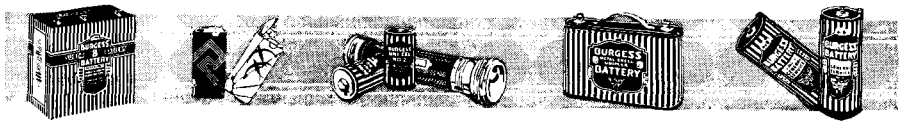

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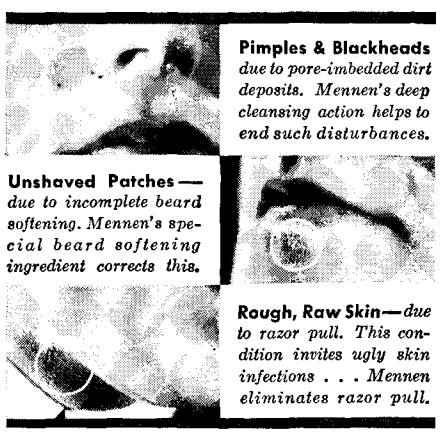

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NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

(Continued from page 43)

was going. He turned at the corner of the square toward the railway station. He was going to the Congo Kid's lunch wagon and eat a hamburger sandwich with a big slice of Bermuda onion. And the Congo Kid would talk about the old days—the good old days when he had fought them all.

Harriet would think the Congo Kid a low companion. That was what she had said—he'd gone in for low companions. He'd like to tell Harriet a few things. He'd like to tell Harriet she was a snob—a Boston snob. He'd like to tell Harriet that she was just as much of a fool as most women were. All women were fools.

As he approached the railway station he saw a group of men in the space between the tracks and the Congo Kid's lunch car. Some of them were sitting on suitcases and some of them were leaning against the picket fence that guarded the tracks, and drinking out of bottles.

Percy Lawrence strode past them. One of them yelled out something uncomplimentary about the big bum with the silk hat.

He stopped. He stopped and faced them. "Who said that?" he demanded.

Nobody spoke. "Come on," Percy said, belligerently. "Who said that?"

The biggest man set down his suitcase. "I said it, buddy. What about it?" He took a step toward Percy Lawrence. "You don't think you are going to do anything about it, do you?"

The big man made a swipe at Percy Lawrence. Percy ducked and drove home his right. He caught the big man an inch or two under the ear and knocked him spinning. Percy Lawrence got his back against the picket fence before the rest of the gang had time to jump him.

He stepped in to meet the first one. He caught the first one square on the point of the jaw and knocked him flat. He whirled in time to duck a haymaker swing. He whirled and ducked and sunk his left in the next man's body and danced away.

THE gang hesitated. There were ten or twelve of them. They did not hesitate long. They rushed him simultaneously. Percy had no time for strategy. He had to hit with either hand as fast as he could hit. His left went smack against a nose. His right landed on a jaw. The gang drew back. The first man Percy had hit picked himself up and the next moment a bottle came sailing through the air and exploded with a loud crash on the railway track behind Percy.

Then they rushed again. Percy ducked and hit and ducked and hit. Somebody had him round the neck while another hit him in the eye. He wrenched himself free. He saw a head. He struck. And all the lights went out for him.

When he awoke his head stung as with fire. He jerked his head involuntarily. A firm hand held his head.

"Whoa there, Professor," said the voice of the Congo Kid. "That ain't nothin' but iodine."

Percy Lawrence opened his eyes. He was sitting on a stool in the lunch car. The Congo Kid was holding him against the counter by the pressure of his body in order to have his hands free.

"Jes' one minute, Professor," the Congo Kid said. "Hold still." There was a snip, snip and a large lock of hair fell down on the counter in front of Percy's eyes. He felt the Congo Kid's deft fingers pressing a bandage down on the sore spot. And then he felt the slap of surgeon's tape on his neck.

"There, ma'am," the Congo Kid said, "if you'll jes' cut that off with the scissors."

Percy Lawrence heard the scissors snip.

"There," the Congo Kid said. "How you feel, Professor?"

Percy Lawrence straightened up. He felt a bit dizzy. "I'm all right," he said.

He turned and there was Harriet in her traveling suit.

"Where," he said, "where did you come from?"

HARRIET said nothing. Harriet merely looked at him and her lip trembled.

The Congo Kid surveyed him with a broad and shining grin.

"I mos' certainly did enjoy to see you work, Professor," he said. "You knock four a them tough guys right into dreamland so fast they dunno what hit 'em. I come out with that littl' piece a lead pipe I ginerally has handy jes' as somebody crown you with a bottle and you go out like a light, and this lady yere come a-screamin' and they all run away."

Percy Lawrence looked at himself in the mirror behind the lunch counter. He was practically ruined. His collar and his shirt were covered with blood. His tie was gone. His nose was on one side of his face and his left eye had already turned black and green and purple and had swollen almost shut.

What must Harriet think? He didn't dare look at Harriet.

"Professor," the Congo Kid said, "don't yo' know that when they start throwin' bottles it's time to run? No matter how good you are—when they start usin' bottles it's time to beat it."

"I must have been mad," Percy Lawrence said. "I must have been just mad enough to think I could lick them all."

"Yo' cheer up, Professor," the Congo Kid said. "Ain't no real harm done. It ain't no disgrace to git licked by a whole basketball team an' all their frens. That's what them men was—tough basketball team from down the line. They been doin' some drinkin' while they wait for their train."

Percy Lawrence stood up. He felt dizzy. He put his hand on the lunch counter to steady himself.

"You sit down, Professor," the Congo Kid said. "You sit down an' res' yourself while I git yo' a taxi."

The Congo Kid went to the door and put two fingers in his mouth and blew a shrill blast.

Percy Lawrence turned and looked at Harriet. Two tears ran down Harriet's cheeks. And with a little rush she was across the intervening space. She put her arms around his neck. She bent her cheek to his.

"Oh, Percy," she said, "I was such a fool."

"He's a-comin'," the Congo Kid said. "That taxi's right on the way."

Percy Lawrence put his arm around Harriet. She was no longer like ice. She was warm and tender.

"Congo," Percy Lawrence said, "why are women so opposed to fighting?"

"They ain't," the Congo Kid said. "Don't you believe no sich story as that, Professor. Women love fightin'—same as men. Only they ain't ginerally so serious—they jes' havin' a good time makin' you miserable if they can."

The taxicab drove up to the door.

The Congo Kid helped them into the taxicab. Harriet Bean leaned out and thanked him.

"He's a nice guy—the Congo Kid," Percy Lawrence said, as the cab started off.

"He's marvelous," Harriet said.

"He's an old-time prize fighter," Percy Lawrence said.

"I don't care if he is. He's marvelous. And so wise."

Harriet put her arm through his. Harriet snuggled up close to him.

"I was going back to Boston," Harriet said. "I had just got out of a taxi at the station when I saw you fighting with all those men. I ran at them screaming and they ran away and left you lying in the snow as if you were dead."

SHE shuddered. "At first I thought you were dead. And it was all my fault. But the Congo Kid said you would come to and you did."

"And so you're going to stay here and marry me," Percy Lawrence said.

"Yes," Harriet said, "I'm going to stay here and marry you. But I wish—I wish—"

"You wish I wouldn't get into any more fights."

"Oh," she said impatiently, "I don't care about your fighting. You ought to know I don't care about that."

Percy Lawrence shook his head. "Then what did you mean when you said you wouldn't marry a man who got into fights?"

"You ought to know what I meant," Harriet said. "The Congo Kid would know."

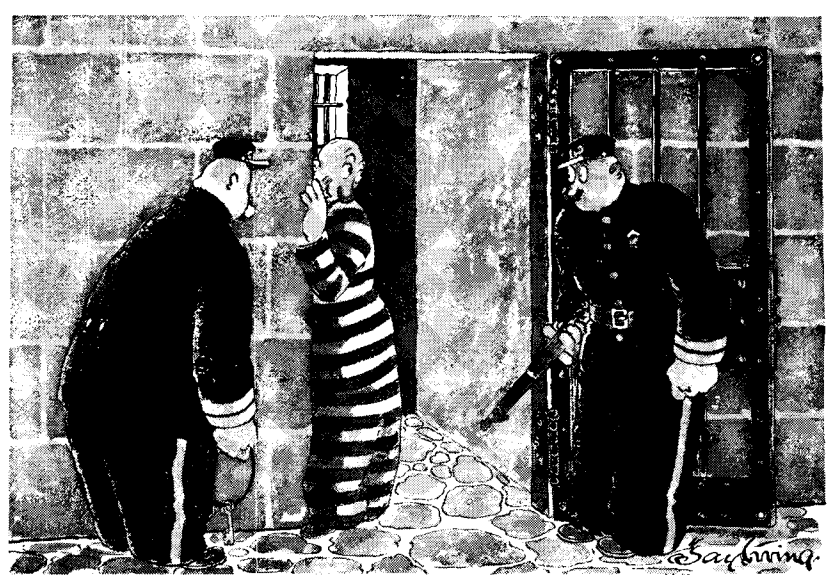
"I don't get it," Percy Lawrence said. "I just don't get it."

"Well, then," Harriet said, "I meant I wished you wouldn't dance with Giovanna Malatesta. I don't think you ought to—not if you really love me."

"What's that got to do with fighting?" Percy Lawrence asked.

"Oh, nothing," Harriet said. "If you'll just kiss me everything will be perfectly clear."

So Percy Lawrence kissed her and everything was perfectly clear—everything that mattered.



". . . and so to bed!" *Jay Irving*

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Brazil Bucks Up

Continued from page 15

tree's shade. Cacao for those chocolate beverages, you know.

"Alligator pears and mangos grow at our Bahian's doorstep. Coconuts drop from the tall palms like nuggets of manna from heaven. There is breadfruit nine months of the year. And oranges, the seedless kind—ancestors, by the way, of the California groves—bananas, pineapples, the sweetest in the world.

"If he is at all industrious he may grow tobacco in the front yard and roll his own cigars. He may plant sugar cane and cotton, and court the coffee plant and the rubber tree. Then, if he is unusually serious-minded, there are manganese, gold and diamonds on the interior plateau."

Facing the Facts

In this very section the Emprezas Electricas Brazileiras, the naturalized name of a United States power company, is spending millions building dams and plants. It looks ahead to the time when this part of Brazil will be the center of countless industrial developments.

And before you know it this Brazilian enthusiast yanks you two thousand miles south to the state of Parana.

"Another world," he says, "different but just as obliging to the fellow not averse to a little muscular exertion. You're out of the tropics now. Here climate pinches in dead winter and snow falls not infrequently. Forests of slender hard pines with umbrella tops, fifty inches thick and a hundred feet high, feed some of the largest saw mills in this hemisphere. There are minerals in great variety. Cattle, sheep and hogs are formidable industries. Dairying is important. Rolling wheat fields are a common sight. They cultivate nearly everything from bees to beans and buckwheat."

"Oh, yes, *yerba maté*, too. This is the national beverage of Argentina.

"Take your choice: Bahia in the heart of the tropics or Parana south of Capricorn. And we have mentioned none of the aristocratic states — São Paulo, Minas Geraes, Rio Grande do Sul."

Brazilians are beginning to ask themselves why a nation having such an assortment of riches should spend its energy trying to drench the world with coffee, especially when it doesn't have a monopoly on quantity or even quality.

It won't be easy to change, though. Today the nation wiggles under a huge debt, and the economic machinery is almost hopelessly clogged, thanks to the ambitions of the now defunct régime, not to mention the economic recession.

Still, to the chubby little man who in 1930 took control of the leaky old barge of state these facts are grim realities. Getulio Vargas, the provisional president, does not "see through a glass darkly."

"Oh, he doesn't say anything. He's as reticent as Coolidge. Besides, he is not the power in the provisional government." Such were random comments heard in Rio.

But when he received me, in the old Cattete palace a few weeks ago, I discovered he was far from a reticent figurehead. No question about who is the arbiter of Brazilian affairs today.

"People may understand that we have difficulties," he began, "but few can appreciate the struggle we are having, the struggle to reduce expenses and correct the vicious mistakes of the past.

"You see, we do not wish to follow the methods of the old governments, even if we could—borrow money to pay deficits. This may help temporarily but it only postpones trouble.

"I know full well we shall have to continue reducing expenses drastically. I have tried to set an example, however. I have cut my own salary in half. I pay practically all my own expenses and those of my office. I even furnish gasoline for the official automobile.

"The government in its foreign relations is hard put because of the exchange. Our money abroad is worth half its normal value, although, happily, at home it has not depreciated. There have been large crops of all food products and rents have not increased. So there is no suffering among the people, and very little unemployment, even in the cities.

"But for the present," the president said, "we have had to stop buying luxuries from abroad—automobiles, silks and perfumes. If this is bad because it reduces revenue at the customs houses it keeps the money in the country and makes it available for new industry and developments."

And "new developments" is a cause uppermost in his mind.

"We have enormous resources, as you will appreciate," he went on. "But we cannot develop them alone. Foreign capital that will come to Brazil, work in Brazil, amalgamate with Brazil, will be most helpful and very welcome.

"We respect foreign enterprise. Proof of this is the fact that we have even honored every contract and concession made by the old governments.

"I hope your industrialists and financiers will come here, study conditions, find out where money can be invested with advantage to both parties, Brazil and themselves. We will be only too pleased to give every help and facility possible. Your Mr. Ford, for instance, has found no difficulties with us. His concession in the state of Para is honored and will continue to be.

"I hope that the relations between Brazil and the United States may increase. We can carry on relations with the greatest advantage to each other. One produces so much of what the other needs. Ships may come down with your prepared materials and go back with our innumerable raw products."

Experimental Laws

At that very moment his aspiring minister of labor, Dr. Lindolfo Collor, the same brilliant young lawyer who sold the revolutionary cause to a goodly portion of the outside world in 1930, was in the midst of an orgy of drastic and ultra-modern social law-making. Thousands of new regulations had been handed out with production increasing every day.

I asked Dr. Vargas for his views on the subject.

"We are trying to do nothing more than has already been done in almost every civilized country," he readily declared. "We will do nothing that is not for the best interests of both employer and employee. These decrees have been experimental; that is, we have usually allowed sixty days for suggestions from all parties, with the idea of making any adjustments that seem reasonable and necessary."

Yet native industrial leaders themselves are severely critical. "This may all be very well," they say, "but not in the face of ailing world commerce and while we still have a provisional government. Besides, many of these laws are fantastic."

(Continued on page 46)

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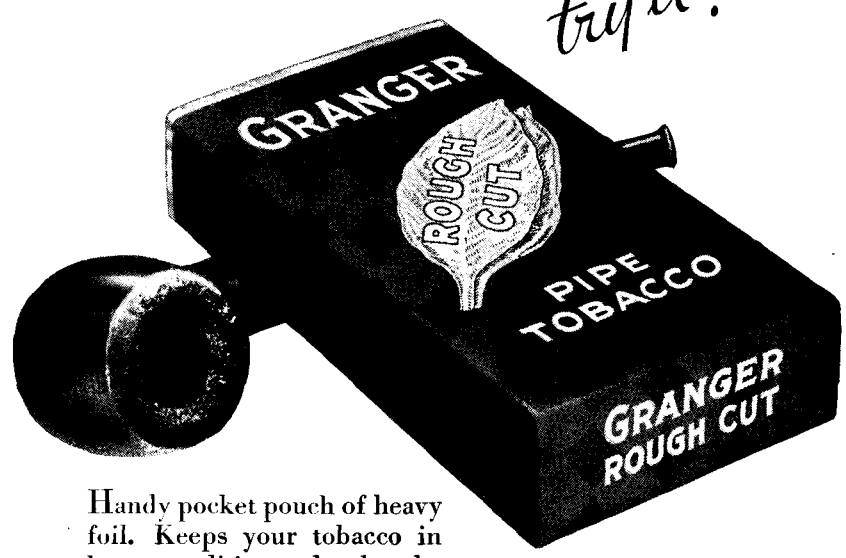

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Cleveland	WGAR	Pittsburgh	KDKA	Spokane	KHQ
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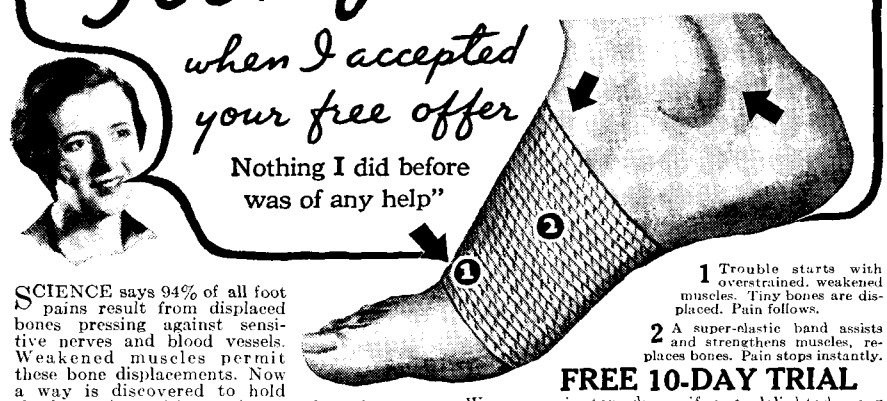
TIME

8:15 P. M. Eastern 7:15 P. M. Central 6:15 P. M. Mountain 5:15 P. M. Pacific Coast

"Foot pains left when I accepted your free offer"

Nothing I did before was of any help"



1 Trouble starts with overstrained, weakened muscles. Tiny bones are displaced. Pain follows.

2 A super-elastic band assists and strengthens muscles, replaces bones. Pain stops instantly.

SCIENCE says 94% of all foot pains result from displaced bones pressing against sensitive nerves and blood vessels. Weakened muscles permit these bone displacements. Now a way is discovered to hold the bones in position and strengthen the muscles. Pains, aches and burning stop, calluses disappear and muscles grow strong. Stand, walk, or dance for hours—you just don't get tired. Just slip on a pair of Jung's Arch Braces—results are immediate and lasting. They are highly elastic, amazingly light and thin, yet strong and durable. The secret is in their tension and stretch. Worn with any kind of footwear. Nothing stiff to further weaken muscles and cause discomfort. The styles with exceedingly soft sponge rubber lift are urgently advised for severe cases.

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(*Continued from page 45*)

Two thirds of all employees of foreign concerns, and national, too, for that matter, must be natives, from managers to floor sweepers. . . . The syndicate walks in at every door; a handful of employees may constitute themselves into a committee and demand changes, favors and what have you. . . . These and many more innovations, quite aside from a new eight-hour law—all sudden departures from previous practice.

Money Matters

The spirits of outsiders with investments in Brazil have chilled considerably. But those actually on the ground make little criticism of the laws in general. It is principally one provision to which they object.

"I am not opposed to laws for the protection and happiness of native labor," says the blunt general manager of one large company. "I agree that at least two thirds of all employees of a foreign concern should be natives. Ninety per cent of our personnel is native. I object to the rule that two thirds of 'each category of employees' must be natives. Our business is completely owned and financed by outside capital. There's not a Brazilian *milreis* in it, yet according to this law, two of my three executives must be Brazilian."

In my rounds of Rio de Janeiro I frequently listen to the wisdom of a hard-headed banker from north of Boston.

I said to him recently, "You have lived here a long time. Tell me, would you advise those with surplus dollars and prospecting minds to come here in these times?"

"Well, sir," he answered, "a man who tells people where to put their money nowadays has to be somewhat of a prophet. Personally I am without divine inspiration."

Another North American, of far-western breeziness and bringing-up, who presides over the destiny of many million dollars' worth of industrial development and some twenty thousand Brazilian employees, was less reserved when I put the same question to him.

"I'll tell you what I think," he began, bracing himself in his chair. "If there is any money to put anywhere just now it's much more sensible to put some of it down here ourselves than to lend it to Europeans so they can convey it over by the back door. We seem to have such a childlike faith in the benevolent intentions of Europe. Yet every day, despite their poor mouth to us, they contribute to this or that enterprise in South America.

"Not long ago United States financiers rushed a couple of hundred million dollars, part of it of Federal Reserve origin, across to old England's sadly depleted coffers. Immediately following this kindly act two British firms in Brazil were the recipients of seven-figure sums from home, and two British banks in Buenos Aires subscribed about $2,500,000 each toward paying off an Argentine loan.

"We lend them money," our Westerner complained, "so they may the easier compete with us. It's about as sensible as lending somebody a knife to cut your throat.

"Yet, there is opportunity here; not for the Yankee laborer and wage earner, but for the small capitalist.

"Recently a couple of sturdy, serious young fellows from the States came down with fifty thousand dollars in their pockets. They made investigation, displayed the same care and thoroughness they would have had they been embarking on such a project at home. When the survey was complete, they established a chain of ten-cent stores, made them attractive, installed good-looking clerks, and the Brazilians have fallen over themselves getting into the places.

"I don't recommend any more ten-cent stores, but you have the idea. Why not an ice-cream factory, a small factory for making ready-made clothes—shirts, underwear, hosiery—a dozen other kinds of small businesses? Not in Rio, but in the smaller cities over the country."

But the old-fashioned concession hunter and the quick-money gent need not apply. All such may well incline an ear to Dr. Eugenio Gudin, director in half a dozen corporations, railroads, power companies, native and foreign:

"I'd like to say to your business men that Brazil welcomes their participation in its future—if they come to coöperate instead of exploit. We are happy to encourage, to work with and grant returns to them, but we wish to possess our own soul. We are done with the old practices, such as granting customs-house concessions, an evil too long prevalent in Latin America. Such a plan is good for neither party. Invest in something that brings its *own* returns within the country."

To make sure the point would not be overlooked, Guillermo Guinle, head of the powerful family that owns the coffee port of Santos, vast estates and numerous villas, touched Dr. Gudin's arm and added, "One thing they should bear in mind: the country will go on in spite of political mishaps. Politics will improve with new blood and younger brains. The old order is passing. Industrial advancement is bringing new standards and conceptions."

Our own business men think he is right. Several of the largest companies, instead of sending out their earnings while the exchange is low, are reinvesting and expanding.

"No," they say, "Brazil is not able to meet its foreign obligations at present, but is it alone? What of Germany, what of all Europe? Haven't we forgiven them their debts, or part of them? Anyhow, here is the place. It is new; it has a future, which can be partly ours. We can make markets for ourselves, and help to build a civilization. A few unemployed eagles brought in now will find remunerative jobs and multiply enormously with the return of healthy world trade."

They tried, to the breaking point, to keep up the interest and amortization on the inexcusable borrowings of former governments and the quite often ill-advised lendings of foreign financiers.

The Treasurer's Statement

Paying "to the breaking point" was a passion with the former sad-eyed minister of finance, J. M. Whittiker, who sacrificed his own interests, and neglected his own banking business, to nurse the country through a year of financial illness.

"Brazil did everything possible to comply entirely and punctually with its external obligations," he declared in a signed statement for Collier's. "It balanced the budget, normalized the situation of the treasury, but could not overcome the weakness of the exchange market, caused principally by the extraordinary fall in the prices of coffee, the principal product for export. It was forced then to the necessity of suspending them for the present.

"It is certain, however, in the end to overcome the difficulties with its own resources without any new concessions on the part of its creditors."

What another six months may bring forth in the political field no one may say. A new alignment, or shake-up, is not impossible. The complications are many. And the ways of old-line politicians are wily. But then a great portion of the world is confused, nervous, uncertain—Brazil no more, no less.

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Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Every leap year, in Scotland, bachelors develop a girl-shy complex due to a law, made in 1228 and still unrepealed, which permits a lady to propose marriage to a gentleman—and collect at least $500 if he does not listen to reason.—*By Hugh Stuart, Detroit, Michigan.*

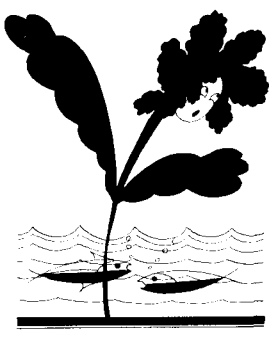
A Londoner, wanting to invent the world's most conspicuous advertising sign, recently perfected a searchlight which throws a mile-square message against the night sky.

Although wood floats on water, its sawdust sinks to the bottom.—*By Peter Sacclaris, Newark, New Jersey.*

India's "Great Car of Juggernaut" is the biggest thing on (sixteen) wheels. Once a year, in Puri, it is brought out to take the god Vishnu for a ride. Due to its weight, lack of steering gear and the crowds, it takes 6,000 pilgrims from 2 to 3 days to pull it over the one-mile journey.

A Calcutta company is doing a tremendous business today selling herbs that are guaranteed to cure any economic sickness. They will help you pass examinations, get a job, increase your sales, win lawsuits or make your enemies kneel before you.

In Arkansas, a wife—like anyone else—may sue her husband for personal injury caused by his negligence.



One of Nature's oddest creations is the Volvox, a minute fresh-water organism which is both a plant and an animal.

Krakatoa Island, between Java and Sumatra, had one of the world's most stupendous volcanic eruptions in 1883. It was heard 3,000 miles away and the ashes and dust, which were shot higher than 17 miles in the air, were carried to every country on earth.—*By C. H. Baker, Jr., New York City.*

New devices: An electrical sound machine which records, through microphones installed around a courtroom, an entire trial on a narrow steel tape; and a "dress visualizer" for stores which shows, by using mirrors and lantern slides, how dress patterns look in any fabric.

On St. Paul, a tiny, uninhabited island in the storm center of the Indian Ocean, ships not only keep a supply of food and clothing for shipwrecked mariners but regularly go out of their way to look for them there. Such is the brotherhood of the sea.

High school boys in 42 states now are taught home economics—how to cook, wash, iron, sew and hang curtains.—*By Eugene Myers, Great Falls, Montana.*

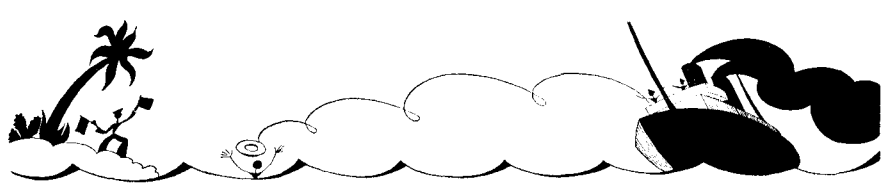
The Burmese have no family names. But every individual has two given names, the initials of which indicate the day of the week when he was born. That is very important.

Narcotine, an opium alkaloid, now is used to manufacture synthetically the vitamin C, the vital food substance—found in fresh fruits and vegetables—which prevents scurvy and similar deficiency diseases.—*By J. E. Hearn, New York City.*

Frenchmen make business. Parisian perfume makers are selling scent for everything from fountains to restaurants; indoor swimming pools are being stocked with fish—and jammed with anglers; and paint companies have sold a part of the country on coloring its roads red, green and yellow.

A recent study of the past life of 700 school teachers committed to mental hospitals shows that more than 90 per cent of them had never been interested in any kind of recreation such as the theater, dancing, travel, music or sports.

Collier's will pay $1 each for unusual facts accepted for this column. Give precise source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



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RAILWAYS OF FRANCE

1 East 57th Street, New York

The Gracious Lady

Continued from page 24

All the evidence points to the truth of his confession. And then some little thing turns up to show that the confessed criminal is lying, that he's trying to protect someone else, and—that's why, knowing that Martello called on Mr. Resolve yesterday—"

"You knew that?" Colby was shaken from his calm momentarily.

"Certainly I knew it. And if Mr. Resolve hadn't admitted it, I would have detained him, and don't you think anything else. I had Martello down here within twenty minutes after I got the news that Clayborne was dead. Because why? Because one of Swede Larkin's men was caught outside the station, a gat in his hand, and he blew his brains out when he was stopped. Davey Schwartz was picked up, too. But we haven't a thing on him. We haven't a thing on the Swede, either, with his man dead. But it isn't hard to piece together. Clayborne bankrolled Larkin. Clayborne got a bit too strong for Larkin. Clayborne intends to wipe out Mr. Resolve. Probably takes one of Larkin's men with him. And Larkin sees a chance to get rid of a partner. His man—name was Pete Foley—shoots Clayborne. Larkin has it figured that, with Clayborne down there, a gun in his hand, you'll be blamed for it. And you might have been if Foley hadn't lost his head, hadn't run instead of walking quietly away, hadn't killed himself when the cops reached for him.

"A nice out for Larkin, if it had worked. A nice out for him, anyway, as long as Foley is dead. Because I can't prove a thing. And the papers will bawl me out because I don't put the finger on the man behind Foley. And that man might have been you, Mr. Resolve. Martello said that he called on you to sell you some stuff. Your stories check. But if they hadn't—well, call again, Mr. Resolve."

"I hope not," said Colby. "And—will you want to be seeing Mrs. Clayborne? We were told that you were looking for her, too."

The commissioner shook his head.

"I was. It all depended. If Mr. Resolve had denied seeing Martello, I'd have wondered if Mrs. Clayborne and he—but you don't care about my wondering, do you? Evening, gentlemen."

Miss Frances Stone, of the Glass, was telephoning her city editor as Dean and Colby emerged from the commissioner's office. And Colby brushed through the group of newspaper men from other papers.

"See the commissioner," was his only answer to requests for information.

HE MOPPED his forehead as they finally climbed into a taxi and started uptown.

"Makes you wonder, doesn't it?" he said.

"Wonder?" echoed Dean.

"How many innocent people get involved in matters from which they can't extricate themselves. He honestly had a good-looking case against you. And there'll be war in gangdom tonight."

"Why?" asked Dean.

"Why was Martello's man at the station? That's a question, isn't it? Was he there, Dean, to protect you from Larkin's man and from Clayborne? And did Larkin have his partner wiped out, thinking that Martello's man — and you, possibly — would be blamed—well, those are questions that we won't worry about."

Dean put his hand to his head.

"Lord, no! I'm so bewildered, and —how must Rita feel? Jack, I've got to get to her—"

He fell back in his seat, and Colby forbore even the utterance of words of comfort.

"I'll be at the club—I'll dine there, Dean," he said, as the taxi stopped before Jinny Carpenter's home. "Later on, I'll be at home. If you want me—well, I'll be waiting."

Dean shook hands with him, and got out of the machine. He found Wallie Curtis in the Carpenter living-room. Pale with excitement, Wallie stammered a question.

"Yes, I saw the commissioner," said Dean. "I—guess it's all right. The man that killed Clayborne killed himself right afterward. Miss Stone evidently hadn't heard of that when she talked to us. Some sort of gangster fight."

"And you—and Rita—the police—"

"I don't think they'll bother us," said Dean wearily. "Where's Rita?"

"Jinny's with her. So is Mrs. Carpenter. She's been brave as could be. But I guess—" He stopped as Jinny entered the room.

PALE, worry in her blue eyes, Jinny looked questioningly at Dean.

"Is—do the police—"

"Everything's all right," said Dean.

"Then I'll tell Rita," cried Jinny.

She wheeled and hurried from the room. Wallie Curtis coughed, to cover an embarrassment that made him ache.

"Dean—if there's any darned thing—"

"I know, Wallie," said Dean. "But there isn't. Much obliged. If only Rita—"

She entered the room as he spoke. Behind her, Jinny beckoned to Wallie, who made an awkward exit. Dean held out his arms, but Rita avoided them, dropping wearily into a chair. It seemed to Dean, too, that she avoided his eyes. He fell on his knees beside her chair.

"Rita, darling, it's all right. I've seen the commissioner. It—was some sort of a gang quarrel. It seems that—Clayborne—well, he was mixed up, in some way—for excitement, probably—with some rum-runners—oh, never mind that. We have nothing to bother about."

She sighed.

"Except scandal," she said.

"But we don't care about that," he told her. "It isn't our fault that Clayborne—was mixed up in shady affairs. How can anyone blame us for that?"

"No one can—*blame* us," she said. "But oh, Dean, the newspapers. The *talk*. The—*the suspicion*."

"Suspicion? Don't be absurd," he cried. "Suspicion of what?"

"Didn't the police want to see you?" she asked.

"But they *have* seen me. And they aren't going to bother you at all. No one that knows is ever going to think—"

"But what about the millions that don't know us, the millions that will read the newspapers?" she argued.

"Well, what of them?" he debated. "What do we care about people we don't know? And, Rita darling, the newspapers can't say anything more than that I was questioned. After all, it's not evidence of wickedness that a man was *questioned*. The police questioned the people who saw the shooting. Does that involve those innocent bystanders in scandal?"

"They're different," she said. "You and I— I had been his wife. You—love me. Why, we'd even got our marriage license. We were even waiting for the minister to marry us." She shuddered. "Thank God he was late."

"I wish he'd been on time," said Dean. "If you were my wife—now—"

"Oh, I'm glad I'm not," she said.

"Glad?"

"Of course I am. To be married to you, and to have brought all this filthy notoriety upon you—oh, Dean, I couldn't have lived."

He put an arm about her. He even managed to smile at her.

"My darling, what would that matter? As a matter of fact, had we been married today we'd have had our notoriety, our publicity, in one batch. As it is, we'll have to get it twice—again when we are married."

"When we are married," she said slowly.

Something in her voice frightened him.

"Rita, *dear*," he said. "You're not going to let this — this unfortunate thing—prevent us from—"

"I don't know," she said listlessly.

"Don't know?" His hand, that touched her shoulder, gripped it fiercely. "Don't know? But of course you know. Rita, you love me, don't you?"

"You know that," she assured him.

"Then why—you love me. I love you. I admit that—for a few days—it might be well to postpone the marriage. But—not for long. Clayborne was not your husband. You divorced him. To pretend a respect for his memory would be to play a cheap farce."

"It isn't that. It's— Dean, you love me, and I love you. But—is that enough for a wife to bring her husband? If she is clouded with scandal, if tongues mutter as she appears—"

"What do we care?" he almost shouted.

"We have to care," she replied. "None of us live by ourselves, Dean. Or *for* ourselves. We have to have friends, companions—"

He laughed at her.

"You'd think that our friends were going to desert us. Why, Rita, you're out of your mind. Every friend we have will be more firmly our friend because—because of the injustice of any scandal attaching to you—to me."

"YOU really think that, Dean?" she asked.

"If they're friends, yes. And if they aren't—what do we care about them? But, Rita, you're too absurd. What is the scandal, after all? Your former husband is killed as I'm meeting you at the train. It will be hinted that perhaps he intended attacking us. But that—that reflects upon him, not upon us. Rita, there's been enough of this nonsense. You're overwrought, hysterical, as you jolly well ought to be. But in the morning, after a night's sleep—you'll feel differently."

She shook her head.

"Dean, I'm not so sure. I—no woman wants to feel that she brings to the man she marries anything but delight. To involve him in unpleasantness — oh, Dean, why did we have to love each other? Why couldn't I have married a man I could have cared for? Why couldn't you marry the girl that loves you, the girl that's mad for you?"

"I hope you're describing yourself, Rita," he smiled.

"I am. But I'm describing someone else, too. I'm describing Jinny. She loves you. You knew that, didn't you?"

He stared at her.

"I most certainly did not," he said slowly.

(To be continued next week)

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Not Too Hard-Boiled

Continued from page 14

that man, the Lord only knows. She was never one to complain, but anybody could see—"

We climbed the steps and had opened the front door when Spinks called: "Hey, Sergeant, is it all right to let Mr. Perkins come in?"

"Sure. He's the prosecuting attorney, and they might be some work for him to do. . . . Wait a minute; who's the lady, Mr. Perkins?"

"This is Mrs. Bancroft, Sergeant Henderson," said the prosecuting attorney. "She is a social service worker and has been charitably interested in this family."

"I have so wanted to help this poor family," Mrs. Bancroft gushed as we entered the house, "but Mrs. Maguire has consistently refused to accept our aid. I had persuaded Mr. Perkins to come here with me today to see if legal steps could not be taken to force, er—Mr. Maguire to—"

"Save it," Sergeant Henderson said shortly. We passed through the front bedroom and entered the dining-room.

THE place was as clean as it was bare. There were chairs, a round table, and a cupboard. Nothing else. On the spotless floor the lump that was Mike Maguire was something obscene.

Sergeant Henderson bent over the unlovely object.

"Dead as a doornail," he reported.

Mrs. Bancroft shuddered audibly, walked carefully around the table and disappeared into a rear room.

"See any marks of violence?" asked the prosecuting attorney.

"Nope, but the smell of bad booze near knocks you down. That was what killed Mike, I expect."

"I can smell it from here," said Mr. Perkins with a faint sniff of disgust.

Sergeant Henderson picked up an empty quart bottle from the table, smelled its mouth, and set it down. A coffee cup, still full of coffee, was the only other object on the table.

"Where's the kid that found him?" the sergeant demanded.

There was confusion at the rear door, and Mrs. Bancroft appeared in it.

"Here are Mrs. Maguire and her children, officer. She seems to be suffering from shock, and the children are terrified; so I thought I'd take them—"

"You can't take 'em nowheres right now," said the sergeant. "Set down, Mrs. Maguire, if you don't feel up to standing."

She slumped into a near-by chair, but continued to stare at us with eyes that were opened wide and expressionless, like the eyes of a sleep-walker. She was thin and pale. Her hands were tightly clenched under her apron, as though she would hold herself together by the frail strength of her arms.

Suddenly she moaned, like a dumb animal in pain, and spoke:

"He drank up the baby's shoe money. He took—"

"Hush, now, woman," said Sergeant Henderson. "Just you answer questions that are asked you. . . . Johnny, was you the one that found your pa?"

Johnny was nine or ten, the eldest of the five children. He stood a little apart from the rest, scorning to cling to his mother's skirts.

"Yes, sir; it was me that found him. I was out front, and I heard a turrible thumping—"

"You heard him fall?"

"Yes, sir; but I thought it was him walloping Ma; so I come running in."

"Did he beat your ma often?"

"Oh, sure. He wallops us all, 'cept little Sally there. But he only lays it on Ma when he gits full of likker and they ain't any more money to buy more hooch with. But I kin help Ma out a lot," he explained proudly. "I'm quicker'n Ma, and I kin run in, and when he turns around to clout me, I kin git out of his way."

The woman moaned, "I couldn't've stood it much longer. I just—"

Sergeant Henderson turned on her. "Can't you keep quiet while I'm talking to Johnny?" She subsided, and her eyes became dull again. Mrs. Bancroft started to speak, but a look from the sergeant silenced her. He turned to Johnny again.

"So you come running in like a good lad to help your ma out?"

"Yes, sir. But Ma, she wasn't in here, and fer a minute I didn't see *him*. And then I seen him laying there—" he pointed to the obscene object on the floor and faltered a moment—"and he looked so funny—not like when he passes out—he was so still-like, and laying crunched up like that—so I got skeered and run in the back room looking fer Ma. She was laying on the bed and crying, and I said, 'Ma, something has happened to Pa,' but she just kept on crying; so I run out on the street and yelled till Mr. Spinks come up to see what was going on."

"You're a fine lad, Johnny," said Sergeant Henderson, "and you done just right. Now, how long was you out front before you heard him fall?"

"No time, hardly. I went out right after I give him the paregoric, and—"

"Paregoric!" This was from the prosecuting attorney.

"Sure," said Sergeant Henderson. "Didn't you know these gin-heads drink paregoric, or extract, or liniment, or anything they can git when their booze runs out?"

"Sure," Johnny echoed importantly. "Pa, he always drinks paregoric when he runs out of hooch."

"And he didn't have no more whisky?" the sergeant prompted.

"No, sir. He had drunk up all of Ma's washing money, and—"

"He took the baby's shoe money," the woman aroused herself to say. "He found where I'd hid it, and he drank that up, too."

Sergeant Henderson glared at her, and Mrs. Bancroft clucked at him like an angry hen. One of the smaller children whimpered, "Ma, take me up." She shoved the child away gently with an elbow, without removing her hands from under her apron, and whispered, "Hush, Mamma's tired."

"TELL us just what happened, Johnny," said Sergeant Henderson.

"He drunk the last out of the bottle—that one there," Johnny pointed—"then he hollered to Ma to make him some coffee. She made some, and I took him a cup. But he didn't drink none of it. See? Then he hollered fer the paregoric. Ma, she's skeered to git around him when he's like that; so she told me to go git it fer him."

"And you went and got it for him?" the sergeant asked.

"Yes, sir. I went to the medicine cabinet, and I hollered and asked Ma, 'Which 'un is it, Ma? The one on the left?' She didn't say nothing; so I went to the kitchen door and asked her again. She was setting down, resting. Ma was feeling pretty bad, on account of Pa being drunk longer than ever this time. So she didn't say anything, but just looked out the winder with that funny

(Continued on page 50)

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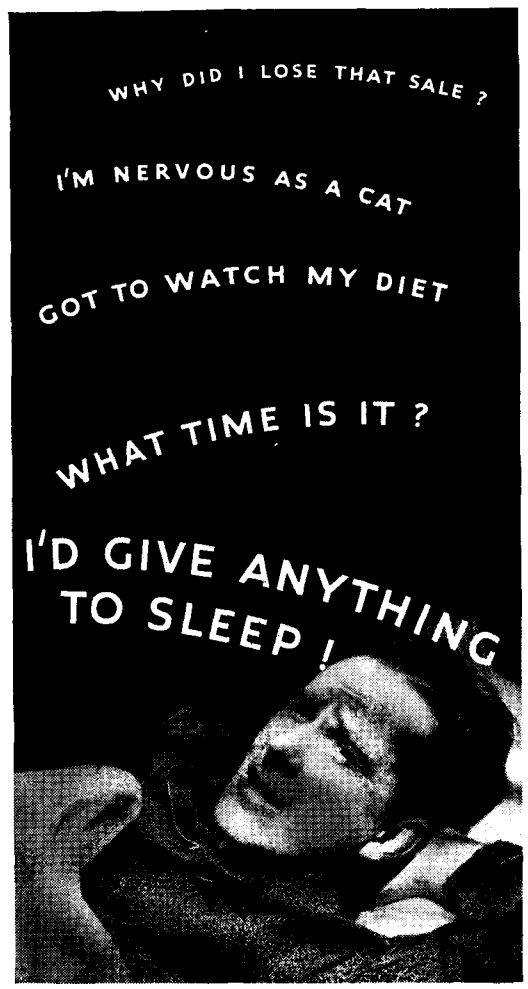

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(Continued from page 49)

look she gits sometimes. But I know when I ask Ma something and she don't say nothing, she means yes.

"So I went back and took Pa the paregoric, and he snatched it and he said, 'Now, git outta here, you young whelp.' So I got out, and—and I guess that's all I know."

The prosecuting attorney said: "The paregoric on top of all that liquor was enough to—but where's the paregoric bottle?" he asked suddenly.

Mrs. Maguire began to sob. "My poor children, so innocent and helpless. I couldn't've stood it no longer. I could take care of them—"

Sergeant Henderson turned on her savagely. "Shut up your sniveling, woman. Shut up, I tell you! That kind of stuff is enough to drive a man to drink."

Mr. Perkins said, "Oh, come now, Sergeant."

Mrs. Bancroft shrilled, "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, you brute."

Mrs. Maguire stared at the sergeant and swayed dizzily. Sergeant Henderson caught her as she fell.

Carrying the slender figure lightly in his arms, Sergeant Henderson strode quickly through the kitchen into a rear bedroom. Mrs. Bancroft paused to help Johnny with the young ones. Mr. Perkins stood aside for the children and looked helpless. I followed the sergeant.

He laid her gently on the bed. She opened her eyes, looked at her empty hands, and tried frantically to rise. I heard the sergeant say soothingly:

"Now, just lie quiet, Mrs. Maguire. Everything's gonna be all right. I understand how it was, and I'm your friend. I've always been your friend, ain't I, when Mike got too bad? I'm your friend now, and I'm gonna help you. Just don't talk. Understand? I'll fix everything."

She nodded, sank back on the bed, and closed her eyes. Mrs. Bancroft came charging into the room.

"I'm going to report you for this," she stormed. "I'll have you discharged for treating this poor woman in such a brutal manner. I'll—"

"Shut up!" said Sergeant Henderson, "and get some water. Go get some water, I tell you!" he roared. Mrs. Bancroft went.

THE sergeant lowered his voice to a gentle murmur: "Now, where is it? Tell me where it is."

Her eyes were wide again. "I thought you—"

"No! I mean the other one. The one he wanted."

"In the medicine cabinet. In the kitchen."

"O. K. Now close your eyes. Quick!"

Mrs. Bancroft returned with a pan of water. "Did you bring some smelling salts or camphor?" the sergeant asked. "No, you wouldn't. Well, bathe her face, and I'll find something."

Sergeant Henderson went out, and I heard him clattering around in the kitchen. Mrs. Bancroft clucked and fussed over Mr. Maguire, who soon opened her eyes; the exhausted woman wearily submitted to Mrs. Bancroft's ministrations, but kept her eyes on the door through which the sergeant had disappeared.

He returned presently and reported, "I couldn't find no camphor, but I don't guess she needs it now. Everything will be all right now, Mrs. Maguire. Just you rest easy."

"You're a fine one to be telling her to rest easy, after the way you acted," said Mrs. Bancroft. "You won't rest so easy, I warn you, after I've reported you to the police committee."

The sergeant ignored her. "Come on, Jack," he said to me. "Let's finish up this business and git back to the office."

"Is she all right?" Mr. Perkins asked as we returned to the dining-room.

"Yeah," the sergeant answered indifferently. "Nothing wrong with her."

"You shouldn't have spoken so roughly to her," the other ventured.

"Aw, she got on my nerves with her sniveling."

Sergeant Henderson went around the table and stooped over the sprawling body of Mike Maguire. He rolled the inert figure over, grunting with the exertion, and straightened up with an exclamation of satisfaction.

"There it is," he said, tossing a small bottle on the table.

Mr. Perkins picked it up, sniffed at it, and put it back on the table.

"Paregoric, all right," he said.

"Well, that's that," said the sergeant. "A plain case of alcoholism. You ready to go, Jack?"

At the front steps we encountered Dr. Kilgore, the county coroner.

"What about it, Sergeant?" he asked.

"Old Mike Maguire just drank hisself to death, that's all, Doc. Been on a four-day jag and topped it off with a swig of paregoric. He just fell out."

"Nothing for me to do, then?"

"I think not," said Mr. Perkins.

"Not unless you just want to practice," said the sergeant.

"Blah!" said the coroner. "I'm late for dinner already. Call one of the undertakers, will you, Sergeant, and tell him I said he could move the body."

"O. K. See you later, Doc."

The sergeant and I rode in silence for a dozen blocks. Then I said: "Let me see that bottle, Sergeant."

"That prosecutor, now," said the sergeant, as though he hadn't heard, "he'd try to send his grandma to the jug if he thought it'd boost his rep."

"It's fortunate Perkins didn't go back through the kitchen," I said. "The sink reeked with paregoric."

"And that Bancroft buzzard. Phooey! 'I have so wanted to help this poor family,' " he mimicked. "I wouldn't trust her as far as I could kick a tractor."

"I can't understand how you got wise so promptly," I said. "I didn't tumble until you went looking for camphor."

"A WOMAN can put up with just so much," the sergeant reflected. "Last time I was out there and got Mike, Mrs. Maguire told me she was gonna give up and bump herself off if things didn't git better. Said the bottle was handy, and the only thing that kept her back was the children. She was actually craving to die, poor woman."

"I see," I said.

"Let me see the bottle, Sergeant," I asked presently. "You know I won't talk out of turn."

"No," he said. "You seen too much already."

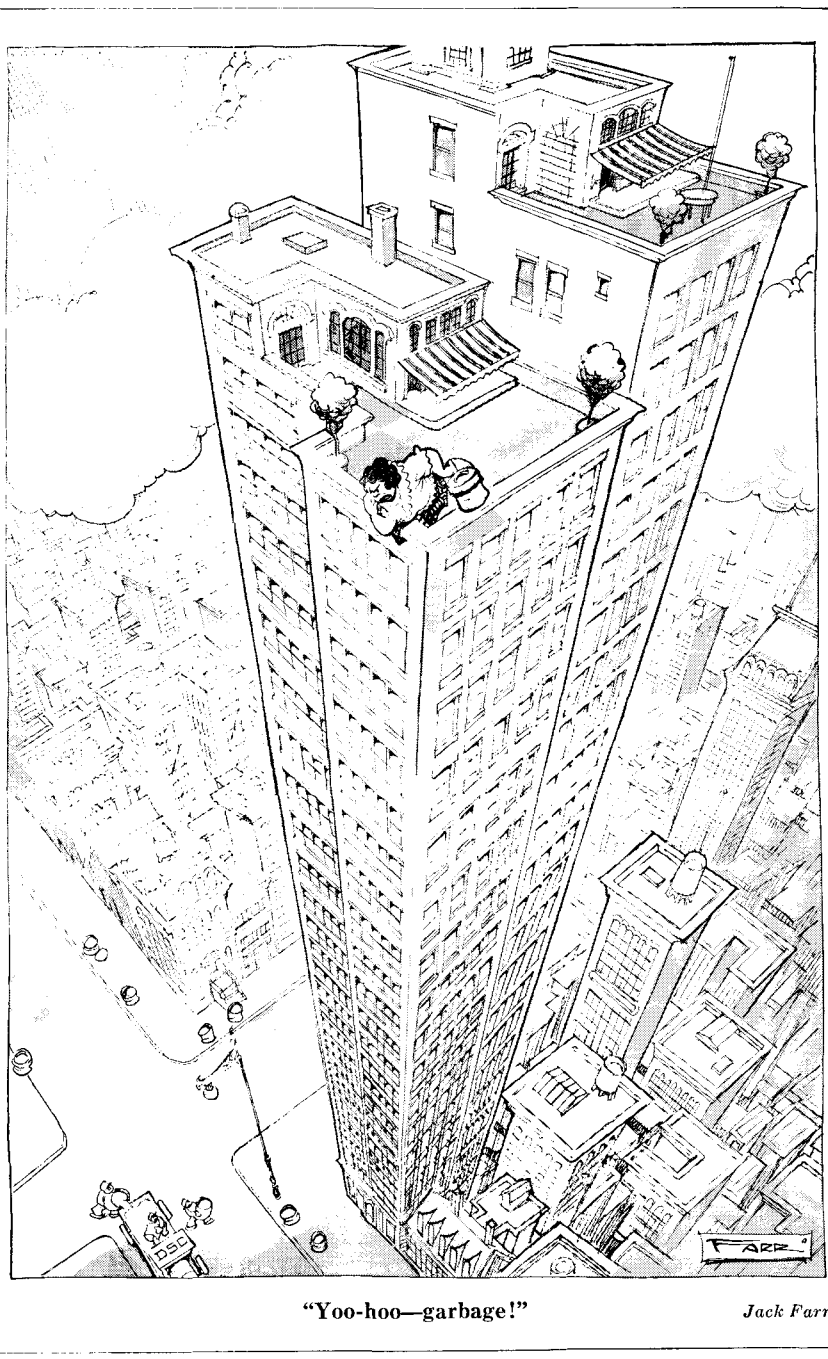
He stopped the car at the curb, got out, and walked over to a sewer opening. I heard the faint tinkle of glass. He came back to the car and got in.

"That's that," he said.

We drove on, both of us silent again for a while.

"Maybe it *was* a mistake, after all," I suggested.

"Maybe," the sergeant agreed heartily.



"Yoo-hoo—garbage!" *Jack Farr*

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A Man Must Fight

Continued from page 12

bodyguard was feeling each blow more than I.

In the seventh round, after some fifty seconds of jabbing, feinting and mixing, I led a straight left which Dempsey crossed with a long right. This hit me high. I realized it. So did Dempsey. I danced back a step or two. Dempsey followed. With a long left swinging hook, he hit me on the right side of the chin. It was a savage punch and shook me up. To this day I cannot understand how I missed seeing it as it came.

I got furious at myself for being hit by that kind of swing. It had actually been telegraphed. How stupid of me! Such was my reaction. Suddenly a right followed which I partially rode. My back was to the ropes. I leaned against them quite relaxed. Rebounding with a spring, I raised my guard.

Down for the First Time

Dempsey slipped in with another left hook that got inside my guard and hit me as I sprang from the ropes. This blow had the added force of catching me as I hurled myself forward. It landed again on the right side of the chin. It was a terrific blow. I began sagging against the ropes. It was the fourth he had landed in quick succession.

As I slowly crumpled to the canvas, being partially supported and held up by the ropes, he followed with a hard right, a left and another right. By the time the last right landed I was just short of sitting on the canvas. Seven vicious punches in all. I have no recollection of the last three.

This was the first time in my life I had ever been knocked down. After getting to the floor I slowly went back toward a reclining position. Before my shoulder blades touched the canvas, I instinctively reached out with my left hand and, taking hold of the lower rope, pulled myself into a sitting position.

My first conscious reaction was one of comfort. Gosh, the padded floor felt good! I noticed that the distance between my eyes and the canvas seemed short—I was sitting on it. I must be down, I must be down!

"You must have been knocked down," I told myself rather foolishly. "You have been knocked down. Look here, Tunney, you must get up. Sure, sure, get up! But . . . What shall I do when I do get up?"

I looked over at my corner. Bronson and Gibson were wild-eyed, beckoning me to stay down. I nodded, recognizing them and their message. I looked up. There was the referee. I heard him say "Two." I had lots of time—lots of time.

What to do when I did get up became the problem. Although I had never been knocked down before, I had thought of the possibility of it from the early days of my career. I had decided that one of two courses might be followed to try to ward off defeat after a knockdown. Every thoughtful boxer goes on the assumption that sooner or later he will have the experience of being knocked down. To anticipate is to be prepared.

Since a man who has been knocked down usually loses the power of locomotion, it follows that he must clinch if and when he rises. I had never seen a man completely knocked out or cleanly knocked down get up and propel himself out of danger. When a complete knockout is administered the recipient usually has to have his legs lifted up so he may get through the ropes and out of the ring. Because of the belief that this partial paralysis of the legs always followed a knockdown, I decided it would be wiser to clinch with an opponent and hold on until my head cleared. Moreover, a clinch affords one a chance to take a light blow on the shoulder or chest as an excuse to go down for another count. These extra nine seconds would enable one to clear one's head entirely and get back the strength of the legs.

But now I had to dismiss this first alternative because of the danger of Dempsey's rabbit blow, which I knew he would use if I attempted to clinch when I got up, and which would probably cause a complete collapse.

There was left the other alternative. It was to gamble with an opponent. Usually after a fighter knocks another one down, particularly when it is unexpected, he gets excited in spite of himself. In this excitement and his desire to "kill" he usually leaves himself open. At this moment a well-placed punch, properly timed, is apt to turn defeat into victory.

I realized that Dempsey, by constant conscious effort in his training bouts, shadow-boxing and road work, had learned to keep his chin on his chest. This constant precautionary measure developed an instinctive habit of keeping his chin tucked down when in action.

Because of this habit, I knew that Dempsey, as he came at me for the "kill," would be a bad gamble. My blow would probably land on the top of his head or on his forehead while his would undoubtedly hit me on the chin or jaw. Another blow on either, after getting up, was not going to help me. That I realized.

Therefore, in those few seconds that I rested on the canvas waiting for the referee to say "Nine!" I had to discard the plans that I had thought of for years and expected to put to use in such an emergency as I was now in.

I determined that I must avoid allowing Dempsey to close in on me when I got up. I remembered that in the early part of the fight, as I feinted him and moved away, he would flounder after me. This was the cue to my safest course: To get up and make him chase me. Years of practice in running backward in road work would help me now.

To the average person the possibility of all this thinking, weighing, rejecting and deciding seems incredible in so short a space of time. Considering that thought in the normal person is instantaneous, I can readily understand the development of a faculty for emergency thinking.

Resilience, precision and decisiveness were needed. My years of training had provided them. Determined to get the last part of a second that was mine, I rose as the referee raised his hand to say—TEN!

According to the Rules

There has been considerable question about the length of time I was on the floor. Many newspaper men at the ringside said that the referee lost two seconds in taking Dempsey from behind me and putting him into a neutral corner. Leo Flynn, Dempsey's chief second, said that the stop-watch in his corner registered fourteen seconds, from the time I went down until I got up. It was agreed by all the experts to accept Flynn's timing. Even photographs were taken of this magic watch, the next day, registering fourteen seconds. Wonderful provision and thoughtfulness there, dear Percival! I have never found out what the official timekeeper's watch registered. It did not matter.

Realizing, as do all professional boxers, that the first nine seconds of a knockdown belong to the man who is on the floor, I never had any thought of getting up before the referee said "Nine!" Only badly dazed boxers who have momentarily lost consciousness, and "show-offs," fail to take the nine seconds that are theirs. No boxer that I have ever known has carried a stop-watch on his wrist going into the ring. They always go by the referee's counting. Whether twenty-nine seconds or nine seconds had elapsed when the referee said "NINE!" would have made no difference to me. My signal to get off the floor was the count—nine! The action of the referee in not taking up the count immediately when I went on the floor, regardless of where Dempsey was, is another question.

Football, tennis, baseball, swimming, golf and all the popular sports have rules by which the contestants abide. There is usually an arbiter in the form of an umpire or referee to see that the rules are enforced. Dave Barry, in his refusal to count until Dempsey had moved from behind me and had gone to a neutral corner, was merely enforcing the rule insisted upon by Leo Flynn, Dempsey's manager, and agreed upon by the promoter, the commissioners and the boxers. Any other action of Barry's would have been in direct contradiction of the Illinois Boxing Commission rules, under which we boxed that night. The Commission later, in disallowing Dempsey's protest, upheld Referee Barry's handling of the situation.

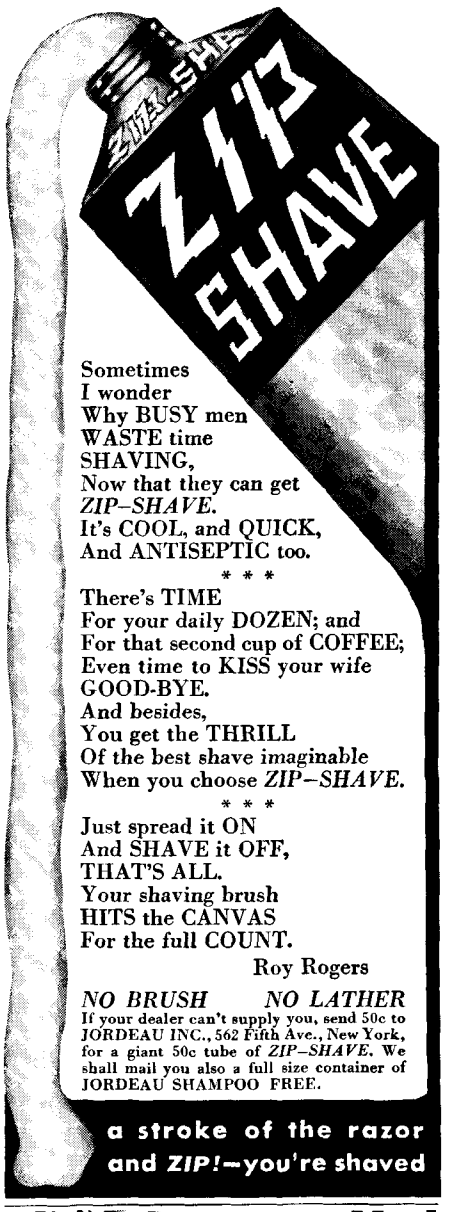
Ten-Round Fights Are Too Short

Each state makes its own rules, which become a part of the law legalizing boxing. There is very little of the original Queensberry code in the various states' rules governing boxing. But each state has as part of the law the clause regarding knockdowns, so that it becomes not only an "unsporting" thing to stand behind a fallen opponent but unlawful.

Had Dempsey and I been boxing under the old London prize-ring rules, at the knockdown the round would have ended and I would have had thirty-eight seconds in which to come to scratch. The matches under the old London prize-ring rules were always to a finish with bare knuckles. The only virtue about this kind of fighting was that it put each man to the final test. They were most boring spectacles, however, for after the hands got sore and disabled the contestants became wrestlers. These ten-round fights for the world's heavyweight championship are entirely too short in which to establish truly the better man. They are decidedly disadvantageous to the skillful man who goes on the principle of the constant drop of water wearing away the stone. It could only be by sheer accident that a man of my style could knock out a man of Dempsey's strength, resistance and courage inside ten rounds. Fifteen rounds is the minimum number in which a man can establish his superiority as a champion fighter unless a knockout intervenes. However, I am in favor of twenty-round matches for heavyweight championship fights.

"Your legs are fine," was the first thought I had after rising. Dempsey was darting toward me from the corner. He was crouching forward. His head was about four feet from the floor. A savage scowl covered his face as he looked up from below his heavy eyebrows. With his right hand up as a

(Continued on page 52)



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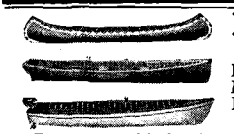

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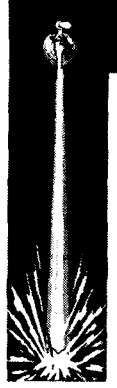

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(Continued from page 51)

guard, the left hand dragged along the floor until he got within hitting distance.

"This time," I said to myself, "you will catch that left and not be sucker enough to walk into it again!"

I waited until it got three quarters of the way on its course and then picked it off. In doing so, I started to circle to his right. This was to stay out of the way of his left hook.

After circling the ring once and avoiding eight or nine swings, I realized that I could circle him faster than he could follow. I bided my time, remaining physically relaxed. Presently, I decided it was time to try to nail him. I slowed up until he got within hitting distance; suddenly I lunged forward with a straight right that hit him on the temple. This was unexpected. His knees buckled a bit. We exchanged five or six blows in close before the referee separated us. I then circled to his left side.

Mr. Capone Speaks

He made several futile attempts to catch me with long swings. Slowing up again, I lunged forward with another right-hand punch and hit him on the cheek-bone. Again his knees buckled. We clinched. The referee separated us. I renewed circling to his left. He sensed that if he kept up this futile chase, he would be knocked out. Either of the two blows that I hit him had sufficient force for a knockout if placed on a more vulnerable spot.

He then decided on a grand-stand gesture. The ridiculousness of the situation can be most appreciated by a professional boxer. Here was I, just up from a count, and while avoiding his attempts to put me down again for keeps, being gestured by my opponent to come in so that he could land the finishing punch or punches!

I thought this gesture an acknowledgment of discouragement; so, cautiously moving about, I got what I thought was an opening for a right at his body. I lunged forward with the same power of the other two blows and hit him under the heart. He grunted.

I want to say here that Dempsey's actions after this blow proved to me that he possessed the stick-to-itiveness that makes him great amongst champions. He made no attempt to go down but, bending forward, his arms close to his body, weaved until the bell rang.

In the spring of 1929, while coming north on the train after promoting the Sharkey-Stribling fight at Miami Beach, Dempsey went into the compartment of Roy Howard and Ray Long, the publishers. After talking a little while about the Chicago fight and, in particular, that seventh round, Dempsey exclaimed:

"The right-hand punch under the heart that Tunney hit me when he got off the floor in the seventh round was the hardest blow I have ever received. It was not a question in my mind of being knocked out—I thought I was going to die. I could not get my breath."

Following the knockdown at the opening of the eighth round, Dempsey again demonstrated the kind of courage he has. Every newspaper account of those last three rounds describes Jack as a human punching bag. Yet, aside from the knockdown in the early part of the eighth, he was never off his feet.

When the decision was given I walked across to Jack's corner. He advanced to meet me and said, "Congratulations, Gene; it was a good fight! I did the best I could."

The following day Eddie Sullivan, alderman for my old Greenwich Village district, and Jimmy Eagleton ran into Al Capone at the railroad station. Al had come down to see some friends off for New York. Eagleton had been to his hotel, the night before the fight, where Al was showing to the out-of-town visitors the warm and generous hospitality of Chicago.

Capone said to Eagleton and Sullivan, who were about to board the train, "I lost $45,000 on the fight but I don't give a damn because Tunney is from New York. Before the fight I heard Tunney was up in his training camp with a lot of lavender boys in golf clothes and that they did not know what it was all about. I couldn't understand fellers like Gibson and Tunney coming from New York being so dumb. So I says this to the guys that told me to go and bet as much as I wanted on Dempsey and that everything was O. K. One of these guys tells me: 'They're all saps. They gotta coupla college guys up there with them runnin' the camp. Tunney's too busy wid his books. He's a mug, I tell yer!' So against my best judgment, I bet against Tunney.

"At five o'clock I had word that the Commission had switched the referee. I did not have time to get off, but what the hell! These mugs in Chicago think New Yorkers are all suckers. Why, I came out here from Brooklyn seven years ago and they ain't made a sucker of me yet."

There was talk of a return match. There was still a question in the minds of many as to who was the better man.

I felt as bad about the incident of the seventh round as Dempsey. The subsequent publicity made it obligatory for us to meet a third time. Realizing this, I decided to give Dempsey a third match, only stipulating that it should be for at least fifteen rounds.

At a conference at the Union League Club in New York between Tex Rickard, Richard Hoyt, chairman of the Board of the Madison Square Garden Corporation, Bernard F. Gimbel, George Whiteside, my lawyer, Rickard's lawyer and myself, Rickard was authorized to meet any demand that Dempsey might make that was within reason for a return engagement of fifteen rounds. It would surely have been the largest purse ever paid a challenger.

But Dempsey turned a deaf ear to Rickard's constant pleadings and finally, in a telegram which Rickard subsequently showed us, said, "Count me out, Tex."

With Dempsey out and no likely-looking opponent around, I began to lose interest. Tex did not ask to tear up the contract which he had signed a few days before the Chicago fight in which he agreed to provide an opponent for me during the year 1928 in the event I was still champion, and for which he was to pay me a guaranty of $525,000.

About This "Killer Instinct"

To meet his contract Tex selected Tom Heeney, who had the best record of all the "tournamentalists" as my opponent for that year. Sharkey would have been ideal from the point of view of gate receipts, but just when he had the match in his hand, Tom Heeney bested him, so Rickard thought. I did not see the match. After the Heeney fight Risko gained a fifteen-round decision over him. This unfortunately eliminated him as a contender. Heeney subsequently got a decision over Risko and, though Heeney turned out to be the poorest drawing card Rickard could have selected, he was entitled to the match on achievement.

Before the Heeney match I became engaged to be married. I decided this would be my last ring contest. During the training period for this fight I was completely free from annoyance and worry.

The fight with Heeney, I believe, was the most skillful performance of my career. Everything clicked in unison. Heeney was stopped in the eleventh round after putting up a most courageous resistance.

After this fight there was considerable speculation on the part of newspaper men and fans as to why I had backed away refusing to hit Heeney in the eighth round when he was in obvious pain and helpless from a blow over the left eye. It was laid to timidity by some, to sportsmanship by others, and, by the more fiction-minded, as conclusive proof of the lack of a "killer instinct"—"that indispensable quality of the successful fighter."

I have always been amused by that phrase, "killer instinct." It has been written of exhaustively as a virtue. It was coined for prize fighting; it is now being employed in describing football and other athletic contests. In pugilism it is defined as that fierce urge to beat one's opponent helpless, hang him on the ropes, push him out of the ring, knock him unconscious, kill him, win.

In my humble opinion, a great deal of what is described as the killer instinct is merely a burning desire to win, to win brutally or skillfully, fairly or foully. It is the emotional reaction to violent physical competition. The higher in human development one goes, the more controlled one finds this reaction. Acting on instinct has always meant to me a suspension of reason. How does one adhere to rules under such circumstances? All the killer-instinct boys of my acquaintance obey the rules—when the referee is looking.

Humane Interest

For myself, I was always guided by reason in the ring. For everything I did, I had a reason. When I moved back from Heeney an experience of a friend, a splendid little fellow, had come to my mind.

While in Hollywood making "the greatest serial ever produced"—*The Fighting* Marine—I attended a fight show one night. Gene Delmont, my friend, who seconded me in some A. E. F. matches in France, was in the star bout. Gene went very well for the first three rounds, winning rather easily. At the beginning of the fourth, Gene stepped into a terrific right-hand punch that seemed to land on his forehead. There was an instant reversal of form. Gene backed away. He clinched. He hung on. The referee had a hard time breaking them. The crowd started razzing. Gene was stalling. The fifth round was a repetition of the fourth. Delmont's opponent started getting to him in the sixth, pounding him rather severely. The audience continued booing. The eighth, ninth and tenth rounds were tests of endurance for little Delmont. Leaving the ring, Gene got an unmerciful booing and razzing. The brave ones in the audience called him profane names.

I believed something was wrong, so I went back to the dressing-room. Gene was weeping; the names he had been called when leaving the ring had hurt. I asked him what happened in the fourth round. And this was his answer:

"I got a punch over the left eye that didn't hurt much. I thought it closed my eye. I couldn't see with it. When I got back to my corner I told one of my seconds that the eyelash was in my eye. I asked him to open the eye and turn the lash out.

"'Your eye is open,' he said.

"'Stop kidding me,' I said. 'I can't see a thing. Open it.'

"'I tell you it is open,' he insisted.

"Like a death sentence I realized I was blind in that eye. The doctor now tells me I am going . . ."

And so I could not hit Heeney again.

THE END

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TALLIES SCORES ETC.

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge in a Nutshell

	North S. A-Q-4 H. J-7-6-5 D. 7-5 C. 8-7-6-3	
West S. K-J-10 H. 2 D. K-8-4-2 C. A-K-Q-5-4		*East* S. 9-8-7-6 H. None D. J-10-9-6-3 C. J-10-9-2
	South (Dealer) S. 5-3-2 H. A-K-Q-10-9-8-4-3 D. A-Q C. None	

THE above hand, published in last week's Collier's, was played in a Duplicate Contract tournament and is one of the most remarkable distributions of cards ever dealt.

At only three of the many tables did the bidding get as high as six Hearts, and at all three the declaration was reached by the aid of the Game-Demand two-Club bid. The bidding was: South two Clubs, West pass, North two Diamonds (denying an Ace and a King), East pass, South four Hearts (a guarantee that the hand, unassisted, contained practically ten tricks with Hearts the trump), West pass and North six Hearts.

North's slam declaration, while involving some danger, was based on South's apparent confidence that with Hearts the trump, his hand unassisted would take ten, or nearly ten tricks, and North furnished assistance by holding four trumps headed by an honor, a doubleton in Diamonds, and the Ace-Queen of Spades.

At one of the tables when South started with a two-Club bid, West tried to interfere with the North-South intelligence department by calling three Clubs. North and East passed, and South's second-round bid was four Hearts.

At one of the three tables that bid for the small slam it failed because, in addition to losing a Spade, the Diamond finesse proved unsuccessful; the play there and also at most of the non-slam bidding tables produced only eleven tricks by what perhaps may be called the natural play of the hand. The slam was made at two of the three tables where it was bid, at one of them in the following manner:

West led the King of Clubs; South ruffed with the Ace of Hearts (to give dummy as many entries as possible) and led the Ten of Hearts, dummy's Jack winning. To trick 3 dummy led a Club which South ruffed with the King of Hearts, and on trick 4 dummy was put in a second time by South's leading the Four of Hearts and dummy winning with the Five. To trick 5 dummy led a third round of Clubs, South once more trumping high—this time with the Queen. To trick 6 closed hand led the Trey of Hearts and dummy won with the Six; at trick 7 the elimination of the Clubs was completed, dummy leading its fourth Club and South ruffing; and to trick 8, a Spade was led by South and the Queen finesse taken in the dummy. When this won, dummy followed with the Ace of Spades to trick 9 and then the King of Spades being marked in the West hand, the Four of Spades was led by dummy and West won.

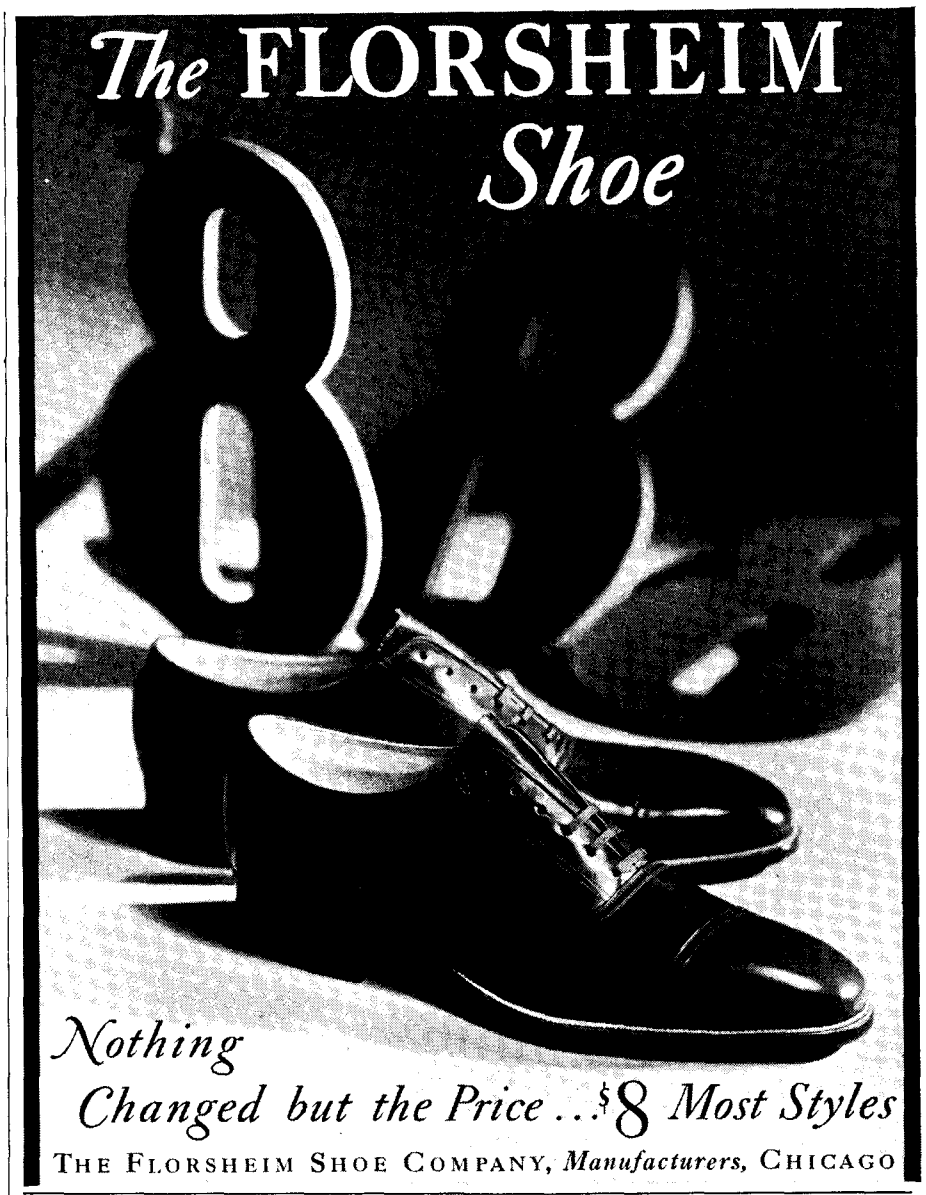
It now was immaterial whether West led a Club or a Diamond. If the former, one of Declarer's hands ruffed and the other discarded a losing Diamond; if the latter, it was up to closed hand's Ace-Queen. Either lead produced a small slam.

The play at this table involved plenty of complications and the Declarer's performance was brilliant; but at the other table where the slam was made, West imagined that there was a possibility of defeating the contract by an exit play—but, as we shall see, he found the exit closed when he reached it. After the play of the first three tricks (South having ruffed high, put dummy in with a trump and then led a second round of Clubs) West realized what South was trying to accomplish and determined to checkmate it if possible by as brilliant an exit play as was ever attempted. The only way for West to save himself from leading a Diamond up to the South hand was to trust that East held the Nine of Spades; if so, West, by chucking his high Spades, might permit East to take the only Spade trick that could be won by his side, after which East would lead a Diamond. West tried to accomplish this by discarding the King and Jack of Spades on Declarer's trump leads at tricks 4 and 6, and had only one Spade (the Ten) when Declarer led a Spade at trick 8.

At that point of the play this Declarer had Ace-Queen-Four of Spades in dummy. He led a small Spade from closed hand and West played the Ten; it was tempting to win with the Queen but the Declarer resisted the temptation. West's Ten was permitted to take the trick and West, to his vexation, found himself "on the inside looking out." Another way by which this Declarer could have made his slam was to win two Spades in dummy and then lead a Diamond, take the trick with the Ace and put West in with the Queen.

Next Week's Hand

North	*East*
S. 6-3-2	S. A-K-5
H. 9-7-6-5-4-2	H. A-8-3
D. K-Q-3	D. A-4
C. 6	C. 10-7-4-3-2
West	*South (Dealer)*
S. None	S. Q-J-10-9-8-7-4
H. K-Q-J-10	H. None
D. 7-6-2	D. J-10-9-8-5
C. K-Q-J-9-8-5	C. A



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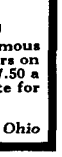

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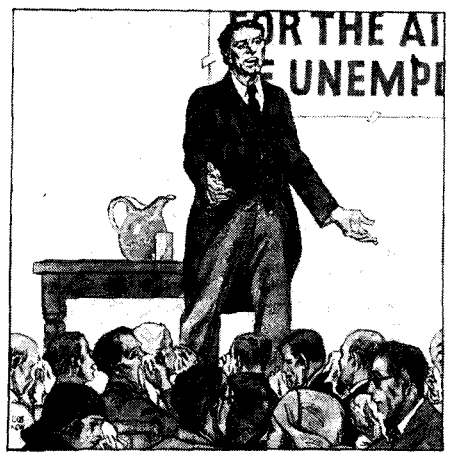
Managing Editor



Logic, Come Home

AS a nation, as a people, as a race, we reject logic. We are sentimentalists and apparently proud of it. Yet, bogged down in sentimental woes, we clamor for conditions that are not obtainable without rational thinking and logical action.

We rear a structure of government that discards nothing of the old and is forever adding something new. Unhappily the new is usually in the form of taxes.

We pass laws that presently place a premium on law-breaking. Instead of repealing such errors we merely pass other laws calling for more prisons which, of course, add to our individual bills for government—taxes.

We rear a system of government wherein our rulers are so far removed from their constituencies that only mass indignation brought white hot to the polls can unseat them.

We permit a crazy bureaucratic plant to grow to smothering proportions in Washington and wonder why tender seeds of reform fail to sprout.

We are Republicans or we are Democrats and all look and vote so much alike that only party designations separate us. All else is red radicalism—which we know to be untrue—but we are too lazy, too deep in sanguine sloth, to act upon what we know to be true and know to be false.

We cultivate a mode of living and a code of laws which permit a condition we call depression to stop us in our tracks; a system that makes it possible for seven million workers to be thrown out of employment without knowing exactly why. And then we are called upon by politicians who won their office by pledges of social and economic reform to pay additional taxes to support the suffering idle. And in the next election we reward the politician whose voice has been the loudest and whose programs of unemployment relief the longest. What we have refused to consider is that maybe unemployment isn't necessary, that there may be a scheme of government that might prevent or at least minimize it. What we do is to elect men, not ideas; voices, not intellects.

We hope to live long enough to see sentimentality recognized for what it is—a prerogative of those that can afford to be sentimental. And logic for what it is—the poor man's salvation. We hope you do too.

Helping Ourselves

ARE we merely the victims of a great world depression which began in other lands and finally spread to America? Do we have to set the rest of the world to rights before we can climb out ourselves?

The President has many times declared that we are in a depression which is only a part of a world depression. After all, Presidents are only human. Most Presidents who have suffered depressions in their administrations have blamed them on world conditions. The Democrats blamed Harrison's tariff for the depression of 1891. But Harrison said this measure had "been in some degree checked by the surprising and very unfavorable monetary events in England." In 1893, when the panic deepened, Cleveland's friends insisted it was due to world conditions he could not alter.

In 1907 Roosevelt was charged with producing a panic with his anti-trust crusades. He replied: "I don't care what they say. It's not true. Anyhow the depression has been caused by world conditions."

Wilson's trade and money reforms were blamed for the depression of 1913. He denied it and said, "The country is suffering from disturbances in Europe, chiefly due to the Balkan wars and the repercussions of these wars in various countries in Europe."

President Hoover, all through 1931, quite naturally, adopted an explanation which located the causes of the depression well beyond his reach.

Fortunately, the explanation is inadequate. If we must wait for the world to get right we will be a long time out of joint. Our depression did not begin in Europe. It began in our own good old U. S. A. It began in little depressions here and there which spread into bigger depressions and finally enveloped us all. Even before the 1929 drop our purchasing power was affected.

In 1929 the purchasing power of certain great groups in America was reduced below former years by the following amounts, which are conservative figures: oat growers $67,000,000; barley farmers $38,000,000; corn growers $250,000,000; wheat farmers $170,000,000; cotton planters $80,000,000. Here was $605,000,000 of purchasing power lost from our farms. Some other losses of purchasing power here were: silk industry $75,000,000; textiles $200,000,000; rubber $100,000,000—another $375,000,000; or nearly a billion altogether. Yet all the time foreign purchasing power increased. We sold abroad $262,000,000 more in 1928 than in 1927 and $112,000,000 more in 1929 than in 1928. We lost buyers at home before we lost them abroad.

We have had a depression in America largely because we have made mistakes in America. We produced unsalable surpluses. We plunged into wild speculation. We neglected the human elements in our economic life. When the crash came we looked for alibis. Business blamed Congress; Congress blamed Wall Street. We blamed the President; the President blamed the rest of the world. Health comes to us now because we are blaming ourselves.

Our unsalable surpluses in stores and factories have been wiped out. The textile industry shows signs of life. So does the shoe industry. The automobile industry goes back to work.

The depression began with little depressions, points of infection, spreading their poison. Now in the same way focal points of better business appear—factories, communities, industries here and there winning back to health. As good neighbors and for good business we ought not to neglect our duties to other nations. But the chief obstacles to recovery are within our own boundaries.

The Southern Manner

SOMETIMES we get a headache when we think of what a wonderful place the United States is—just a great big paradise of cogs and wheels, where life is eased by wallbeds, surrounded by pushbuttons, and borne on the rubber tires of scientific gadgets. Despair overcomes us at the prospect of a country so completely systematized that there remains no room amid the mechanism of comforts for the amenities of human relations. In such reactionary moments of depression over too much of a good thing, our salvation is to think of Opelika in Alabama.

We were visiting friends there once, and had to get up betimes to catch a train. "Be sure to set your alarm!" we fussed. Our host, who has traveled quite a bit, smiled: "In this town," he explained, "when people wish to get up early they call the police station the night before and leave word. The policeman keeps a call card just like a hotel clerk. At the hour you specify he rings you on the telephone. And he always rings again five minutes later to make sure you haven't gone back to bed. Oh, sometimes he has as many as thirty calls to make of a morning. He's very obliging."

He Gave Up

PERSISTENCE—or perseverance, as the elegant old fellows who used to think of maxims and axioms called it—is one of the corner-stone virtues. You can't go back far enough in the annals of mankind to find an age devoid of admiration of it. Without ever having seen the Grand Canyon, Job said: "The water wears the stone." The Koran says: "God is with those who persevere." Ben Franklin said: "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

Now G. H. Gregerson of Davenport, Ia., joins the great preceptors of human character. In fact, he improved upon the usual practice by tempering it with that final wisdom expressed by Samuel Butler—"there is no feat nobler than a brave retreat"—which keeps persistence from becoming just a common nuisance.

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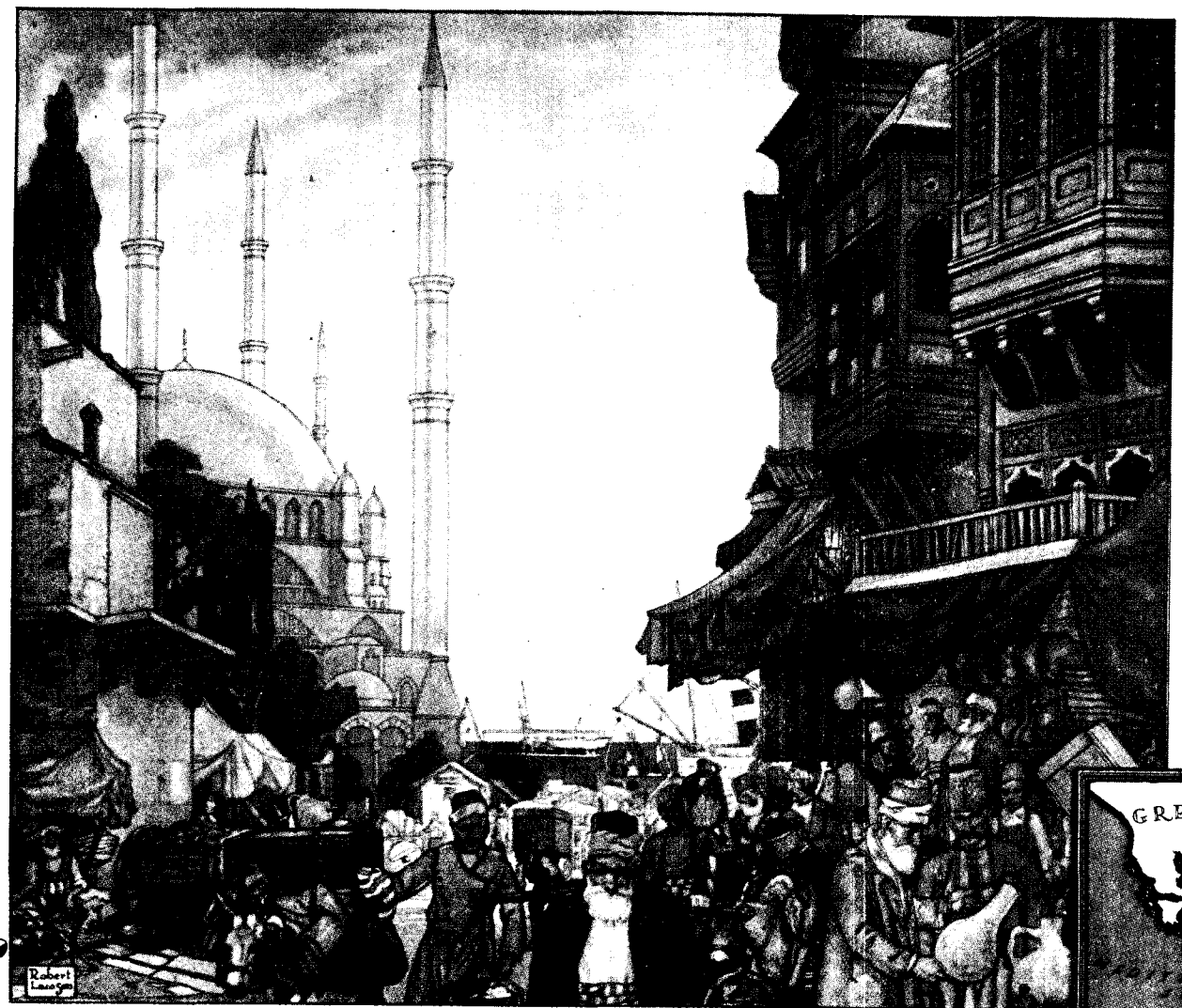

Where Turkish tobacco comes from

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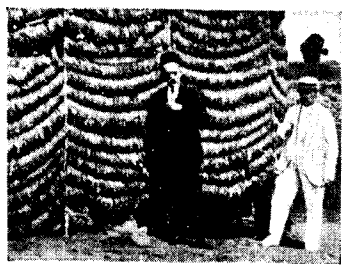

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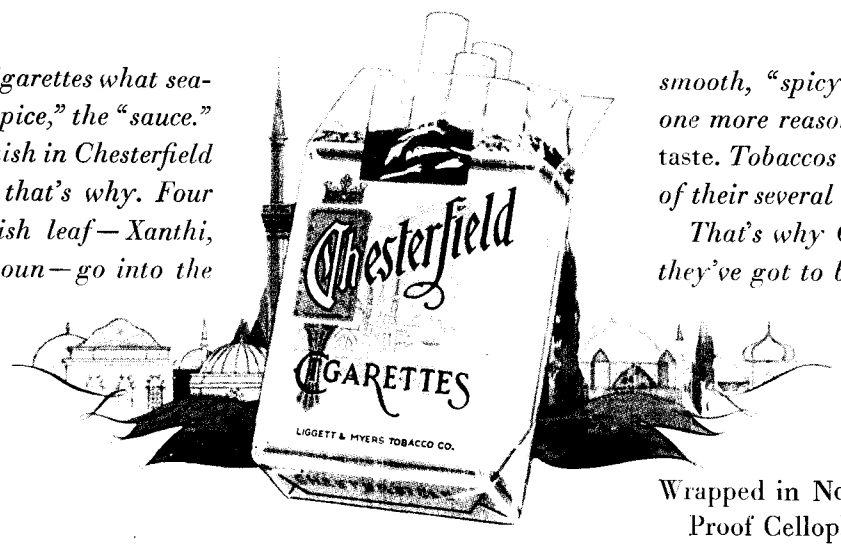

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